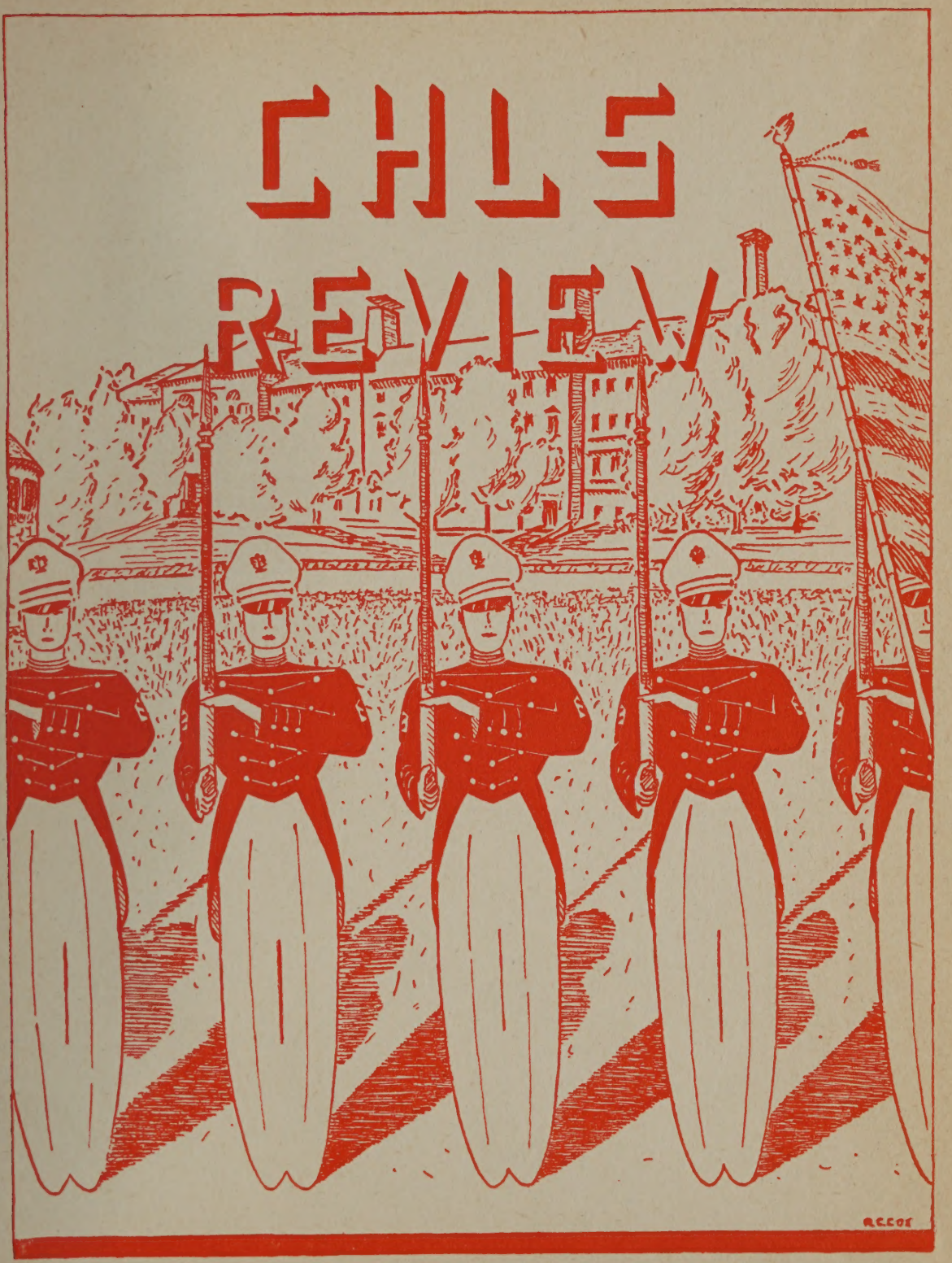
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The
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Vol. 50

1928-1929

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

CAMBRIDGE HIGH & LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association.
Entered at Cambridge Station (Boston Postal District) as second class matter.

VOLUME 50 NUMBER 4

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A CHRISTMAS SONG

Bring in the log!
Let sorrow kneel to joy and mirth
In tidings of our Saviour's birth.
Adorn the feasting-hall once more
With holly-boughs, and let the floor
Be strewn with rushes from the bog.
Let shepherds leave their sleep again
To make the heav'nly welkin ring
With praises of our Holy King,
That all the world may congregate
In feast and song, to celebrate
The Christ-child's reign.

J. E.

CHRISTMAS

WE celebrate the birthdays of heroes of the world by flying flags and by recalling their achievements. However, we sometimes forget that Christmas, an international holiday, is the birthday of Jesus.

It is interesting to note that His influence makes itself manifest in the subtlest ways during this season particularly. We reflect His generosity in our gifts, His kindness and gentleness in our holiday outlook, and His unselfishness in our sacrifices to make others happy.

Besides, He showed His greatest love for children. It is therefore appropriate that this season be particularly a children's holiday. Their happy faces, their trusting spirit, and their cheery voices spread happiness everywhere. The whimsical gayety of childhood at this season adds a touch to the solemnity and thoughtfulness in the lives of each of us as we grow older. It is soul-uplifting and inspiring to reflect on the spiritual significance of Christmas, for by it we gain a joy and satisfaction without which the spirit of Christmas is woefully lacking.

R. B.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

MERRY Christmas! The Review Staff, speaking for itself and for the faculty, takes this opportunity to wish every one the finest gifts of the season. Unfortunately, all the good things are not distributed equally, but, happily, the joy of receiving depends only on the spirit of the giver and on the attitude of the receiver. The one present we can give impartially is a wish, a hope that you will all have a happy, care-free vacation, and that the New Year will bring you a host of blessings. Once again we wish each and every one a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

CHRISTMAS CHEER

There's holly scattered everywhere,
 Pine needles on the rug,
Drums, and dolls with flaxen hair
 All packed in boxes snug.

Hosts of children in the night
 Scamper up the stairs
And kneel to ask just for the sight
 Of Santa, in their prayers.

The house is filled with music;
 Outsiders stop to hear
The gladsome Christmas carols
 Of Merry Christmas cheer.

The tree is trimmed in tinsel
 And voices in the hall
Cry to new arrivals,
 "Merry Christmas to you all!"

CORALIE METCALFE, '36.

CHRISTMAS EVE ON BEACON HILL

THE throng which gathers annually on Beacon Hill to listen to and join in the singing of many groups of carolers is evidence that the old Christmas custom of carol singing is still popular with many Bostonians. Although carol singing on Beacon Hill has long been a Boston tradition, yet the attention attracted by this particular phase of the Christmas Eve celebration is increasing rapidly.

Anyone passing through Louisberg Square at about six o'clock on Christmas Eve, looking at the darkened windows and unfrequented thoroughfares, would little imagine the crowds which are soon to throng the streets. The tall brick houses, built touching one another, each with only two or three rooms to a floor but extending up to the top, and each with only a small plot of ground in front, have a gloomy atmosphere which seems to contradict the very spirit of Christmas. They are exceedingly dull and dark, and very old, but they are the homes of many of Boston's most aristocratic families.

An hour later, however, a few pedestrians may be seen, standing in small groups, chatting and stamping their feet in an effort to keep warm, or walking slowly about, watching the lighting of candles in the windows of Beacon Hill homes. Since no curtains are drawn tonight, Christmas trees, beautifully decorated, may be seen in many houses. All the windows are lighted, and in many, dainty plaques or manger scenes are arranged. When more people have congregated on the corners, and the strollers have become more numerous, policemen prepare to close the streets of Beacon Hill to further automobile traffic. The sound of faint, distant music reaches the ears of the assembled listeners, who, recognizing the tune of a familiar carol, move off in the direction of the sound which now becomes rapidly nearer and clearer. The first group of carolers is soon surrounded by the enthusiastic crowd which joins whole-heartedly in the song.

Although the steady increase of the crowd has no longer been perceived, since attention is now attracted to the carolers, Beacon Hill is soon a solid mass of people in warm holiday attire. Even were it not for their warm clothing, little cold would be felt in such a crowd, although on the outskirts of the throng it is noticeable that the temperature is still befitting to Christmas Eve. The people gathered here for the one purpose of merrymaking, are of all possible types. Here one sees a middle class family group, the father lifting his little girl so that she may get a better view. Her wide, eager eyes are intent upon the carolers, and she does not seem to feel any shyness of the crowd. There is a solitary old man, whose wrinkled features show a character strong to overcome hardships. There again is a group of young girls, evidently out for a gay time. Two eager little children, standing entranced, on the threshold of their home, are silhouetted against the lighted room.

Singing may be heard in many directions, as carolers, standing in the sheltering doorways of Louisberg Square homes, raise their voices in joyous song. "Silent Night", "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing", "O, Little Town of Bethlehem", and other old favorites, are very popular. At the end of each carol, the crowd, by way of showing its appreciation, claps gloved hands, making an unusual and somewhat mystic sound. Since open house is observed at many Beacon Hill homes, the singers, having finished their performance, are frequently invited inside.

Many groups of Beacon Hill carolers have become almost as much a Christmas Eve tradition as the carol singing custom itself. Among these is an unusually large group, under the leadership of a Boston physician, which, led by men with old-fashioned lanterns on tall poles, walks through the crowd, singing, and finishing in a grand finale in a Mount Vernon Street courtyard. Another famous group is a band of boy violinists, who, playing remarkably well, always elicit a large amount of applause. Since many school groups make a regular practice of singing here on Christmas Eve, several bands of carolers are composed of children and young people. As one group of carolers finishes singing, the crowds move on to another part of the Square where more carolers are celebrating Christmas Eve in a time-honored fashion. Newspaper reporters are to be seen here and there in the close-packed throng which is startled every now and then by the explosion of a photographic flashlight bulb. The milling throng moves about the snow-covered hill, while celebrations may be seen in the windows of nearby homes.

Festive candles, having burned low, are finally extinguished. When the crowds begin to disperse, Louisberg Square, left empty again, is dark save for the dim light of the stars which are soon hidden by a rapidly gathering haze. Snow flakes begin to fall; the footprints of the joyous throng are obliterated, so that, when the storm clears and the sun rises upon a peaceful world, no sign of the festivities of the previous night remain.

RUTH CROZIER, '37.

AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

JACK had sung in the choir of his church for the past four years but never before did he approach the House of God with such foreboding as he did now.

A group of young people cheerfully greeted him in the ante room where he slipped into a voluminous robe, clutched his music and marched slowly out with fellow songsters to the flute-like strains of the organ to face an eager, rustling group of worshippers. The sprig of holly pinned to the robe scratched his chin, and no sound issued from his moving lips on "Silent Night."

Before leaving home, Jack had pleaded vainly with his father to make an exception of Christmas Eve by not resorting to drink, his only solace, apparently, since the death of his beautiful wife. Roughly the remonstrating son had been brushed aside as the grief stricken parent departed, his destination well known to the unhappy boy.

Moisture glistened in the lad's eyes and the huge wreath on the rostum shimmered in a blur of red and green when he rose with the others to sing.

Tom Dolan glanced up at his companion uneasily when a tear splashed softly upon the page between them, magnifying the work to twice its size.

After the services, the boy pushed gently through the throng about the Christmas tree and proceeded to the ante room to get his belongings. In the seclusion of the tiny room in the vestry, the tears splashed unheeded this time for the other boys were gathered about the tree outside, chatting gaily with friends.

Presently Jack leaped up and pulled his robe off over his head as the door opened, admitting a tall, slender man with sandy hair so much like the boy's.

"Dad! You're not — you didn't come here like —"

"No, Jackie, I'm not — what you think — not here at least! Won't you forget what I've done to you and — well — oh, Merry Christmas!", and the father snatched his son to his chest, affectionately tousling the locks, similar to his own.

CORALIE METCALFE, '36.

THE DRUDGERY OF MUSIC PRACTICE

SCALES, arpeggios, Cramer, Tausig, Mozart, and Chopin — all seem to clamor for attention, each admonishing, "You need me most." Friday evening, and on the morrow my piano lesson! What's to be done? Ah, the evils of procrastination! Sulkily selecting Cramer, I practice again and again that intricate tune, that rapid trill, that sharp staccato. My weary hands, weary eyes, weary brain rebel for sleep! I forgot to tell you that I started at nine.

Listlessly, I turn to the bass of the Chopin waltz. Oh, the dull, endless repetition when one plays hands separate! Combining both hands, I find that my left is still lagging. Why did that brilliant Polish composer mark this waltz "motto vivace"? "Vivace" would have been enough for me! The poor man would toss in his grave to hear me "execute" the final run. However, to demonstrate to the mocking echoes of the D flat major waltz that I can play Chopin, I change to the one in G flat major, far more familiar to me. My fingers fly over the keys (brilliante), then press them deeply (cantabile), and finally speed back again (a tempo) to the last, clear, triumphant G flat.

Alas, this is but one drop of ointment! I resist the delightful melancholy of the C sharp minor waltz for I must stick to my assignment, — but oh, how my fingers itch for it! I meekly open Tausig. In English, I learned to espy the personality of a man from his writing. Likewise an editor of music reveals himself through his edition. Hm, what a practical, unsympathetic man that Ehrlich, editor of Tausig, was! The work is spattered with signs for continuing in the same key. Could he not have defined each note for the poor student? Looking at the clock which is nearing eleven, I struggle with Tausig as best I can, counting one, two, three, four in continuous repetition.

To recompense my suffering, I end with the last theme of the Mozart sonata which starts in A major. As I plunge into this Ronda Alla Turca, its verve and color rouse me from my stupor. The staccato, the octaves, the runs and trills — I conquer them all. The Ronda has been an object of study for many weeks. Exhausted, yet thrilled, repaid for all the drudgery, I glide from the bench and seek my bed.

JEANNE PEARLSON, '36.

MAGIC WORDS

THERE are some people who would consider "magic words" those used with supernatural intent, to gain material wealth as the "Open Sesame" of Ali Baba or the "Come genii" of Aladdin. However, truly magic words are those employed by the poet to gain desired effects. He is a true magician in his clever treatment of our everyday vocabulary.

Such a magician was Shakespeare who could combine in most unusual manner words which ordinarily would be deemed prosaic. In one of his sonnets he declares:

"Since brass, nor stone, nor earth nor boundless sea
But sad morality o'er-sway their power.
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?"

In contrast with the marching effect of his first line, the poet imparts his melancholy feeling more gently in the last line where he compares the strength of beauty to that of a delicate flower.

In a gayer mood, Shakespeare composed Ariel's song.

"Where the bee sucks there suck I
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough".

Within the short space of these rollicking lines, the life of the happy fairy is expressed in the swift rhythm characteristic of his own flights. No one has better captured the spirit of mythical fairyland than the author of these verses.

Another writer who dealt with the supernatural in an entirely different manner was the religious poet, William Blake. The most impressive quality in his works was his startling imagery as in his famous lines:

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?"

Another such artist in construing words was John Keats who was never so happy as when he was flying "on the wings of Poesy." Some of the best known in literature are his lines on the song of the nightingale:

"The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic easements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in the fairy lands forlorn."

This passage made such a great impression upon a later poet, Rudyard Kipling, that he declared, "These are the magic. These are the vision. The rest is only poetry."

Perhaps the essence of the poet's art is expressed in this criticism. He has a vision of such intensity that in his description he must necessarily make use of magic words.

ANNE MCGLINCHEY,'36.

NOISES IN THE CITY

ONE late Saturday afternoon in April, I strolled aimlessly through the streets of Boston noticing how busy the crowds of passersby seemed and how many noises were continually beating and drumming in my ears.

Upon entering a narrow, filthy street near the North Church, the first among many noises that greeted me was a baby's plaintive howl and the shouts and cries of impoverished children playing in the streets. From the tenements above came the blare of radios, crooners, advertising agents, and jazz discordantly intermingled. From the cellar of an old shanty issued the thick, hoarse roars and oaths of drunken gamblers, and the clinking of small change, accompanied by the clattering of chairs and shuffling of feet.

I hurriedly left this street and entered a quieter one where the only noises were those of a bakery from whence issued the rumblings and churnings of machines, occasionally interrupted by the shout of a worker. I soon found myself in the midst of the shopping district, surrounded by chattering women-shoppers, tooting motor-horns, whistling policemen, and the songs of the sidewalk beggars. After hurriedly gazing at some eccentric modes of apparel in the glittering shop windows, I hastened to the Public Gardens. There I was greatly relieved by the soft twittering and chirping of the birds and the quiet murmur of the riplets on the pond, intermingled with the contented "quack" of the ducks and the swish of the graceful swans floating serenely about.

I finally sauntered away, to climb Beacon Hill and give my hearty approval of the quiet serenity and dignity of its atmosphere. From many homes came the soft notes of some famed orchestra or tantalizing dinner music. A limousine purred down one of the streets and upon stopping, the sound of gay laughter and much running about, reached my ears.

Silence then reigned supreme, and as I retraced my steps to Harvard Bridge, my head was filled with the jumbled noises of the city.

CAROLYN WOOD, '37.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

CHARACTERS: Marion Dante, Janice Bellons, Belle Trillsen, three school chums; John Dawer, a friend of the girls.

TIME: 1935

PLACE: Dante's living room

ACT I

It is the day before Christmas. All the girls are seated in the living room. Janice is reading a magazine, Belle is studying French, and Marion is concentrating on her Christmas list.

MARION (Looking down at the pad she is holding and writing something on it): I can't figure out what to give John. (Girls look at her). I'm planning on giving very small, inexpensive gifts this year. Say, you know, I'll bet that I can get presents for the whole family in the Five and Ten.

BELLE: Oh Marion, you're absurd. Do you mean to tell me that you'd be so stingy as to buy your Christmas presents in Woolworth's. Why that's disgraceful!

JANICE: Well, as for me, I'm not going to buy any presents. (Pauses) Well, of course, I'll buy one for Mother and Dad but everyone else is off my Christmas list.

BELLE: Oh, you girls! How can you expect people to give you presents, if you don't send any, Janice?

MARION (Looking disgustedly at both girls): Say, you still haven't told me what I can buy for John.

BELLE: Let's all concentrate.

JANICE: Yes. (Places her chin in her hands and rests her elbows on her knees) I'm concentrating very hard. (Silence).

BELLE (Straightening up): Listen, girls, I've got it.

JANICE: All right. What's your bright idea today?

MARION: Let's hear it. (Both girls are excited)

BELLE: Well--well--

MARION (Going to her): Well, what? Say something!

JANICE (Coming near and sitting on the floor in front of Belle): Yes, for goodness sake, say something!

BELLE: Well, most boys can find use for a knife.

MARION (Dropping disgustedly to the floor beside Janice): A knife! Good heavens, Belle, use that head of yours.

BELLE (Surprised): Well, what's the matter with that? Don't most boys like knives.

JANICE: Yes, I'll bet John could use one a lot because he hunts and fishes, and goes camping. He surely ought to be able to use one, Marion.

BELLE: Yes, Miss Dante, you can buy that in Woolworth's too!

MARION (Getting up and pushing her hands through her hair): Come on girls, be serious! This isn't a joking matter. I'm wearing myself out trying to think of something to give him.

JANICE: Well, Belle just gave you one suggestion and you almost died. I wouldn't dare give you any.

(All think hard. Belle is sitting in the chair, Janice on the floor, and Marion paces the stage).

BELLE: To continue, Miss Dante, how do you know John wouldn't like a knife?

MARION (Placing her hands on her hips): Because I gave him one last year!

JANICE: I know what to give him.

MARION: What?

BELLE: Easy now, don't kill the poor girl.

JANICE: A dotted necktie. (Belle laughs and Marion looks at Janice).

MARION: A necktie!

JANICE: Yes.

BELLE: That's worse than my suggestion. (Pauses) Why a dotted one?

JANICE: Oh, that's the style this winter.

MARION: Say, now listen girls. (Sits down). Probably two-thirds of John's presents will be neckties. I want something different.

BELLE: And can we get it in Woolworth's?

MARION: Belle, will you stop teasing?

JANICE: Well, boys like to read. Give him a book.

MARION: Hush, Janice, I'm thinking.

BELLE: Yes, Janice, don't disturb her.

MARION (Starting across stage): Well, I'm going out to look around the different stores. (Exit).

BELLE (Calling): Don't forget Woolworth's, Marion. (Both girls laugh).

CURTAIN

ACT II

'Tis Christmas morning. The gifts have been distributed and the girls are showing each other the presents.

BELLE (Holding up beads): Look at these, John gave them to me.

JANICE: Oh, that's nothing, look at these hankies he gave me.

MARION: Well, he gave me a--

BELLE: A what?

JANICE (Both girls come to Marion): Yes, a what?

MARION: Don't rush me girls. He gave me a--a--

BELLE: A what?

BELLE: Tell us, quick!

MARION: A box of candy and this morning he sent me roses.

BELLE: So what?

JANICE: Gosh, the way you hesitated, I thought he'd given you the world with a gold chain around it. (The bell rings and in rushes John, a youth of sixteen or seventeen, with his coat and hat on, and carrying small boxes in each hand).

JOHN: Merry Christmas, girls!

GIRLS: Merry Christmas, to you.

JOHN: You know, girls, I got seven presents besides some clothes and four of them were jack-knives. (Turning to Belle) Thanks, Belle, that's a swell one. (Puts out his left hand with the knife in it) And, Marion, yours was the best of all. I guess I'd better put it away and not use it because I lost the one you gave me last year. I've wanted one ever since and believe me I got it all right. Oh, well, I've got one for each pocket of my every day suit, and one for my Sunday suit, and one for my — I guess I'll put away the one Marion gave me.

GIRLS (Surprise): Knives galore!

BELLE: Yes, Marion, I thought you didn't like the idea?

MARION: Well, I didn't but I just couldn't find another thing to get him that I liked.

JOHN (Turning to go): Well, girls, many thanks for your knives. I've got to hurry home to dinner now. Merry Christmas!

GIRLS: Merry Christmas!

CURTAIN

GEORGIA LAMSON, '37.

ON SELF-CONFIDENCE

SOMETIMES, self-confidence is an admirable quality to possess; other times, it is a most pernicious tribute to have. Now-a-days most people seem to think that a self-confident person is certain to tramp over the hill to the poor-house and end his life in abject misery "to point a moral, or adorn a tale."

The dread and horror of a successful football coach is that his team will become too self-confident on account of its victories. Consequently, he disparages his charges until he himself believes that they have no ability whatsoever, and that they are so clumsy and inane that only by a miracle could they win their next game. If there is a self-confident person on the team, his fellow-players and the coach very diligently set about to correct their erring comrade. First, with arguments profound and illustrations galore they expound to this wayward child the harmful effects which follow in the wake of the accursed vice of self-confidence. Then, if he still continues to hold a good opinion of himself, they coldly snub him and eschew him as if he were contaminated with leprosy. When he with unusual agility and dexterity eludes the players on the opposition to score the touchdown which wins the game, they grudgingly and sparingly give the praise which would have flowed profusely from their lips, if he hadn't boasted of his ability.

The time that I long to be imbued with self-confidence is before a test. If I studied my lesson well, I have no qualms about taking the examination. If, on the other hand, I didn't prepare my lesson, when the teacher announces the unpleasant news that there will be a test, I hastily seize my book for a few swift cursory glances. Then, when the fearful command to close all books comes, I sit ready to do my best, but with dark misgivings of the future.

True, true, it is that many men have been destroyed by too much self-confidence. Also many others have been unable to open the door to opportunity when it knocked because of the lack of confidence. Therefore, fortunate is the man who preserves the happy medium between vanity and pusillanimity.

STANLEY RIMSHAW, '36.

DIPLOMACY

EVEN in these modern days there are magic words for every purpose waiting for someone to come along and make use of them. If you don't believe it, ask any psychologist. However, to be most effective, many of these must be accompanied by the proper facial expressions, and, most of all, must be used at the proper time. Your psychologist will aver this statement also, and if he is acquainted with me, he will probably tell you that I have been engaged in this line of research for several years. I already have quite a stock of these wonder-working phrases and the proper methods of using them.

"Yes, teacher", said in an agreeable tone, will work wonders, particularly when said with a smile, in which case it is infallible. This magic word of the first water is applicable to every situation in which the teacher asks such a question as "Is everything clear now?" or when he has just exploded your pet theory on the subject in question. In the last case, it is very wise to add, "I see just where I was wrong," or even more scholarly, "I am happy that you have explained the fallacy in my reasoning." Admission of one's own mistakes is an effective policy.

This one phrase is sufficient for most pupils of the freshmen and sophomore groups, but the upper classmen need another to supplement it. The juniors and seniors are often expected to

have different opinions on various subjects, and in these instances argument is encouraged and "yes-men" frowned upon. By this I do not mean that you should get up and emphatically say "No" to every proferred discussion. If you do, you are only heaping more work on yourself, since a negation infers that you have reasons to back it up. Rather, I admonish you to be a "yes-man" in a subtle manner, in short, to be diplomatic.

When you are called upon unexpectedly during a discussion, save yourself extra work and at the same time improve your position in the teacher's eyes by siding with some favored pupil who is noted for his high scholastic standing and who usually agrees with the instructor, (You can see he knows his psychology), and say in as many long words as possible, "I do not believe I can add anything constructive to his criticism." This last magic phrase is the more elastic of the two and with some teachers gives much better results. One major advantage of this letter phrase is that it can easily be expanded into a speech that will last the whole period, thus delaying a probable test and consequently resulting in a higher average.

Yea, son, I say to thee again, if the teacher be so kind as not to censor these admonitions, with these magic phrases, thou canst not fail, if you use them diplomatically.

RICHARD BABISH, '35.

I WANT TO BE A POETESS

I HAVE always envied poets, and the ease with which they earn their livelihood. With the myriads of words in the language from which to choose, to write rhyming poetry should be as easy as "A day in May." So I shall sit me down and allow my mind free play, and in turn I shall give to the world a poem that no doubt shall go down to posterity as a masterpiece.

Now, let's see — what shall I write about? I have it! Men are forever an ennobling subject, and so easy. Dark men, light men, fat men, cavemen — such a versatile subject! For example, my new friend, Claud. What an inspiration! Now, what rhymes with Claud?

Claud, dear Claud,
Him I laud.

See? easy! What next—Claud—laud—what the mischief—Maud—

Claud, dear Claud,
Him I laud—
I'm not Maud—!

Guess I'm stuck—can't think of a thing to rhyme, except fraud—a perfectly legitimate word, but not practical. Anyway, Claud might take exception to "fraud".

I'll try another subject, for instance, girls. *THAT* is always an enlivening subject. There is a little flapper girl. Now I have it—

My flapper girl—
My head's awhirl—
With your curl—

Girl—whirl—curl—What next? Why do those fool words act like bucking broncos? I'll let girls go; I'll write about the big, wide West. West—zest—guest—lest—say, look at the array of rhymes, will you? Best—chest—nest—pest—I don't like that word "pest"—it's uncanny, messy for poems, and I'm sure to run into it. I have a better subject — the weather. It's popular. So popular that every newspaper runs a story about it every day. Now, then, the weather is mild, let's see, there's child, wild — Can't be both mild and wild! Chilly—All right —chilly—nilly—lily—silly—gosh!

But I'm determined! I'll write a poem on Writing! That's inspirational!

Tonight I sit me down—

Foolish! To write poetry one has to sit UP.

Tonight I sit me down to write
My mind is made up quite,
I sit beneath the electric light.

So far, so good—real poetic genius! Write—quite—light—bite—fight—It always has to end with some freak word!

Good gracious! It's 11:30! My ten minutes is gone — are gone — have gone — whichever it is, or are — two hours ago! But much of that time was spent in *correcting* my lines, so that doesn't count.

I'll try one more; and a pleasant subject—Sweet.

To Thee I sing sweet—

No! I don't mean I sing sweet—I mean *Thee* is sweet. I'll rewrite it this way.

To Thee I sing, Sweet,
And I hope to meet,
To love and greet,

All I can think of to rhyme is meet and greet —then comes beat, feet, beet, neat.

Sounds like a recipe or a foot specialist's advertisement. My head is pounding like a 1906 model on a rocky road; my eyes ache; my shoulders hurt, and my hand has cramps. Who wonders why writers are eccentric, cranky grouches?

This is too much "joy" for the money. Editors are pernickety, anyway — a mean lot; always playing favorites. If I wrote a slam-bang, corking poem, they might not sense its value, and maybe junk my poem and send a big, fat check to some one for a little piece of punk prose. They publish a lot of tommyrot, anyway.

Gee! I'm tired. And say! What a raft of words there are that do NOT rhyme.

RITA MCDONALD, '37.

ON DIMPLES

DIMPLE — a small hollow or depression in the cheek. So runs Webster's definition of this word. I chance to be the unfortunate possessor of two dimples, and ever since I can remember, my dimples have caused me nothing but misery.

During my childhood, I realized I had to become reconciled to my cruel fate, and whenever asked where I had stolen my dimples, I would reply precociously, "From the five-and-ten cent store," or I would cheerfully inform my questioner, "I sleep on collar-buttons every night, and that is why I have holes in my cheeks." However, it was a bit more difficult to retain my cheerful composure, upon having my face very much mutilated, when some burly cousin or uncle happened to find pleasure in pinching my cheek. Many indeed, were the times that I stole away from the company to soothe my wounded face.

Now, my troubles are of a different nature. In all outward aspects, I am a sane and normal person. Oftimes, however, one is led to believe otherwise. While I am serious, all is well, but if I chance to smile, as every civil person must invariably, one would think I were a monstrosity of some sort, such as an Ubangi savage, to judge by the glances that are cast at me all because I happen to have been "curst" with dimples!

The very word is hateful to me! It bears a striking resemblance to the word pimples, and if we probe further into the matter, are not dimples merely pimples turned inside out? Now, pimples are utterly undesirable, and since pimples equal dimples, applying a well known geometric axiom, are not dimples undesirable also? Now, that I have based my very reasonable antipathy on a philosophic basis, I feel much better. Furthermore, although I suffer considerably now from this deformation, I am appalled upon wondering how much, in future years, when desiring to present a serious and sedate appearance, I shall be handicapped by these undignified indentations.

Consulting the "Book of Knowledge" on the subject of dimples, one finds a lengthy treatise on the formation of the skin tissues, and the information given is that the shortening of the skin fibres causes a depression in the skin, which, in turn causes a dimple. Let the dermatological cause be what it may, I am of the opinion that I was "blessed" with dimples for the sole purpose of making my life as miserable as possible, and I wish sincerely that I might invent some means of removing these unbecoming deformations.

RACHAEL G. SHTILLER, '37.

THE WORST DRAGON

HAMLET and I have one thing in common — procrastination. However, our causes are a bit different. His was because of uncertainty and lack of will-power; mine is due mostly to the lack of time, for the last two years. Of course, I realize that if I were a strong character with a determined will, the time prior to those two years would have been sans this tendency to put off until tomorrow. But I am just an ordinary human being, susceptible to human weaknesses, the greatest of which I believe to be procrastination.

The parasitic monster got his claws most deeply embedded in me during my junior and senior years in high school. My prior year found me carrying five subjects, debating on the first team ever to represent Fitch, holding a minor editorship on the "Scarlet Tanager", serving on the class executive board, playing basketball, and doing odds and ends which nobody else seemed to want to do. After working every night on main speeches and rebuttals, I found it very convenient, so much easier to push other things along until the week-end.

Experiencing this life of a spasmodically blissful existence, my next year was spent in the same manner. I had two journalistic positions to fill, a debate responsibility, a position on the basketball team, a part in the senior drama, plus my five studies. Needless to say, something had to be contrived to take care of this situation. The dragon, procrastination, lay in the offing, rolling its fiery eyes and licking its bloated lips, offering all its enticements to gullible me. I accepted its becoming offer, and played side by side with it for another year. I got things done, indeed, but it was such an effort that I could only half-heartedly enjoy the forthcoming recompense.

This year I promised myself to remain clear of all outside activities, and I find that I am resisting this monster admirably. My work is now a source of happiness; and getting it done is something I look forward to instead of being forced to lay it aside until another time. The monster is being driven out of my system. His enticements I have almost learned to ignore. I haven't slain him yet; I'm slaying him.

VIRGINIA GRAY, '35.



ALONG THE WATERFRONT

FROM where I stood, the wharves and warehouses extended in both directions. The line seemed endless, for its extremities were hidden in the heavy fog. There was no rain, but there was wetness, gleaming on the ghostly piles, and dripping from the riggings of ships. The very planks beneath my feet were soggy and yielding. The fog seemed to have insulated the waterfront to sound, and the sighing of the tide down below was muffled. Objects were colorless, either a dirty gray or sombre black.

Here were the fruits of man's labor. These warehouses held the profits of his trading, and these ships were triumphs of his mechanical ingenuity. Three days and two nights ago, the fog had settled, and closed the harbor in its paralyzing grip. For three days and two nights the warehouses had been closed, and the ships had lain days in the water with the weight of new cargoes. I felt a moment of sympathy for the men whose fortunes lay in the holds of those ships. While I thought on this, it seemed to me that a stir of air had touched and cooled my cheek. The row of laden hulls lifted slightly, and a tremor ran along the wharves from ship to ship. A chain clanked noisily.

The stir of air was pursued by a definite breeze, and the fog began to lift, gently and steathily, just as it had come. At that moment, from some vessel still invisible in the harbor, I heard a command shouted in a foreign tongue. I did not understand the words, but the sound was an incoherent testimony of thanksgiving. Sweating steves labored with boxes and bales. Puffing tugboats cruised in and out. Two ships had already put out to sea, and were outlined against the blue sea in a froth of clouds. The sun sparkled on the dancing water of the harbor. I sat on a cotton bale and mused on man's helplessness when faced with nature's whims.

JAMES LONGINO, '36.

SAWDUST

SEVERAL weeks ago, I received a gift for which I had to search under several layers of sawdust. The sight of the sawdust brought back memories of the days when I used to play with dolls. One incident especially stood out clearer than the rest; that was the time I "operated" on one of my dolls.

As my sister had just had her appendix removed, my mind was filled with doctors, symptoms, and operations. I began to look after my "family" very carefully. When I perceived that the rosy complexion of one of my dolls, Hepzibah, was beginning to fade, despite the fact that I had scrubbed her face vigorously to produce this effect, I felt an operation was most urgent. In fact, since her condition was so dangerous, I would have to be the surgeon, for the slightest delay might mean — death! I can still picture her sweet, patient face as she gazed trustfully up into my face while I stood over her, bread knife poised. Rip! Rip! And her sawdust "insides" were laid bare! Not quite certain where her appendix was located, I extracted all of Hepzibah's sawdust. I even shook the poor, suffering creature to make sure that not even the tiniest particle of sawdust remained, for such might be the appendix! After leaving Hepzibah swathed in blankets for a few minutes, I decided it was time she had recovered. Accordingly, I began to stuff the sawdust back in. To keep it in was another story; therefore up to the attic was she banished.

Now, after these many years, curious to see whether she was still there, I climbed up the stairs and spent the morning digging into trunks and boxes. At last I unearthed her from beneath a pile of heavy books. Her tattered body was a pitiful sight, but beneath the grime and dust which covered her battered visage, I could still discern the sweet, patient face which had looked up at me from the "operating table" on that memorable occasion.

RUTH B. BERKMAN, '36.

A JUMBLE

THIS really is an easy one. The one in the November issue contained an error, for which we are sorry. This one is oke doke. A prize will be given for the first answer brought to the Review Office after Period 6 on December 19. The Review Office will be open at 8 A. M. on Friday, December 20.

Jumbled Words	Unjumbled Words
olgerina	
askisec	
wosemho	
egdunreadurat	
ryosr	
sfnalut	
akgnlnagp	
igshpeznima	
emcyhnair	
hatrmaef	

The words in the last issue were: touched, feature, restaurant, something, timid, bonnet, to laugh, starving, pancake, weakly.

Marie Santoro of Room 77 won in spite of the fact that there was an error in the printing of the word which was intended for although. The infinitive *to laugh* was made from the jumbled word.

PEOPLE WHO RILE ME

BRR . . . ING! Brr . . . ing! The shrill, intermittent ring of the telephone rouses me from my perusal of Virgil's Aeneid. At last, I think, a respite from study! A titter, a slight pause, and then a voice says, "Do you know who is speaking? Guess!" I am seething with indignation; after my first hasty impulse not to speak to my caller has passed, I hear Betty Know-Nothing say, "If you're not too busy, could you give me the French and Latin assignments?" What could be more vexatious than hearing a schoolmate cover her indifference to my replies by a veil of stupid questions?

Second only to my hatred of schoolmates careless of lessons is my hatred of dabblers. Carrie Dilettante rouses my wrath when she gushes, "Oh no, I don't remember my French at all. I studied it just to please Father." Poor Carrie! She, like most dabblers, has a convenient memory; a subject involving too much brain work can readily be forgotten. Rage struggles within me, but finally a slight pity allays my passionate ire against her passive remarks.

John Paine is another who riles me. Time and time again, whenever a lull occurs in conversation, John can be relied on to tell the story of knowledge useful, as he thinks, as a remedy when any sign of pain appears. "Have you a pain in your toe? Then you must need glasses. Why, when my toe ached, the doctor said", and here he begins his infinite tale of woe. Beware of John Paine and his afflictions.

Or perhaps, if John is a-bed with one of his innumerable aches, Patricia Snob is nearby. Even a simple remark of hers is enough to enrage me; her expressions are always disdainful. With a supercilious lift of her eyebrows, she remarks, "My dear, I'm *so* glad to see you." Alas for Patricia! Her rising inflection and superior smile have created a foe for her.

In vain, do I try to overcome my irritation. People who rile me never overcome my chilly attitude toward them for they are usually constant offenders.

FRANCES RYAN, '36.



NOTES ON BOOKS

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM

Houghton Mifflin — William Dean Howells

Mr. Howell's impartiality toward both the aristocratic and plebeian elements, his insight into human nature, his realistic treatment of an intense moral struggle, and his psycho-analysis of Silas Marner have produced a novel of unflagging interest. To those of us familiar with Boston, his knowledge of and affection for historic sites adds an interest to this work. With both humor and pathos, Howells has proven that there is abundance of excellent writing material in our own locality and in the lives of simple, every-day folk. If only to compare the Boston of 1875 with that of today, you should read this book.

JEANNE PEARLSON, '36.

SILAS CROCKETT

Macmillan Co., 1935 — Mary Ellen Chase

Silas Crockett, by Mary Ellen Chase, has a deep meaning to the descendants of Maine seafaring families. In spite of her dedication, "To the seafaring families of Maine and to their descendants who still retain within themselves the graciousness and dignity of their heritage", Miss Chase has failed to picture these descendants as either gracious or dignified. They are humble folk; they are totally ineffectual; they have none of the vigor, either physical or mental of their forebears, or perhaps one should say, if Miss Chase is to be correctly interpreted, the vigor of their forebears' occupations, for she disposes of the vigor as the occupations disappear.

Fortunately for the state of Maine in actuality, and not in fiction, Miss Chase has grievously erred. The vigor remains, and the men who could no longer sail or build ships have become statesmen, scholars, doctors, and lawyers of note. The twentieth century may not be so much to Miss Chase's taste as are the remote grandeurs of the early nineteenth, but all the descendants of the seafarers of Maine are not busboys or herring packers. It is doubtful if any are.

However much Miss Chase has misrepresented Maine after 1870, she has written some stirring episodes of the shipping days so that the book is well worth reading.

JEAN FASSETT, '36.



Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
Here I break out
In a rash of news flashes.

While we are poetry-minded we are going to give you a cute little poem which we found in our scrap book.

ODD ACCIDENTS

I saw a cowslip through the fence,
A horsefly in the store:
I saw a boardwalk up the street,
A stone step by the door.

I saw a peanut stand up high,
A sardine box in town:
I saw a bedspring at the gate,
An inkstand on the ground.

I saw a millrace up the road,
A morning break the gloom:
I saw a night fall on the lawn,
A clock run in the room.

Now isn't that a good pome? . . . Anonymous wrote it . . . Whoever he is . . . Didn't Iris Benthale look small compared to the other Junior officers who were elected? . . . Louise Nelson is a second Eleanor Powell. Boy, can she tap dance! . . . Please tell your mother that John Gibbons is the cause of your front door being littered with circulars. He works for the Shopping News . . . Eugene McSweeney has hopes of being a great actor some day . . . Saul Stearn's chariot comes in handy to those who are on the verge of being late for school . . . Tommy Collins is somewhat of a philatelist like Flora Harris . . . I bet he just licks stamps for hours . . . John Gillis can't get away from that chain store line while in school, "What can I do for you?" . . . Ray Chaisson and Charlie Cuneo spend many of their moments in the Pierre candy shop on Washington Street, Boston . . . Harry Olken has Ed. Frank interested in Chess . . . Since Alexander Graham has found out that there are six dynamos in the head, he has been trying to rent them to the Edison Electric Light Company . . . Saw Bo O'Brien trucking it at the Senior Tri Code dance . . . Jim Barnes has a hard time keeping his Friday evening club in order . . . Helen Cassidy is one of our promising young sophomores . . . Bill Cook should tie a string on his football equipment or hire a stooge to watch his belongings . . . He lost his helmet in the B. C. game and his shoulder pads at the Wakefield game . . . Evvie Nevins and Kay Lombardie are on the executive committee of the Girls' Club in the East End Union . . . If you get hurt in any way you should go to Room 77 and Rita Fournier will take care of you . . . She has a complete first aid kit in her desk . . . Barbara Hamilton abides by these letters which are D. B. E. T. A. F. T. Y. . . . Ask her, she will tell you what they mean . . . Scotty McCann's chief ambition is to follow in the foot steps of Sir Harry Lauder . . . The three Doherty's in Room 90 the fourth period seem to be absent the same days . . . How quaint . . . Due credit should be given to Rupert Blue, the assistant manager of the Review. This is his first year on the staff and he is doing remarkably well . . .

The cold weather has also arrived bringing with it Joe Sullivan and his flashy red ear-muffs . . . The first duty of our Senior Secretary, Marie O'Leary, was to write to the Secretary of State . . . Does Robert Flynn fit with cheerleaders? . . . I'll say . . . Have you noticed Ray Chaisson's high-water pants? . . . Christine Nechaj must do a great deal of writing . . . just take a look at the giant pencil she has been using lately . . . Frannie Welch and Alec Graham are butchers at the Manhattan Market . . . Annie Wooldridge is afraid of a mouse . . . Shame on you Annie! . . . The Anastos family is well represented in C. H. L. S. . . . Marie is a freshman; George and Theodore, sophomores; Angelia, a junior; and Elaine, a senior . . . What was in the suitcase that Rita O'Keefe carried home from school one night? . . . Helen Alger goes in for "trucking" in a big way . . . Has anyone seen the snapshots that Tom Curran took at Wakefield? . . . Don't be surprised if the school blows up some one of these days . . . It will only be Pauline Atkinson doing an experiment in chemistry . . . Grace Meltzer certainly does know her plays . . . Please donate a wheel-barrow to Greta Ferioli,

who carries a small library about with her daily. IN THE CORRIDOR! Richard Babish, greeted with, "Hi, Professor"! . . . Elizabeth Butler flashing her smile hither and thither . . . Eleanor McCullough blissfully unaware that she is late as she strolls to classes . . . Marie Dillon, always excited When "Bunny" McAuliffe went to the dentist recently the doctor said, "Take care of your teeth or they will be false to you." . . . It looks as if the Senior Tri-Codes of the "Y" reached the top at their dance . . . More power to you . . . What happened to the P. G. dance? . . . No money? . . . Joe Manley admits that the girls have the advantage when "Stockings are hung by the chimney with care", on Christmas Eve . . . Here's hoping that Joe will have a full one on Xmas morning.

James Almeida spends many of his precious moments whittling, just whittling . . . Jimmy Conant is an ardent fan of Gipsy Smith, the evangelist . . . Joe Sullivan had a very good week; he didn't get in trouble once . . . Mary Scheinfeldt must stay awake all night thinking up law problems . . . Ernie Saulnier is seen carrying more books in his P. G. year than during all of the four years put together . . . Wonder what has caused that worried look on Bill Skelly's face? . . . Harry Silverman, "Where, oh where, do you get those loud ties of yours?" . . . You should hear Bill Riley sing "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" . . . Dave Lambert is the drummer man in a very fine orchestra . . . Don't breathe this to a soul; Priscilla Johnson is going in for tap dancing in a big way . . . Don O'Connell is the pride and joy of his room . . . He told me so himself . . . We are pleased to announce that Ralph Nixon and Earle Thompson are on the road to recovery and will be back in school soon . . . Bill Sullivan, our great football star, is often seen attending the important fires throughout the city . . . The firebug . . . Catherine Monahan has made many friends here at our Alma Mater . . . Orchids to Roland Shaine and to the other Senior officers who were elected . . . I know they will do their best to make this a banner year . . . We are glad to hear that Ellen McAuliffe is back at school after her prolonged illness . . . Jimmy McNamara fools many people with that brief case of his . . . The only thing he carries in it is his lunch . . . Tony Pappas has been made business manager for the fast stepping Mount Auburn Tigers . . . Things that I never knew . . . Phil Roseman is an accomplished saxophonist . . . Johnny Mazza has a new Pontiac . . . Tommy Ahearn has everybody thinking he is a football player, but don't let him fool you, that sweater belongs to the orchestra . . . Margaret Sheedy is real studious this year . . . A fellow who signs his name "Brut" deposits notes in the Review Box. He has been a great help and we want to thank him . . . Ann Baxter is well occupied the third period with her Latin . . . A great time was enjoyed by all at Lucille Stratton's Hallowe'en party . . . The P. G.'s are election minded . . . Boy!!! Phil Gallagher was relieved when he found out that he didn't have to make a speech at the introduction of the Senior class officers . . . Lorraine Goodspeed spends many of her moments knitting . . . Please knit a sweater for me, Lorraine . . . FLASH . . . Bill Cook waves his hair . . . to prove it see Pat Reardon . . . Jimmy Simpson's ambition is to be an iceman . . . Another great athlete gone wrong . . . From current reports, Bill Sullivan is headed for great heights as a hockey player . . . Frank Glacken, Bob Sheehan, and George Kelley are known as the three inseparables . . . They sure make some combination . . . Joe Mannke aspires to be a politician . . . Lehan Powers is in the money . . . He is treasurer of Room 55 . . . "Accent of Youth", seems to be the favorite theme song of the freshmen . . . Why doesn't Johnny Mazza drive his new Pontiac to school? . . . Muriel Keith's new coiffure is nice, et wot? . . . Helen Alger can cook a mean cheese biscuit . . . Ask Marie O'Leary if it isn't so . . . Maurice Keane and Bob Mahler have had many offers from New York to play professional basketball, but the boys refuse to accept . . . Celia Waitzkin and Pearl Kamins are doing a bit of P. G.-ing these fine days . . . George Cohan can instruct and entertain his friends with a speech on almost any subject . . . It may have been the driver, but anyway some of Latin's loyal football fans enroute to Nashua via bus seemed to be abnormally merry . . . John Tenny's secret ambition is to be a great economist like Adam Smith . . . Since that famous tune came out known as "Trucking", Warren Ridley has done nothing but truck . . . Who is the fellow that brings the box of grapes for lunch the second recess? . . . Paul Bartel can tell where there is a party every night in the week . . . Yum, Yum, does Eleanor McTighe like chicken sandwiches? . . . Something new classmates, something new! Here is the intelligence Department of the Spotlite . . . Answer, Yes or No to the following: 1. Is your daily homework done in full? . . . 2. Are you now coming to school on time? . . . 3. Have you stopped gazing out of the windows? . . . 4. Are you now eating your lunch during the lunch periods? . . . The questions aren't so simple as they look, so figure them out. . . . We wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and we shall be back after New Years with more news.

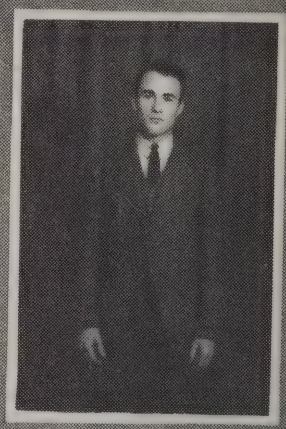
LATINITES



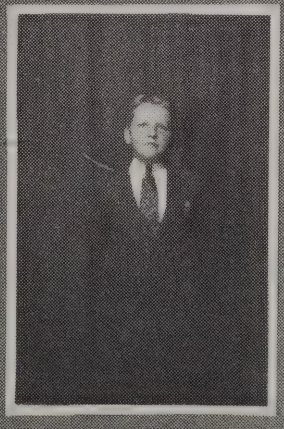
Roland Shaine



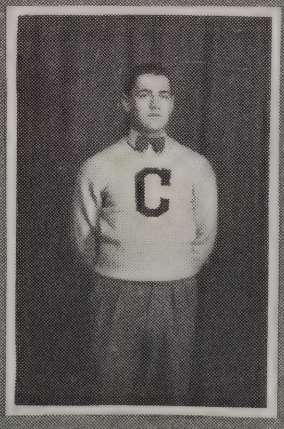
Richard Babish



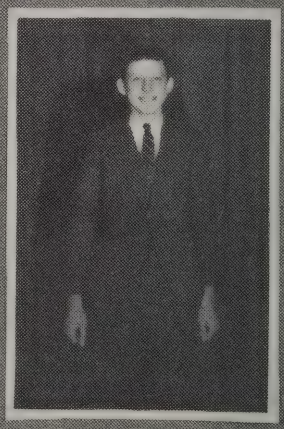
James Almeida



Walter Feeley



Raymond Chaisson



George Bithas

WHO'S WHO

Roland Shaine is the most presidented person in the Cambridge High and Latin School. He is the senior class president, president of the Durrell Debating Society, and president of the Metropolitan Debating League. No wonder he is popular. He has a ready smile and a happy disposition that will help him always as he goes through life. Hail to our Chief!

Richard Babish is recognized everywhere in school as a lad of sound judgment in things big and small. He is the Editor-in-Chief of the Review this year. Such a mathematician! M. I. T. is his goal, and will he make it? You bet he will. Dick is an outstanding man in any group.

James Almeida came to us from Arlington High. He loves drawing and can he draw? Many of the prints in the Review are his handiwork. He plays a mean game of tennis. His favorites are Warner Baxter and Irene Dunn. Jimmie is a music lover, too, and seldom misses a concert in Symphony Hall.

Walter Clarence Feeley is a freshman. He is a wonderful subscription getter, and a very business-like young man. No doubt we shall some day see him a famous doctor or scientist. He will go far, this young fellow. It is good to see him hustling around school. We are for Walter.

Ray Chaisson is one of our outstanding athletes. Watch him in a hockey game and you'll see some speed. He is a swell fellow and a popular lad wherever he goes. Fellows like Chaisson put C. H. L. S. on the athletic map. He had the lead in the Interscholastic League last year with 21 goals. Some hockey player!

George Bitinas is on the Senior Honor Roll, as he has been on the Honor Roll ever since he entered C. H. L. S. He is a brilliant lad, an all-round good scout, and a gentleman with all. His cheery smile is contagious. A combination of ability, ambition, hard work, and an amiable disposition puts George near the top of his class.

AROUND SCHOOL

AT the Senior Reception in June, a large silver vase was presented to Mr. Thomas L. Bramhall in recognition of his twenty-fifth anniversary in the Cambridge High and Latin School. Mr. Bramhall is beloved by every student for his deep scholarship, his keen wit, and his understanding.

We congratulate you, Mr. Bramhall, on your long years of service. Long may you remain with us to continue your good work!

SOME weeks ago, we all learned to our sorrow of the accident which befell two of our fellow-pupils, Earl Thompson, a popular senior, and his friend Ralph Nixon, a member of the junior class, and of the football squad. Both boys were seriously injured while crossing the street. They were struck down by a speeding motorist, and up to this time, they have been considered in grave danger. They, however, have put up a gallant fight and have shown great courage, so that now they are on their way to recovery.

Good work fellows, we all admire your pluck. You have the whole school pulling for you. The staff of the Review hopes that you will be back with us soon, and extends to you in behalf of the school, its teachers and pupils, the best wishes of Christmas time. R. E. S., '36.

ROOM 16

OUR Armistice Day program opened with the Salute to the Flag led by Pauline Mills, chairman. This was followed by readings and recitations by several members of the class. For our Thanksgiving Day program we had appropriate readings for the occasion, and we listened to the sextette sing "Sweet and Low". Later in the program we were entertained by a short Thanksgiving play.

MARY HANSIS, '38.

CHESS

THE first match this year resulted in a tie.

C. H. L. S.		vs.	RINDGE	
1. John Davis	1		Murray Scott	0
2. Harry Olken	0		Stanley Ramonas	1
3. Helen Hanson	0		Thomas Gray	1
4. George Quint	0		Gordon Hart	1
5. Richard Babish	1		Ernest Sands	0
6. Robert King	1		Robert Shackford	0
	3			3

John Davis defeated George Quint in finals for the chess championship of the school.

SHORT STORY CONTEST

The "Review" wishes to announce a short story contest, open to all members of the school. We are offering two prizes, one for the best story submitted by a freshman or sophomore, and one for the best story written by a junior, senior or post-graduate. All manuscripts must be in the hands of the Review editors by January 24, 1936. The winning contributions will appear in the February issue. We hope for a generous response from members of each class.

MUSIC

AT Mr. Cleveland's request, a small ensemble consisting of the pick of the orchestra has been organized. Conspicuous among these is a promising violin virtuoso, Longin Biuinis.

Besides Longin, the Junior Class boasts of a trio who have been adding color to the assemblies recently. These young "Boswell Sisters" are Anna McGowan, Agnes Tinskey, and Shirley Frim.

The one aim of the music department this season is to aid in the presentation of the Christmas pageant. The Glee Club intends to make its rounds singing carols this year as usual, under the able leadership of Mr. Fitzgerald.

K. B. CLUB

THE activities of the K. B. Club have started in full swing under the management of these officers: Jean Fassett, President; Dorothy Dubé, Secretary; Dorothy Hillner, Treasurer, and the advisors: Miss McElroy and Miss Murray.

The Fall Initiation was held at the home of Virginia Woodfin on November 2nd. The new members were taken in at this time. At this meeting the Fall Dance was planned, which took place on Friday, December 13th, in the Mt. Vernon Room, Hotel Commander. The music was furnished by Ken Bartlett and his orchestra. On the committees for the dance were: Dorothy Dubé, Barbara Woodfin, Dorothy Hillner, Mary Conley, Edwina Mullin, Frances Farmer, Jeannette Coté, and Helen O'Brien.



ATHLETICS

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 0 REVERE 6

Cambridge Latin dropped its fourth game of the year by a touchdown, when Revere slipped one over in the third quarter at Paul Revere Park on Armistice Day. One of the largest crowds of the year took in the game as part of the holiday celebration.

Latin had a couple of chances to put the game on ice. Fumbling ruined one shot in the final quarter, while the Cantabs failed to call their best plays to gain ground when they next had a chance from the Revere nine-yard line.

Revere had a very stubborn scrap to jam its touchdown across, and it went over on the last down from the two-foot line, first down having started on the five-yard marker. Morelli took the credit for the score, darting under centre from the quarterback position, after tricking the Cantabs, to get back on their heels. Before they realized what was coming, Morelli had scored.

The game was well executed, and fine passing and running was displayed by both backfields.

Coady, as usual, starred for the Latinites, and he showed in great style his ability as a triple threat. The Rowe brothers are great additions to the line, and they showed their pep by smashing into the Revere backs.

Morelli and Intress, both of basketball fame, were by far the outstanding players for the beach team.

CAMBRIDGE 6 WAKEFIELD 7

The Cantabs traveled to Wakefield on Thanksgiving Day for their third game with Wakefield High School, but were subdued by the Red and White of Wakefield by the narrow score of 7 to 6. But for a few minutes in the first period, in which Wakefield smashed the Cantab's aerial and ground defense to pieces, the two teams were evenly matched in playing ability.

Wakefield scored in the first period after an exchange of kicks which gave them the ball on their own 27 yard marker. Brilliant runs and passes from Tyne to Parker brought the ball within the Latin 10 yard strip, and a smash by Walsh put the ball on the four-yard line. After time out, Parker smashed over for the score. Price registered the point which later proved to spell doom for the Cantabs.

The second and third periods were not marked with any scoring, but in the fourth, Coady scored two touchdowns, the first being called back because the ball fumbled by a Wakefield back was ruled dead. Later, however, with only minutes to play, the Cambridge line broke through and blocked Price's kick which was scooped up by Coady who raced over unmolested for the only Latin score. His placement kick to convert the extra point was unsuccessful, and Wakefield won their second of the three games played between the two school teams.

Joe Manley, '37.

ALUMNAE

IT is quite fitting that we mention Catherine Burke of the class of 1935, as she stood high in her class here. This year at Radcliffe her high standing is again recognized. The annual dinner given by the Phi Beta Kappa names her among the twenty-five freshmen whose records give promise of outstanding ability.

Turning to the records of our students at Harvard, we find that eight have the Daniel A. Buckley Scholarship this year. These deserving scholars are: Manes Specter and Francis J. Walsh, '36; Francis Potter, '37, John Briggs, Albert Cohen, Franklin Coleman, Martin Ritvo, and John Tynan, '38. There are also 18 freshmen entering on scholarships.

Three students took the M. I. T. examinations for the Cambridge Scholarship and won over a large competing field. These are Joseph Donovan, Arthur Quint and Henry Baker.

Two recent graduates went in for politics this year. Joseph Olivo aspired to be councilor of Ward 1, and Bernard Karawacki, two years out of C. H. L. S., and a promising young man, ran for a place on the school committee. Bernard is now attending the Suffolk Law School. While neither was successful this year, they show promise for the future in the political field.

ANNEX NOTES

WE of the Annex, take this opportunity to express a wish that all our friends enjoy a most Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

BRAIN TEASER

A man went into a bank with a check for fifty-three dollars. He explained to the teller that he would like to obtain the cash in the following denominations: Three fives, three times as many twos as fives and as many of both in tens, and the rest in fifty cent pieces. How did the cashier solve the problem? (Answer at end of column).

CHECKER CLUB

A checker club has recently been organized and, judging by the response it has received, it will become a permanent part of our activities. Enthusiastic members are: William Shea, William Crosbie, John Lynch, Charles Burke, Louis Gaudet, Joseph Amici, Clifton Parsons and Don Stoddard.

PARENT-TEACHERS' NIGHT

The Annex held its Parent-Teachers' night late in November. The guest speaker was Mrs. Jessie Waterman Brooks, who delivered a very informative address to the parents.

RAVINGS OF A MAD MUSICIAN

WE often read papers on music in which jazz is derided, and belittled. It has been said that jazz is just so much noise and should not be classed as music.

Maybe I'm wrong, but if such numbers as "Stormy Weather", "Blue Prelude", "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes", and "Sophisticated Lady" are not musical, nothing is. Such music is not created by illiterates whose musical education consists only of three months' study in Prof. Herman Q. Puntwhistle's fiddle class; it is often composed by artists who have studied music in all its phases diligently and painstakingly. This is exemplified by the fact that Paul Whiteman, the "King of Jazz", was graduated from the Chicago Conservatory of Music and played stringed instruments in the Chicago Symphony Orchestra for several years before he organized his dance band.

It has been said that "jazzy" tunes last only a short time while the classics live forever. Way back in 1914, W. C. Handy wrote the "St. Louis Blues". Since they still sell over 50,000 copies each year, it is obvious that this composition is still going strong. This is not an exceptional case for "Old Grey Bonnet", "Ida", "Sweet Sue", "Dinah", and "Beale Street Blues", I could go on and on, are all at least ten years old and show no signs of losing their popularity.

Oh, yes, I almost forgot — no article dealing with modern music should neglect to mention a word of praise for Ray Noble. Therefore — Three cheers for Ray Noble. Enough.

JOE EGGHEAD.

Answer to Brain Teaser—The cashier replied, "You'll take all ones and like it".

F. DONALD MCWILLIAMS and
D. ALDEN LAMBERT





THE G. A. A.

THE curtain closes on spontaneous applause, and another delightful entertainment put on by the G. A. A. in their Freshmen Magazine Party is at an end. While the audience of characters from the books of Shakespeare and Dickens gazed with animated faces at the stage, they were rewarded with a humorous monologue by Shirley Fielding. The following girls contributed their talent: Pauline Nutter, rhyme tap dancing; Dorothy De Bye, singing; Agnes Johnson and Ruth Victorson, Spanish tap tango; and Iris Benthale as Shirley Temple. A play was given under the direction of Margaret Quinn, and a Fashion Show as well, which was very, very different.

I am going to take this space to tell you about the Senior Girls' basketball team which, under the direction of Miss Brown, the basketball coach, has for three years been building a splendid record. Under the leadership of Frances Ritvo, their Captain, they have held the inter-class championship title for two years, and they are determined to keep it this year. Through the three years, this team has shown a fine sense of sportsmanship and fair play.

When they play a game, you may be sure it is exciting, and it is due to such players as Frances Ritvo and Edith Coady as guards; also Mary Hayes, Genevieve Doherty, and Dorothy Williams. The forwards are as follows: Minnie Pietkewicz, Edna Gulgis, Margaret Downes, and Julia Buckley. The center is Alice Bridges and the side centers are Alice Murray and Evelyn Bisson.

We should not forget our two efficient managers, Dorothy Dignan and Anna Coutoumas, who are both fine players as well as managers.

The finest basketball game between the juniors and seniors will be played December 18 in the Gym. Don't miss this game! The teams are well matched and just waiting for the referee's whistle.

The G. A. A. wishes you a Merry Christmas, and hopes you will attend our Christmas meeting in the hall.

EVELYN BISSON, '36.

EXCHANGES

OUR Exchange pile is rapidly increasing in size with quite a few old numbers and many new ones.

The first paper on the pile is:

The Purple Quill

Ball High School, Galveston, Texas.

Your cover is striking, and your class notes are interesting, particularly because there is a column for each class. We enjoy your humor. We think one of the best jokes is:

Miss Oppe: "Bromine and another element produce bromide, oxygen and another element produce oxide, and carbon plus another element is carbide."

Voice from rear: "What is cock-eyed?"

You also have a great number of poems, all of which are well worth reading. You have done well in this issue. Keep up the good work!

The Echo

Hume Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn.

Here we have a publication from a long distance. This magazine has an excellent cover. The Southern students seem to be very good artists. Your paper is really a compact summary of all school activities, and the editorial on attendance is good. Attendance must be a nation-wide problem!

Ink Spots

Garden City High School, Garden City, New York.

Your stories are good, but why not have a few school notes on class happenings and sports? We appreciate your comments on our magazine.

Crimson and Gray

Mary E. Wells High School, Southboro, Mass.

This is a well-balanced magazine which is especially remarkable in that it gives freshmen much space. A few more stories would improve your otherwise perfect paper.

The Kalends

Delaware Academy, Delhi, New York.

Your publication contains many interesting stories and some good poems. The cuts are well done, and perhaps the greatest novelty in this magazine is the printing of the titles; they are pleasing to the eye. Your sports are well written.

Red and Black

Dorchester High School for Boys, Dorchester, Mass.

You are evidently much interested in football judging by your stories and articles. James Rand's story, "Professional Football", is one of the best I have ever read. Your Odd Facts Column is very engrossing. I like this joke gathered from your pages:

Football Star: I can't get my shoes on.

Sub: What, are your feet swollen too?

We wish all our friends in the High Schools far and near a very Merry Christmas.

DON REGAN, '36.



Jeanne: What is your brother in high school?
Gertrude: A half back.
Jeanne: I mean in studies.
Gertrude: Oh, in studies, he's away back.

Joe Manley: When water becomes ice, what is the greatest change that takes place?
Leo: The price.

Hanson: Do you know what the Scotchman said when someone touched him for a five spot?
Blue: No.
Hanson: It's funny I never have to finish that one.

Regan: I knocked my math final cold last June.
Toomey: Really —
Regan: Yeah, below zero.

Thomas Adams: That means fight where I come from, stranger.
Smith: Well, why don't you fight?
Adams: Cause I ain't where I come from.

Genevieve Doherty: Well, what did you think of my last joke?
Mary Hayes: Last joke? That's good news!

Teacher (Entering her French I class): Ah, I see we have a new Frenchman with us, today.
John: No, ma'am, my name's O'Brien.

Teacher (After explaining the order of long and short syllables in the scansion of Latin poetry): And now, is there any question?
Eleanor Tynan (bewildered): What I can't understand is why shorts always come in pairs!

Alice Haley: What makes this auto rock so?
Flora Harris: It's a Plymouth.

Almeida: You seem to enjoy reading Chaucer.
John: Yes, he spells worse than I do.

George Bitinas: What do you think of this story? Give me your honest opinion.
Gargano: It's not worth anything.
George: I know, but tell me anyway.

Boss: What fool told you to place those papers on that file?
Ed. Nickles: You did, sir.
Boss: Well, leave them here — you're discharged for calling me a fool.

Bourne: I was just reading about a fellow who has been employed in this country for seven years and can't speak a word of English.
Bradshaw: Impossible! What is his employment?
Bourne: He's a train announcer at the North Station.

Tom: What a friend you are! When I got in a fight with that big bully and cried to you for help, what did you do? You came up and socked me in the eye.
Bill: I thought youse wuz calling me names. Youse wuz lookin' right straight at me and yellin' 'Succor'.

Teacher: John, why didn't you learn your history lesson today?

Smith: Well, you've said so often that history repeats itself, that I thought yesterday's lesson would do again.

Jim: I don't have to read books; I have ideas of my own.

Jane: Why, you old dear; you've been deceiving us all this time.

Auciello: I believe our school is haunted.

Jack: Why?

Auciello: They're always talking about the school spirit.

Robert Bouché: I want to ask a question about a tragedy.

Teacher: Well?

Robert: What is my mark?

Thelma: Don't you speak to him any more?

Fran: No! Whenever I pass him I give him the geological survey.

Thelma: Geological survey?

Fran: Yes, that's what is commonly known as the stony stare.

Margaret Mador: Can you tell me the last words of Webster?

Genevieve D.: No. Let me in on it.

Margaret: Here they are, from the 1935 edition: Zymotex, Zyrian, Zythem, Zythepsary.

George Doherty (Seeing knotholes in a piece of wood): What are these?

Gerry: They're knotholes.

George: Oh, you can't fool me, I know they're some kind of holes.

She (Relating her travels): And in Florence I visited the Pitti Palace.

He: Oh, did 'ums?

An auctioneer had passed away
One morning just at dawn,
And on his tombstone was engraved,
Going, going, gone.

Ann Sullivan: Did you hear about the man who swallowed two teaspoons?

Ruth Twomey: Yes, how is he?

Ann: He can't stir.

Teacher: What lesson do we learn from the busy bee?

Billie Sullivan: Not to get stung.

Norman Davis: Mother, I got a hundred in school today.

His Mother: That's fine, Norman.

Norman: Fifty in geometry and fifty in English.

Father Kangaroo: Annabelle, where's the baby?

Mother Kangaroo: Good gracious! I've had my pocket picked.

DEBATING NOTES

AS the forensic season draws near, the Durrell Debating Society prepares for its presentation of this year's subject, "Socialized Medicine". Under the guidance of Miss Breau, material has been gathered, and briefs and debating points are under discussion.

Honored indeed are we this year in having our club and class president, Roland Shaine, chosen to the presidency of the Metropolitan Debating League.

Directly after the Christmas vacation, we commence scholastic debating, and our outlook is the most promising of any year in the history of the club. Nearly fifty enthusiastic members attend the weekly meetings with approximately a fourth of these participating in the program, be it a debate, a discussion, or a mock trial.

And speaking of mock trials, all who did not attend the case of Donald Regan vs. State for murder certainly missed an exciting event. The five attorneys, John Madden, prosecuting, and Henry Twomey defending in heated argument, nearly came to blows with the presiding judge, Roland Shaine, on several occasions. The jury unanimously chose to let Mr. Regan live.

Plans are already under way for another of these mock trials, and we expect to be compelled to conduct it in the Assembly Hall, because of the large attendance which will probably be there.

HENRY F. TWOMEY, '36.

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Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association.
Entered at Cambridge Station (Boston Postal District) as second class matter.

VOLUME 50 NUMBER 4

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EDITORIALS

WELCOME TO FRESHMEN

THE school life of any one class is measured by a few years, but the life of the school itself reaches far back into the past and will continue many years into the future.

The school will grow in strength and usefulness largely according to what it receives from each class during the brief stay within its walls.

The High and Latin School welcomes the Class of 1939 to its membership. It wishes to give you much — it can do so only as it receives much from you in loyalty and effort.

Treasure its ideals by work and deed. In so doing you will not only become worthy members of a fine group, but will also have a happy school life.

L. L. CLEVELAND.

The Review is now celebrating its fiftieth anniversary as an established school paper. We, who are young, cannot fully realize how unusual it is for a school paper to remain in active service for half a century.

The Review has lived through years of prosperity and depression, and has weathered more or less successfully its years of financial difficulty. Through good years and bad, it has represented the spirit of the school as no other organization can. For fifty years *The Review* has remained an active, integral part of the school, growing with it, and expanding its departments when necessary to include newly adopted school activities.

Ever since its beginning *The Review* has faithfully lived up to its name. In it have always been faithful summaries of the various school activities.

The school paper has always been as alive and modern as the support of the student body has warranted. This year we expect to incorporate several new departments. However, all this requires work and a wealth of material. Contributions are requested from the students, particularly those of the freshman and sophomore classes. Letters and suggestions from all the classmen will be carefully considered. Old as *The Review* is, it realizes that still more ancient proverb, "It is never too late to learn." But, as has been previously mentioned, *The Review* requires support in order to maintain its record as an excellent school paper. Let us then all work together for the best year that *The Review* has ever had.

FIRE DRILLS

THE faculty realizes that the school was not built to accommodate as many students as are now in it, that the school is old, and that many of the exits are awkward. They realize that these are great handicaps when vacating the school quickly in case of fire. For this reason, we have already had several fire drills within the past two months.

However, some students have not been giving their whole-hearted co-operation. They are slow in leaving the room; they amble through the corridors chatting with their friends. When they find themselves outside they slow down, thus holding up the line inside. They sometimes treat this serious business as a joke.

However, with each succeeding drill, the time necessary to clear the school has been lessened. Let us keep up the good work. The business-like ones deserve the orchids and the slackers, scallions. You, who are the slackers, give this matter serious thought from now on.

AROUND SCHOOL

G. A. A.

The G. A. A. tennis finals were played on Saturday, November 2. Eva Bakas and Bessie Goldstein were victorious over Edith Coady and Genevieve Doherty.

CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club under the able supervision of Mr. Bliss, has started another season with twenty-four members. A tournament is now being held, and those who will play in the finals are: Harry Olken, John Davis, George Quint, and Tom Ahern. Friday afternoon, Nov. 22, eight boys met Rindge Tech at Rindge.

THE ORCHESTRA

As their contribution to the Armistice program, the orchestra played the "Recessional". Several applications have been put in for a Harmonica Band, and there is a possibility that one will be organized.

THE K. B. CLUB

It is rumored that the K. B. girls will hold a formal December 6 in the Mount Vernon room at the Hotel Commander. There will be dancing from 8:30 to 12:30.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Dramatic Club trials were held November 7 after school. Miss Connelley is directing the Club this year. The officers are: President, Genevieve Doherty; Vice-President, Mary Hayes; Secretary, Ruth Horrigan; Treasurer, Dorothy Hillner; Executive Committee, Myer Chait, Chairman; Sumner Levy, Phyllis Sheridan.

The club is planning to hold one program a month for assembly. They will also put on the Thanksgiving and Christmas plays. About January, they are planning to present an afternoon of plays, or scenes from plays, for which there will be a small admission fee. They also hope to have at least one drama contest with other schools. Looks as if we have something to look forward to!

RUTH B. BERKMAN, '36.

ALUMNI NOTES

DURING the course of the four years that most of us spend in this school, we often wonder what has become of those who have graduated before us. However, we often read of these past graduates without recognizing them until some one who has been in school with them, calls them to our attention.

Thus it was that Mr. Derry pointed out the article in the *Harvard Gazette* concerning Dr. Manach, a graduate of this school and of Harvard College. He has long been a staff member of the University of Havana, and more recently, Minister of Education in Cuba.

His purpose in returning to Cambridge is to lecture in Spanish on Spanish-American literature at Harvard.

WHY I CAN'T WRITE PROSE

My heart leaps up when I behold
Some prose before my eyes,
I take it up to read it o'er
And thought with meter vies.

It's rhythm, rhythm everywhere
And not a word to speak,
For then I utter poetry
In mournful tones and deep.

Upon the street I'm greeted with,
"Good morning. How are you?"
Then I reply asthmatically,
"I've a cold- - -ca- - -chew!"

On market day my order is
Extremely large and varied,
The grocer reads with wrinkled brow
And mutters, "Newly married?"

Onions, cheese, and Quaker oats,
A pound of prunes and flour,
A bar of soap, the kind that floats,
Rice and cleansing powder.

Shakespeare's art must be my own,
Else why should it reveal
Verse for which my ardent friends
Outwardly show such zeal?

I've labored long, my mind's a blank
I'm tired of substitution
Of modern prose in poetry
This is my contribution.

CORALIE METCALFE, '36



LITERARY

EARNING MY WAY

EARN my way by studying fairy- tales! Yes, preposterous though the statement may appear to the casual reader, it is none the less true that were I not intimately acquainted with the beans that grew Jack's beanstalk, the Three Bears' hot porridge, and the bricks with which the Third Little Pig built his home, I might suffer at intervals from lack of pecuniary resources.

Early in life I found that by lending myself to the position of nursemaid, I could balance the credit side of my ledger with a minimum of muscular and mental activity. Busy mothers leave me alone with their babes, and I am my own master. All that the situation requires is that I lend an occasional glance to the actions of the offspring so that, in a moment of puerile playfulness, he will not burn down the house or masticate the daily newspaper. My duties are comparatively simple and vary with the age and temperament of my charge. But, be they kindergarten tots of angelic disposition, or pampered youths who resent a strange presence in their home, fairy tales are the sceptre in my hand which I wield more effectively than all the spared rods that ever spoiled the child. I need only unlock the gate that leads to the land of elves and giants, sprites and witches, and all hostilities cease and a treaty of peace is signed.

On bridge club nights, I take care of Edward, the "why child". His mother is young and modern and believes in training her son to use his reason. She encourages his questions and answers all his childish inqueries with patience. I have no doubt that little Edward will do his mother credit in later years. By the time he is graduated from college, his reasoning powers will be developed to the "nth" degree. In the interim, however, my limited reasoning power is undergoing a terrific strain. His most sovereign majesty has a keen observation and unlimited ideas concerning my general information. If it were not for my ability to put at ease his childish mind, with "Rumplestilskin", "The Adventures of Tom Thumb", or "Jack the Giant Killer", I should be obliged to spend agonizing hours explaining why the elements make the thunder, why the starfish does not live up in the sky, and why God does not answer when Edward shouts to him.

Whenever the Ladies' Aid holds its charitable functions, I am left in charge of the Rosenberg twins, "two lovely berries molded on one stem". They have an uncanny ability to conjure fresh maladies for my every visit. Mosquito bites miraculously appear in the dead of winter, and cuts which healed a decade hence suddenly take on all the dangers of an infested wound. There is an endless competition for consolation. If Rita suffers from a stomach-ache which requires sympathy, her twin sister will groan under the tortures of a tooth-ache which calls for double the amount of condolence. I am constrained to spend the night applying iodine, tooth-ache drops, bandages, and whitewash and performing all manner of operations. I never did claim to be much of a medical surgeon. While the sight of blood does not sicken me, I can not fancy myself being carried on by the spirit of medicine to such a point where I will spend the night catering unselfishly to the critical ills of the Rosenberg twins. I must find a way out even at the risk of being considered lacking in nobility of soul. Therefore, I dust off the shelves in the attic of my mind and pull down "Beauty and the Beast" or "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper". By the time the clock has struck twelve and the fairy godmother has transformed the horses to rats, the patients have recovered.

Naturally enough, there is an exception to prove my rule. Try as I may, I can not tell any stories to infants of six months. They open their mouths wide and tell me one long, tearful and woeful tale.

REIGNA WASSERMAN, '36.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS OR WHAT'S THE USE

NOW listen closely, boys and girls, and no matter how many questions I ask, don't bother answering. I know all the answers anyway. Do you know why the Pilgrims landed at Pymouth? You don't? I thought as much. Well, they landed here because they wanted to establish the good old New England custom of washing on Monday. It's a fact.

Let's see. There were, dear children, one hundred and two Pilgrims on the Mayflower. I can prove it. But that's immaterial to me and to you. The point is that twenty-nine of them were women and children, and when about a dozen women got together and decided to establish Monday as New England's washday there wasn't much the men could do except let them go ashore and establish it.

Well, it was on a Sunday in November, of 1620 to be exact, that the Mayflower sailed into the half-open fist of Cape Cod and the fist grabbed it so tight that the Mayflower broke down. So there they stayed on our stern and rock bound coast! Question: Where are the rocks? Answer: Who cares? At any rate, they stayed there.

As I was saying, it was Saturday when they landed and they were pretty tired that day, so they just walked around and got over their seasickness. On Sunday, like good strict Pilgrims, they rested, and so it was on Monday that the women went ashore. On the sandy beach, or was it rocky, they piled up their respective laundry bags — or did they have laundry bags? I don't seem to be able to decide a good many questions. If anybody knows the answers just be a good sport and don't tell. I just adore guessing games.

However, this isn't getting the washing done. As I may have mentioned somewhere before, they went ashore and did their washing. And every Monday since then, has been official washday for all true New Englanders — that is, if you do a washing. If you don't, you're luckier than most people.

Therefore, young ladies and gentlemen, if anybody has bothered to read this far, I shall conclude. Do I hear sighs of relief? So, if anyone asks you why the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, just follow your usual classroom routine. Look blank and ask, "What Pilgrims?"

HELEN BURNS, '36.

ON ANTIQUES

I HAVE been shocked, yes, and grieved too to hear certain philistines say, "Give me a good reproduction any day in preference to the wormy old junk." They miss the whole point. No imaginative soul, whether or not he knows the difference between a flame and urn finial and the--er--- other kind, can fail to grasp the charm of the antique. An intangible air of romance surrounds an antique, not by reason of its picturesque state of ruin, but because of its very antiquity. Merely to say, "This piece was made in the year of Washington's birth," is to recognize a physical link with the historic past. A fine antique combines with that grace and intrinsic beauty, which a reproduction may have in a merely imitative way, a priceless and irreproduceable heirloomishness.

Take mirrors. They offer food for reflection. If ever antiques contained the essence of the past, mirrors surely do. When you face an ancient glass, the veil of time should seem thin indeed. The shades of former times are concentrated in the space before you. You needn't sprain a brain cell to conjure them up; a modicum of imagination does the trick. Clocks are also in point. They are very intimately connected with the passage of time. A clock that has ticked away two centuries is a treasure; a modern timepiece is just a clock.

Antiques reflect not only the personality of former users, but also that of the present owners. By your possessions, unless you have called in an interior decorator, shall you be known of men. The discriminating collector of the treasures of the past shows his affinity for the more gracious, charming, and dignified ages.

DENYS PETER MYERS, JR., '35.

NOCTURNE

BLUE dusk, faint lights twinkling
The river calm — purple velvet after the rain
Lacy bridges crossing gracefully
In dull moonglow
Like bars of music separated
From the melody — the pulsing city song.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

Time: The day before Thanksgiving

Place: The Dillson's parlor.

Characters: Mr. Dillson, a business man; Mrs. Dillson, his wife; Georgia, his daughter; Paul, his son.

Explanation: The time is 1935. The living room of Mr. Dillson is the place. The stage is set for a parlor scene and it is vacant when the curtain first goes up. Paul is younger than Georgia. Mr. Dillson enters carrying a brief case.

ACT I

Mr. Dillson (Throwing the brief case to a nearby chair and picking up a paper): Well, no work tomorrow. I'm glad of that. Things have been mighty rushed at the office lately. (Sits down) Wonder where everyone is? Out shopping likely. (Off stage is heard the sound of a door opening. Paul enters from the left carrying a football).

Paul: Hello, Dad.

Mr. Dillson: Hello, son.

Paul (Tosses football up into the air and walks to the extreme right of the stage and sits down): Say, you know what? I just saw Ma and Sister down by the Checkerboard Market and they sure had their arms full! (Tosses football into the air again). I hope they buy all kinds of fruits, and nuts, and everything good. I can't wait for dinner tomorrow. Thanksgiving is the only time of the year a fellow can really eat all he wants. Boy, I'm glad tomorrow is the day! (Tosses football to the corner).

Mr. Dillson: Why, Paul, is eating all you connect with Thanksgiving?

Paul: Why, yes. (pauses) Of course the Pilgrims first celebrated it, but all they did was eat and invite the Indians to eat with them. Well, if we had Indians, I'd invite them to our house, but what's a fellow gonna do when there's no Indians?

Mr. Dillson: Well, son, you've got a good deal to learn. (Opens paper again. Paul takes an apple from the fruit dish. Several minutes pass, and all is quiet.)

Paul (Getting up): Well, all I can say is that I'm not going to eat much supper or breakfast. I'm just going to wait for dinner. I sure hope the night goes quickly. (Paul exits right. Off stage is heard a door opening, and Mrs Dillson and Georgia enter at left, carrying packages.)

Mrs. Dillson: Hello, father. Is Paul here?

Mr. Dillson: Yes. I guess he's rumaging in the ice box or pantry.

Georgia (Disgustedly): Oh, Paul's such a pig! He always wants something to eat. (Paul enters running from the right.)

Paul: Hi, Mom. 'Lo, sis. (Runs up to Georgia and starts to open a package) What have you got in there; something good to eat?

Georgia (Slapping at Paul): Get out of there, or you'll find out!

Mrs. Dillson: Children! Come, Georgia, let's put these bundles down. (They both exit right. Mr. Dillson continues to read. Paul sits down.)

Paul: Well, I guess I'll go see what they got that's good to eat. (Gets up) My stomach's empty and craves action! (Exits rubbing stomach.)

Georgia (Off stage): Ma, Paul's getting into everything. Get out of here! (Paul enters running eating a cookie with Georgia after him.)

Georgia: You big glutton. I hope you get so sick tomorrow that you won't be able to eat. (Exits)

Paul: Dad, what makes girls such old meanies? Gosh, just because a fellow wanted a sample of the cookies, Georgia ran me out of the kitchen.

Mr. Dillson (Putting down paper): Paul, my son, girls aren't really meanies. Georgia was right in running you out of the kitchen.

Paul: Why? (Mrs. Dillson and Georgia enter. They both sit down and Georgia sews.)

Georgia: Father, will you tell Paul that he's going to church tomorrow and that he's going with me and should act like a gentleman.

Paul: Gosh! What's a fellow got to go to church for on Thanksgiving? Georgia, you make me cross. You've always got to be such a lady and go to church so Mrs. Green can say, "Oh, Georgia Dillson is such a lovely young lady." Yea, she'd ought to know you like I do. She'd- - - - -

Mr. Dillson: Paul! Now listen. Tomorrow you're going to church and you're going to act like a gentleman. Suppose we let mother tell us what she thinks of things.

Mrs. Dillson: Why, of course, Paul is going to church. Now just stop and think of all you've got to be thankful for: a father, a mother, and a dear, loving sister.

Paul: Yea. A dear, loving sister.

Mr. Dillson: Paul!

Paul: Well Jimmy's going hunting and I'd kind a like to go with him. Gee. A fellow never can do what he wants when he's got a big sister.

Georgia: Well Paul, some day you'll wake up and realize that there's many ways to celebrate Thanksgiving besides eating.

Mrs. Dillson: Yes, Georgia is right. Now when I was a little girl my mother made me get up good and early to help prepare dinner. Then, when church time came, we left dinner on the back of the stove to cook and we all went to church . . . After church, we—

Paul (Interrupting and getting up): Excuse me, Ma, but really I'm not at all interested. I must go over to Jimmie's house.

Mrs. Dillson: Why Paul! Well all right, son, but you've only got about ten minutes because it's about supper time.

Paul: Ten minutes! There's no use going. I'll read about Byrd 'till then. (Sits down).

Mrs. Dillson (Getting up): Well, I'll go and see how supper is coming. (Exit).

Paul: Boy, this is interesting! I wonder if they have enough to eat at the North Pole. I wonder how they'll celebrate Thanksgiving.

Georgia: Oh Paul, I wonder when the day will come when you'll stop worrying about eating. You're such a greedy boy.

Mrs. Dillson (Off stage): Come everyone and get ready for supper.

Paul: I guess I won't eat. I'll wait for dinner tomorrow.

Mr. Dillson (Getting up): Come son. You'll be hungry all over again by tomorrow.

(All start off stage).

Paul: O. K. I'll eat, but just a little bit. I'm gonna save a big hole for my turkey tomorrow.

CURTAIN

Act II

All but Paul are on the stage. Same setting as before. Thanksgiving dinner is over and they are discussing the meal.

Mrs. Dillson: Well, how did you enjoy your dinner?

Mr. Dillson: Oh, it was delicious.

Georgia: Yes, it certainly was. I thought Paul was never going to stop eating.

Mrs. Dillson: Where is Paul anyway?

Georgia: I believe he went upstairs to rest.

Mr. Dillson: I guess it wouldn't hurt us all to do the same thing.

Mrs. Dillson: I feel so sorry for poor little Susie Brown. She has the mumps. Thanksgiving dinner won't taste very good to her.

Georgia: I should say not. (Paul enters right, eating a piece of cake.)

Mr. Dillson: At it again, Paul?

Mrs. Dillson: Who told you, young man, that you could have that cake?

Paul (Sitting down): Gosh, mom I'm sorry, but I didn't think you'd care, seeing it's Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Dillson: It makes no difference. You stay out of that pantry.

Paul (Rubbing his stomach): Gee, that was a swell dinner! I just couldn't eat enough turkey. I wanted another piece of pie but Ma said I couldn't have it.

Mr. Dillson: You know I think it would be nice if we all put on our hats and coats and went to call on the Deane sisters.

Paul: What! Those old ladies?

Georgia: A splendid idea!

Mrs. Dillson: Yes! I can fix up a basket for them.

Paul: Ooo-ooo-ooo (curls up and grabs his stomach).

Mrs. Dillson: Why son, what is the matter? (She rushes to him).

Paul: Oh, oh, ooo-ooo.

Mr. Dillson (going to him and putting his hand on his shoulder): Say something, son. What's the matter? (Georgia comes to him also).

Georgia: I knew it. (All the time, Paul is giving signs of extreme discomfort).

Paul: Oh gosh! Oh gee! I guess----I ate--too --much. Oh-ooo-my--stomach. Ooo-ooo-ooo.

Georgia: That's what you get for being such a glutton!

Paul: Ooo-ooo-ooo.

Mrs. Dillson: Come, come son. It isn't so bad as all that. Brace up! Be a man!

Paul: Oh, my stomach. Ooo--ooo--ooo--

(Mrs. Dillson enters with a glass).

Mrs. Dillson: Here, drink this. (She hands Paul the glass, and he drinks the contents.)

Paul: Ooo--ooo--ooo--

Mr. Dillson: I guess you'd better go upstairs to bed now.

Mrs. Dillson: Yes, hurry up! (Paul exits right). Well father, shall we go to visit the Deane sisters?

Mr. Dillson: Yes, but Georgia had better stay here in case Paul gets worse.

Mrs. Dillson: Yes. We won't be long.

Mr. Dillson: No. We won't be long. (Mr. and Mrs. Dillson exit left). Good-bye, Georgia. (Georgia sits down and picks up her sewing.)

Georgia: Oh dear, I just knew Paul would make a glutton of himself and be sick. Oh well. He could be lots worse off, but I'm mighty thankful that he's not. I'm thankful for everything: for my father, my mother, my brother, even if he is such a glutton; and I'm thankful that we're not like the Deane sisters who only have bread and milk for their Thanksgiving dinner. And then I'm thankful that I'm not like poor little Susie Brown. And--oh--I'm thankful for everything. Things could be much worse.

CURTAIN

Georgia Lamson, '37.

SCHOOL STYLIST

THE high school girl and her college sisters face the same style problem when it comes to clothes for school because their requirements are essentially the same. Therefore when the co-ed sets the style it is only natural that the younger girls should adopt it for they respect and admire the judgment and usual good taste of their elders. They demand that their clothes, besides being smart must be economical, durable, easy to take care of and comfortable. They realize although they may not stop to analyze the reason, that they must be uniform in the fundamentals and leaders in discovering new incidentals. Every school unconsciously has its own standards and fads as well as its leaders.

The American girl has set a fashion of her own before the world and in her independence has created grudging admiration from the arbiters of fashion of Europe to whom she does not bow. Even the stars of Hollywood can not claim as much influence on American fashion as the school-girl for after all she knows what she wants and needs and the mere fact that her favorite movie luminary advocates differently by the clothes she models does not change her mind.

Sweaters and skirts remain the most popular and sensible dress for school wear. Not merely any sweater or skirt but smart, individual ones that interpret their wearer's taste. "Simplicity is always the keynote, as in art, and line and color do their part." This little rhyme is one to remember. This year color is more important than ever and every girl can revel in the wide choice which can suit every taste. Knitted suits are good but refrain from those with contrasting trimming, for in the end they sometimes will be found impractical. Woolen dresses are even better this year for there is a much better choice.

The "new incidentals" are usually tricky accessories but be careful that they are not so new as to be freakish and rather cheap looking. The example of wearing tiny bows in the hair is a good one. Long before an imported French star wore them in a picture, school girls had adopted them gleefully but soon this fad was overdone — especially by those who insisted in wearing them continually and having them too large and of the wrong color, jarring with the costume. The wearing of pearls with the classic Brooks type sweater is claimed as their invention by Smith college and this idea which has swept the country has been accepted so that it has become almost a tradition. Wellesley claims to have worn the first bright ear-muffs and leaving the hat off, but I wonder if Latinites weren't very close to being the first. Of course Wellesley does wear ski pants to class but that is necessitated by the weather and conditions of the country-like campus and besides there are none of the masculine sex in their classes. It is too bad that more high-schoolers have not adopted the Brooks sweater which is so stylish and becoming beside the novelty sweaters with their too elaborate touches. This of course is the plain sweater with the crew-round neck and long sleeves which are smarter pushed up nonchalantly. Jewelry, other than the aforementioned pearls, and with few exceptions such as class pins, rings and a few novelties such as name bracelets, initial fobs or carved wooden dogs, is out.

Oxford type shoes are the thing this year because although we will wear the disreputable looking brown and white shoes somewhat, white shoes will not be so popular as they were last year. Leather tongues and flaps, ghillie ties and square-toed shoes will be affected around school. Odd belts will pep up any sweater and skirt and the expensive new French "Dog Collar" belts may be simulated if you will use your imagination. Polo coats are always good but the prevalence of the belted model with side pleats is too great. Balmacans or swagger coats are good, too. The plain riding hat usually of brown felt with a small feather which is worn precariously on the back of the head seems to be the thing still, and it is not to be replaced by knitted caps or berets no matter how clever they are. Those triangle scarves worn like a cowboy's are very popular. Ankle socks are all right, but featherweight angora fluffy and thin in pastel colors are best. Never wear these socks, or any, for that manner with high heels. Bangs and fire-engine red nail polish have vanished like short dresses, except for a few exceptions. A horizontal curl like a halo braid across your head is extremely smart but you have to be smart to achieve it. Center parts are better, but small tight curls and precise rows of large rolls at the back of the head are out. Pearl polish, beautiful and luminous, is the latest thing in dressing for the finger nails.

For evening soft, classical draping but not too much of it, replaces frills and ruffles. Metal cloths, satin, velvet and the eternal crepe and lace are still with us. Watch your evening wrap. Black velvet is the most practical but brocades and quilted taffeta are almost as good as "Bunny wraps". Jacketed dresses are best. Use discretion about your high heels for if you aren't sure of dancing your best in them get some of the new "flats" without heels or with very low ones. Ornaments in the hair are a necessary attraction and almost "anything goes" but real flowers and few of them are tops. Your corsage is smarter and safer on your wrist.

All in all, clothes do not make the woman but they mean everything to her.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

SLEEPING IN A HAMMOCK

HAMMOCK? No sir! I'll never sleep in one. Why? Try to sell a farmer an airplane. In plain simple language he just won't buy. He can't make himself trust one, although he has heard repeatedly that air travel is far safer than walking on the public highways. For this strange, unfathomable reason I shall never sleep in a hammock.

Possibly I am prejudiced by a long forgotten fall of the past, or again, I may simply be afraid of a forthcoming spill of the future. Possibly my fear of heights is making itself subtly manifest; another reason is that I always had an aversion to a death by strangulation. Probably no one of these excuses is correct. With these as suggestions as models, perhaps you can solve my mystery or at least augment my defense. However, even if the truth is found, all the science in the world will never change my mind. *I won't sleep in a hammock!*

Perhaps some student of psychology may want to delve more deeply into my case. For his benefit, I herewith recount a typical nightmare which I believe will aid him very materially when analyzed according to his peculiar art. Although I am and ever hope to be a staunch and loyal pacifist, whenever a nightmare is forthcoming, I always dream I am a sailor. Pork and beans I can put up with, but I'll be a captain of a rolling ship of the Sahara before I learn to sleep even uncomfortably in a swaying hammock in a crazily pitching destroyer on a wild and stormy sea. The weather is always bad during these nocturnal episodes, but even a perfect calm would lessen my miseries very little.

However, influenced as I am, I must admit that there is one thing worse than dreaming of trying to sleep in a hammock, and it is the actual sleeping in a hammock while having the same thoughts.

Nevertheless, my first statement may be a trifle strong. I'll try anything once, even this daredevil stunt! However, I will first install springs and a mattress, lower the whole within two feet of the floor, then carefully install everything in a sturdy, four-legged frame, and finally lash myself in securely to prevent, if possible, the surely inevitable fall.

The happiest day of my life will be the day I enter a museum and see a rope-lashed strip of canvas in a case with a card attached reading thus, "Used in maritime eras as a place of repose; not so uncomfortable as appears at first glance. Source of terror to uninitiated "land lubbers." *Now extinct.*"

RICHARD BABISH, '36.

ON MAKING A WILL

THE philoprogentive instinct being inherent in me as well as in every man, I decided to make a will settling my entire estate on an orphan's home. This intention of mine was warmly approved of by my friends. However, they looked at me so strangely that I had forebodings of the future.

On my way to the lawyer's office I perceived that the sky was lowering, and that everything about me had the gloom and solemness of a cemetery. I felt like a man about to "walk with God". The fearful thought of death entered my mind. I tried to banish it, but in vain, for it continued to haunt me.

In the lawyer's office the very air was depressing. It seemed to weigh upon me like a heavy burden. My throat became parched, and my forehead began to burn. A myriad of thoughts chased themselves in confusion through my head. Everything was chaos.

Dimly I heard a voice announcing that I was next. Mechanically I passed into the lawyer's office and seated myself. Upon learning that I wanted to make a will, the lawyer asked me a long list of questions. It seemed to me that many of these questions were irrelevant to making a will. However, I was too frightened to voice my opinion on this matter.

I suppose I must have appeared to him temporarily deranged, for he drew up the will in the following fashion:

"I, Stanley Rimshaw, in full possession of what faculties I possess, do hereby etc."

This bit of humor relieved the intensity of the solemness and death-like stillness which would have otherwise been unendurable. Assuring him I wasn't out of my mind, and that my mental facilities, though not much to boast of, were, nevertheless, under perfect control, I signed the will and left the office.

STANLEY RIMSHAW, '35.

FUTILITY

Through dark night
My call to you goes.
A silver arrow on a true course,
Singing in the night wind
With my heart. Yet, somehow,
Never reaching you.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN once again! The wonders of summer slowly fade away, and in their place, God's beauties of Autumn appear.

In the country the vast fields are sprinkled with dried grass and browned corn stalks. In the orchards the fruit trees bow low with their heavy burden. Along side the merry brooklet, now clogged with autumn leaves, droop the weeping willow trees. The cricket chirps merrily in the foliage by the side of this very stream. The beauteous rose of summer no longer lives in the warm sun. In its place the fringed gentian and the goldenrod sway in the meadows to the gentle murmur of the autumn breezes.

In the city the busy streets, bordered with bare trees, are paved with dried leaves. Small children scatter them about, laughing gaily in their sport. City parks, where once green grass and stately trees in summer dress stood dominant, are smeared with patches of dried grass and bare trees, bowing in the autumn breeze.

There is no more chirping and chattering of the birds. Now, silhouetted against the bright autumn sky, they journey toward the South for the winter. Autumn sunsets splash over the city and country, their vivid colors of gold and red paint a scene of God's loveliness. In the Autumn twilight the landscape serenely awaits the arrival of the white cloak of winter. No mere words can express the loveliness of Autumn.

"Some of us call it Autumn,—
Others call it God"

— *Carruth*

MARIAN SAWYER, '36.

MARK TWAIN

NO one would have enjoyed more thoroughly a celebration, but no one would have been less interested in being the cause of one, — certainly no one would have cared less to be a dead celebrity—than Mark Twain, whose hundredth anniversary is being commemorated this year.

Mark Twain, born Samuel Clemens, thoroughly enjoyed life. His was a vigorous and hearty one. There was nothing crude or noisy about the man nor the author, neither was there anything of artifice about his life or his work. To him, restraints and prohibitions were justified only as they maintained a general level of decency, not at all if they robbed a man of his individuality. This very naturalness, so much a part of the man, is what has given his stories the rich, full flavor that has endeared them and their author to his readers.

Those who knew him personally and those who have come to know him as best they can through his many biographies and through his books, love him for his simplicity and honesty.

These lines from his *Notebook* are in essense Mark Twain, pilot, printer, miner, author:

"The man who believes there is a man in the world who is better than himself merely because he was born royal or noble, is a dog with the soul of a dog—and at bottom is a liar."

JEAN FASSETT, '36.

NOTES ON BOOKS

AND GLADLY TEACH

Houghton Mifflin, $3.00 Bliss Perry

IN his latest publication, "And Gladly Teach", Mr. Perry has written the reminiscences of his life and career. With the exception of the ten years he spent with the "Atlantic Monthly", Mr. Perry has passed his life in an academic atmosphere. Through his teaching at Williams, Princeton, and Harvard, and during his editorship of the "Atlantic Monthly", Mr. Perry has come in contact with many eminent men who became his fast friends. He enjoyed a friendship with Woodrow Wilson, Henry James, William Dean Howells, and scores of others. In his autobiography he has written a pleasant and salty book, which is a joy to read, of his life spent in America and abroad.

JEAN FASSETT, '36.

FROM BED TO WORSE

Robert Benchley, 1934. Harper & Brothers

BRIMMING over with wit and humor, "From Bed to Worse" affords an excellent relaxation to hard-working students. Mr. Benchley courageously tackles about sixty widely discussed subjects such as "Who Killed Rasputin?" He nonchalantly proclaims his own guilt and tells you frankly how he committed the murder.

He claims we have enough lime in us to whitewash a chicken coop and enough phosphorus to make two thousand two hundred match heads.

If you want to know what would happen if the earth suddenly stopped revolving, if you want to know all about Dendrophilism or what three famous generals never saw one another, if you are seekng recreation and fun read "From Bed to Worse" by Benchley.

GERTRUDE QUITT, '36.

WINE FROM THESE GRAPES

Harper & Brothers Edna St. Vincent Millay

IN the first part of her book Miss Millay is concerned with what one might call nature poetry. In her poetry the sensitive reader experiences that mood which is imparted by a close association with nature. Thomas Hardy's novels illustrate this point.

In the nature group, I recommend "October—An Etching" which is a perfect picture etched with the acid of irony. There is a line in this poem which touches the peak of suggestive description. Miss Millay says of a hunting dog, "And wet to his pink skin and half his size comes back." My other recommendation is "The Fawn" which expresses beautifully man's longing for closer kinship with nature.

In the second part of her book, Miss Millay is more varied. In "Childhood Is the Kingdom Where Nobody Dies" the poet reveals her poetic insight into the sympathy for childhood. Miss Millay captures all the fancy which is the gift of that period. "Sonnet" is the very comforting to all who look with trepidation on the troublesome but masquerading period of old age.

In the third part, "Aubade" appeals to the senses, especially the sense of sight. "Sappho Crosses the Dark River of Hades" is wasted unless you are armed with classical knowledge.

In the fourth part, Miss Millay introduces a social element and even a controversial one into her poetry. Her poems, "Conscientious Objector" and "Apostrophe to Man" are particularly timely in this hectic period of discussion between our militarists and our pacifists. "Apostrophe to Man" is bitter, sardonical, and cutting with the stark quality of truth. Can the last line of "Apostrophe to Man" be surpassed in irony and suggestion? The poet notes, "Homo called sapiens." "Two Sonnets in Memory" raises the everliving issue of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, with Miss Millay as a rather heated champion of the two condemned men.

The fifth part, "Epitaph for the Race of Man" is sombre in tint and decidedly in a minor key. This last part requires a brooding thoughtfulness on the reader's part if it is to yield its fruits.

In conclusion, if you value the moods which vital, beautiful poetry, pregnant with ideas, induces in you, sensitive reader, then try some of the heady "Wine from These Grapes" of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

EDWARD MOYLAN, '35.

EXCHANGES

GREETINGS all! We are about to begin a new year. Most of our magazine friends are again present, and those who are not, will, more than likely pay us a visit.

The first exchange which we come to, is the *Seward Folio* of the Seward Park High School, New York. This publication is particularly impressive in its splendid cover, which immediately catches the eye. There are many stories and poems, but it lacks an exchange column, and could I not find a school news department.

Next in our pile is the *Long Pointer* of Provincetown, way down on the tip of Cape Cod. This issue is a combination June issue and Year Book, hence most of its news is about the seniors. Unquestionably the best story is "Guilty or Not Guilty" by Frederick Comee, '35. The jokes in this magazine were very good. In short, this Goliath among school publications is among the best.

The *Student's Pen* from Pittsfield is also worth looking into. It is a well balanced magazine, touching on many subjects. I enjoyed reading the almanac of the year's doings, telling each notable occurrence from September until June. I also liked the Children's Corner, a column for Freshmen.

Our next exchange is the *Gazette* of Lynn Classical High, a magazine with a real exchange column. The joke pages were amusing and I liked the cartoons. I note, however, a dearth of poetry.

We note this contribution about ourselves in the *Folio,* October, 1935 from Flushing High School, Flushing, New York.

"The Cambridge Review," June '35, has a high cultural standard. "Parlez-Vous Francais" devotes an entire page to French. Fourth term French students here may be interested to know that "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon" was given by the students at Cambridge. The general tone of the magazine is very fine.

This concludes our exchange column until our next issue. We hope all our friends will continue to send us their magazines which we find helpful and inspiring, and we also hope that our readers will let us know if they enjoy our column. So, until later. Good Exchanges!

DON REGAN, '35.

DEBATING NOTES

WEARING the crown of the Metropolitan Debate League of last year, our Durrell Debating Society made its debut on Friday, October 11, 1935. The year's program was immediately planned, and leaders for the coming year were elected. John Madden, dynamic anchor man and rebuttalist, and Roland Shaine, whose sonorous voice entitled him to represent C. H. L. S. in the 1935 Knights of Columbus Speaking Contest, were the contenders for the presidency. After a recount Shaine was elected by a margin of one vote! In the vice-president contest, Henry Twomey, Durrell Debater of two years ago, won over Paul Burke, who took part in all the victories of last year. Marguerite Cox, the new secretary, won in a close victory over Mary Buckley, who established herself in her freshman year as the outstanding girl debater of the school. Joe Manley will keep the coffers as the result of his win over Harry Wasserman, invaluable publicity artist of the club a year ago. John Madden accepted a position on the executive committee which is made up of Miss Buckley and Donald Regan.

The new members came into prominence at the second meeting and gained several positions on the program. Outstanding among the new members are Saul Zang, Theodore Herzlite, John Monteiro, Francis Welch and John Reardon.

With the added support of many enthusiastic sophomores and freshmen, the society is heading for another championship year. Our first opponents, as determined in the meeting of the League Board are to be Melrose, Somerville, and Medford. All these schools bowed to us last year, but they boast of new additions and improvements in their clubs, and they wait for the opportunity to dethrone Cambridge Latin, which we shall prevent if we can. Therefore we begin one of the most exciting forensic years in the history of the Durrell Debate Society.

HENRY F. TWOMEY, '36.

SEA PINES

PINE between ocean and sea you form
Salt-sprayed and unbending through every storm.
Sea gulls around you scream and fly
While you stand stolidly etched against sky.
Bleak, scarred towers reaching on high.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, '35.



G. A. A.

WELCOME FRESHMEN! We ask for an explanation concerning those very prominent red bows which grace the heads of our fair freshmen, as well as the mysterious bowing which we note in the corridors, lunchrooms, and class rooms. It is an extraordinary behavior, but we are informed that it is merely the result of the initiation of freshmen members into the G. A. A.

I am sure that everybody is eager to know who are at the head of this popular institution. Well, members, the honors are shared by our well-chosen President, Frances Ritvo; Vice-President, Edith Coady; Secretary, Frances Brown; Executive Committee, Betty Harney, Mary Crawley, Frances Murphy, and Margaret Quinn.

The first G. A. A. meeting was held Oct. 21, in the school hall. The purposes of this meeting were to install our new officers and to inform us about the Freshmen Party held on Nov. 15 in the girl's gym. It was a Magazine Party which proved interesting and amusing.

With the shrill blast of the whistle and the familiar hunt for the locker key, we opened our basketball season. Little time was lost by our more athletically inclined members in responding.

Between baskets are caught glimpses of Frances Ritvo seriously applying herself to her responsible position as president, and Edith Coady patiently explaining the do's and don'ts of basketball to the freshmen.

EVELYN BISSON, '35.

REVIEW STAFF 1935 - 1936



THE REVIEW STAFF

Front Row: Eleanor Tynan, Frances Ryan, Jeanne Pearlson, Richard Babish, *Editor-in-Chief*, Priscilla Johnson, Helen Burns.

Second Row: Ruth Berkman, Coralie Metcalfe, Gertrude Quitt, Esther Shea, Anna Cooper, Thelma Burke.

Third Row: Carolyn Wood, Elaine Mahady, Margaret Mador, Joseph Manley.

Fourth Row: Elliott Shaw, Rupert Blue, John Smith, John Twomey.

Fifth Row: George Doherty, Frank Gerry, Don Regan, Thomas Adams.

LATINITES



Marie O'Leary



Flora Harris



Genevieve Doherty



Pauline Rubin



Eleanor Tynan



Priscilla Johnson

JJA

LATINITES

MARIE O'LEARY. Busy Marie does not look the secretary type, but she was elected to that class office as a junior and re-elected as a senior, making her the only girl holding class office. Her ambition is to dive from a high spring board right into the ocean. Likes: Joan Crawford, tennis, travel, and knitting. Dislikes violently snakes and hop-toads.

FLORA HARRIS is a winsome young lady with a good scholastic record. She is a philatelist, stamp collector to you, and an amateur photographer. Her ready smile helps her and others as they go on their way—"When you bring a smiling visage to the glass, you meet a smile". Her favorites are Frederic March and Frances Dee. She dislikes fudge of all things!

GENEVIEVE DOHERTY is the Dramatic Club President and one of the most popular girls in school. If you value her friendship don't call her Jenny She writes and speaks so well that she won the Edward W. Quinn medal last June. Basketball rates highest with her. She likes ruffles, but loathes "Fats" Waller's band.

PAULINE RUBIN. Introducing a young lady with real school spirit. Because of her serious, earnest hard work her marks make her an honor roll student. She has always been a *Review* fan. She fiddles like a master performer and has been in the school orchestra for years. George Arliss is, believe it or not, her favorite of the screen.

ELEANOR TYNAN is a three-year veteran of the *Review* staff. Brother John was an editor-in-chief and Eleanor is Class Notes Editor and a subscription go-getter. She adores Kate Hepburn, makes dandy fudge, and has a keen sense of humor. Swimming and horseback riding are among her many accomplishments.

PRISCILLA JOHNSON is an artist and poetess. She models in clay, designs clothes, makes freak masks and builds scenery. Priscilla is a cub reporter on a city newspaper. Harvard, Casa Loma, whiffles, dancing and Fred McMurray are "tops" with her. She is left-handed and is deathly afraid of insects and the dark.

The *Review* extends its best wishes for a successful year to the officers of the class of 1936. The class has chosen well, and we look forward to a happy year under the leadership of these officers: President, Roland Shaine; Vice President, Philip Gallagher; Secretary, Marie O'Leary; Treasurer, John Madden; Reception Committee: James Barnes, Frank Bennett, Edith Coady, Loraine Goodspeed, John Tenney, and Henry Twomey. Drama Committee: Janet Berry, John Corbett, Marguerite Cox, Mary Hayes, and Margaret Mador.

Many teachers and students have taken an active interest in the drive for the *Review* this year. Credit is especially due to Coralie Metcalfe, a senior who has secured thirty-eight subscriptions and who is actively working for more. The person who follows her on the list has sixteen to her credit. Would that we had more Coralie Metcalfe's in our school!



THE FOOTBALL TEAM

Backfield: Thomas Fratto, Ray Chaisson, Phil Gallagher, Joe Manke.
Line: Frank Glacken, Frank Coady, Charles Cuneo, Connie Sullivan, John Gargano, William Sullivan, James Simpson.



THE CHESS CLUB

Rear Row: Sidney Factor, Robert King, Harry Olken.
Middle Row: George Quint, John Davis, Walter Graham.
Front Row: Richard Babish, Helen Hanson, Susan Ciampi, Idabelle Carrington, Alfred Jozwicki.

ATHLETICS



CAMBRIDGE LATIN 7 WOBURN 0

The first touchdown of the schoolboy grid season was one for the book. Cambridge Latin pulled it on Woburn High to win the initial football game of the season, 7 to 0, at Russell Field. The Cantabs needed something like this, for the lighter Tanner team was a scrappy outfit and especially in the first and fourth quarters had Latin on the run.

The scoring play was a beauty and popped up in the second quarter. There were only two minutes left in the half. One play had been stopped dead by Foley, the Woburn left end on his 40-yard line. While he was getting his wind, the Latin players planned the knockout blow. On the next play Tony Fratto stepped back and flung a 25-yard spiral to Joe Mannke who took it on the "lam" as though he meant to head straight for a touchdown. After a short gallop with the Tanners closing in on him, he deliberately turned and backpassed to Captain Frank Coady, one of the biggest boys on Coach Sheehan's club, who scored.

The stars in this first game for Cambridge were Coady and Mannke with the whole line working as a unit. Chaisson, a newcomer into football, played well. De Vito and De Marquis were the outstanding players on the visiting Woburn team.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 0 NEWTON 20

For its second game of the season the Cambridge Latin team travelled to Newton to be defeated by a powerful team of the Garden City High School. The game was staged at Dickinson Stadium, Newton. Two blocked kicks and a 20-yard pass gave Newton her three tallies.

The third period was the setting for the final score of the day. The Cantabs were forced back to their own goal line and being forced to kick, McEwan, Newton right end, crashed through, blocked the kick and recovered the ball in the end zone for the third touchdown. Reardon place kicked the extra point.

The Cantabs then took to the air but failed to tally, but they threw a few scares into the Newton stands.

Savignano and McLeod were the standouts for the victors while Coady and the Sullivans played well in the line for Cambridge Latin.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 0 RINDGE 6

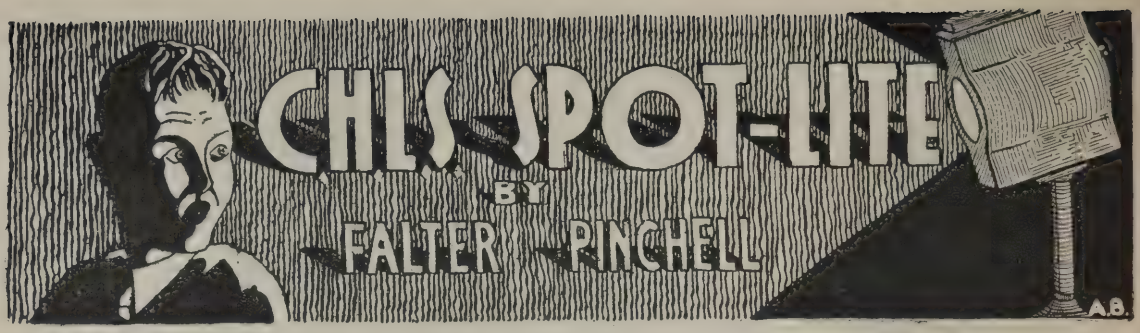
After having defeated the New Bedford High School's football team, Cambridge Latin was in high hopes of defeating their traditional rival for the city championship, Rindge Tech. On Columbus Day a broad-beamed, fleet-footed boy bearing the famous name of "General" Grant blasted these hopes.

While Rindge managed to punch out only one first down in the game to Latin's five, the Technicians capitalized on their only scoring opportunity right at the start of the second period, and staved off the Latinites drives, the best of which reached the nine-yard line.

Rindge received their break after Johnny Maloney punted from his own forty-yard line to Chaisson on Latin's fifteen yard line. Chaisson was hit hard, fumbled and the ball was recovered by Powers, Rindge tackle, on the enemy ten-yard marker.

After two unsuccessful tries for a score, "General" Grant was sent in for Baniowicz and on his first try he ripped off eight yards to place the ball on the Latin two-yard line. He took the ball again and smashed his way over the line for the only score of the day.

Fumbles marred the play all through the game with Latin often offending. Near the end of the second quarter, Tony Fratto led the team on a gallant march down the field from his own fifteen-yard line to Rindge's nine-yard line. Joe Mannke ripped off eleven yards, then Fratto zigged and zagged for nineteen yards around right end. On the next play, Captain Frank Coady lined up in the backfield, caught a pass from Fratto and raced forty yards before he was spilled on the Rindge fifteen-yard stripe. Coady,



GREETINGS, salutations, and what you will . . . Like a bad penny, we always turn up . . . Hurrah for the new cheer leaders. Edith Coady, Edwina Mullen, Bromby Westlake, Frannie Welch, and Robert Flynn. They all did a grand job . . . and by the way, Bromby had his gloves on . . . I wonder why Marie O'Leary disappeared from history class so quickly the other day? . . . It seems that every Friday night finds Mary Hayes and Genevieve Doherty at one party or another . . . Bill Haverty still flourishes . . . A freshman inquired if tap dancing was given in the school. When she was informed that the rumpus was caused by typewriters she bit her lip and dashed downstairs . . . Howard Johnson is back again—What's the attraction, Howdy? . . . Margaret Lyman and her umbrella are inseparable . . . Can anyone tell me if Joe Manley still keeps goldfish? . . . I wonder if the boy who wears orange gloves and a red scarf to the games sees pink elephants at night . . . Roland Shaine is now president of the Debating Society and president of the Senior Class, too . . . A remark, heard while passing through the hall, "Hasn't Eddie Mulhern the most beautiful eyes?" Hold the reins, Eddie, you're going for a ride . . . We hardly recognize Hope Bourque. She is only a shadow of her old self. She has lost a pound and a half . . . Most of the boys that went up to Bald Peak this summer came home with that Melvin Village accent . . . The Beach Street Bungalow is fast becoming one of the more popular places on Wednesday night, especially for the high school students . . . Orchids to Richard Babish for the splendid way he has started *The Review* . . . Frances Morgan is looking peppier than ever . . . Charlie McElery is in a terrible hurry to get to the lunch room daily . . . A MUTT and JEFF in reality is found in Frances Murphy and Barbara Mills . . . The old combination of John Gibbons, Al. D'Entremont and Arty La Voie get the same home room year after year . . . Maurice Keane is P-G-ing all over the place . . . Ted Jannick went from law to making doughnuts and then to woodpecking, C. C. C. . . . Lillian Tupper is having a fine time visiting all the places of interest in Washington, D. C. . . . Ernie Saulnier attends the wrestling bouts at the Boston Garden. Where do you get the passes, Ernie? . . . Did you see Ralph Murphy's haircut? He must have been playing around lawn mowers this summer. Thumb Nail Descriptions. Redhead on parade, Marion Joyce . . . Haile Selassie in all his splendor, Bill Sullivan . . . Martin Reed has become political minded . . . John Hickey has turned "War Correspondent" and can be heard giving blow by blow descriptions of the Italian-Ethiopian situation . . . Eleanor McAuliffe, Marion Joyce, and Patsy Collins are forming a club known as the Sub-Debs . . . The two inseparable pals are none other than Dot Hurley and Helen Fields . . . Don't tell me that Phil Gallagher got those wide shoulders from eating "Wheaties" . . . Sidney Zang always can give A-1 speeches in the debating class . . . CAN YOU IMAGINE? John Gittens in Armand Antolin clothes . . . John Gibbons not worrying . . . Ed Frank hearing something for the first time . . . Devora Goldwater unprepared . . . Tom Hardy never serious . . . Joe Doherty hurrying through the corridors . . . No one reading this column . . . Room 76 has over half the football team enrolled . . . Jimmy Barnes can be seen in school any morning at quarter of eight studying "Silas Marner" . . . Bobby Horan rides to school in a Cadillac . . . Ann Corcoran's secret ambition is to be a newspaper reporter. Now isn't that something? . . . Don Regan's sister is fast becoming popular here at dear old Latin. Just like her brother . . . Teresa Jones, a P. G., may be heard singing on the several amateur programs on the Radio. I predict a great career for the little girl

C. H. L. S. HITS AND ENCORES

Theme Songs

"Sweet and Slow" Ed Toomey
"Boys Will Be Boys" Football Squad
"There's Nothing Like a College Education", College Course
"Zing Went the Strings of My Heart" ... Reports
"Solitude" John Monteiro
"I'm a Fugitive" Richard Babish

"Double Trouble" Freshmen and P. G.'s
"Restless" 1:40 P. M.
"Old Man Rhythm" Don Regan

MOVIE TITLES

"G Men" Spot-Lite Staff
"Broadway Gondolier" Roland Shaine
"Man On the Flying Trapeze", Ray Chaisson on skates
"Curly Top" John Tenney
"Music In the Air" Morning in the Hall
"Big Broadcast of 1936" Jackie Reardon

My predictions are that Charley Carey will star on the hockey team . . . "Ginger" Lovett is back in school after a year's vacation . . . The P. G.'s rendez-vous is at Carson's, after school where they indulge in coffee and doughnuts . . . If you value your ears don't get behind "Chicky" Hayes when he is singing . . . Ed Nichols claims he will get a pair of hockey stockings this year, even if he has to buy them himself . . . Ed O'Leary is known as the man without a home room . . . Last year's seniors have returned in masses . . . Bill McAndy drinks two pints of milk daily in the lunch room . . . Bill Price likes to do his home work before class . . . Janet Schaeffer, an ardent football fan, expects to attend the Harvard-Yale game . . . Gladys Farrington delights in attending the E.R.A. plays in the Lincoln School . . . Priscilla Johnson is doing a fine job on Learned Latin Notes in the Cambridge Edition of the Boston Evening American. You should read it . . . The Lexington Barn Dances are making a hit with the pupils of Latin School . . . Myer Chait's secret ambition is to be a wrestler . . . Famous last lines in circulation. I forgot my home work. I'll bring my dues next week. Keep the lines moving. My clock stopped. Gee! I just made it . . . Several girls have been seen wearing pale blue ribbons around their throats. Is it a fad, club, or what? . . . Congratulations to the Senior Class officers . . . "Snooky" Gallagher, where did you acquire that sweet smile? . . . Myer Chait is taking Normal English in order to be among all those sweet young things . . . Coralie Metcalfe certainly has been busy getting subscriptions for the *Review* . . . "Dutchie" Glacken has discovered a new way to play the piano . . . All he needs is someone with a strong voice to hold the note until he finds it on the piano . . . The football players are allowed for lunch only the juice of an olive and a caraway seed . . . John Corbett is going in for dramatics in a great big way . . . Alice Bridges has been admitted to the K. B. Club . . . From the hall recently has issued the beautiful music of Longin Buinis and his violin accompanied at the piano by the talented Henry Janul . . . A conversation heard between Frances Farmer and Elaine Mahady: "Men are just like street-cars." "How's that?" "If you miss one, another will come along." Can you imagine — Dot Murphy without a sense of humor? . . . Alice Haley as a blonde? . . . Mary Hayes being stuck up? . . . Peg Lawless 5 ft. 5½ in.? . . . Marie O'Leary not being hungry? . . . Catherine Mayturn with pale cheeks . . . Grace Meltzer failing in history . . . Richard Babish having leisure time . . . Olga Kirslis not on the Honor Roll . . . Roland Shaine with laryngitis. We congratulate the newly-elected officers of the Junior Class. May they have a happy and successful year.

Well, it's time to say "Adios", so until the next issue "Happy Landings" —

ANNEX NOTES

ORCHIDS to *The Review* on its 50th Anniversary.

The Annex has already launched the first in a series of popular assemblies which drew a round of applause from both teachers and students. New talent was uncovered in the person of Jerry Whalen, an ingenious banjo virtuoso with extraordinary vocal ability. Thanks to our willing Thespians the entertainment was a grand success . . . John Russell, as a ghost, caused such a chattering of teeth in the audience that passers-by outside the school thought we were having a typewriting test . . . Larry Ward, our talented tap dancer, rehearsed his number by dancing up and down the stairs, a la Bill Robinson.

THE PHI CLUB

THE newly-elected officers of the Phi Club are: John L. McMenimen, President; Connie Sullivan, Vice President; George Stansbury, Treasurer; and John J. Sheehan, Jr., Secretary. With the support of seventy-five members, the club promises a successful season.

LI'L POME — "MY TYPIST"

My typist is on her vacation,
My typist has gone for a rest.
My typist has left her vocation,
s0 1811 have to do my best,

Chorous

O bring bsk, brng bnacg,
O btumg bzock my tpast to me, tp mr?
bRong basl, $rs? bwx/
O bR48 g ?*¾ Typ$&%#c

FRANCIS MCWILLIAMS,
DAVID LAMBERT.



Paul Moylan: Those cakes are as hard as stone.

Roland Shaine: Didn't you hear the hostess say, "Take your pick", when she passed them around?

Bob Tynan: Where do jellyfish get their jelly?

Bud Moran: From the ocean currents, I guess.

Sydney Crook: Did you notice how my voice filled the auditorium?

Woodman: I did. Several people left to make more room for it.

Evelyn Hovey: Why don't you speak to Jeanne anymore? I thought she was one of your friends.

Jean Fassett: When she was in Europe, she sent me a postal card which read, "Wish you were here", and the picture was a grave yard.

Mary Quinn: My, the candy in that window makes my mouth water.

Leslie White: Well, here's a blotter.

Guide: Why don't you shoot at the tiger?

Bob Glennon: Well er--er-- he didn't have the right expression on his face for a rug.

Davin: Are you going to put a "Wet Paint" sign on your fence?

Hanson: Not on your life! I don't want it all finger prints.

IN MEMORIAM

We mourn the passing
Of Ferdinand Bepps.
He walked down the stairs
Without using the steps.

Mary Murphy (over telephone): Are you the game warden?

Game Warden: Yes, ma'am.

Mary: I am so glad that I have the right person at last. Would you please suggest some games for a children's party?

Dad: Well, Gordon, how did you get along in your examinations?

Gordon McFarland: Just fine, dad, except in history. Every question they asked me was about something that happened long before I was born.

Marie McCarthy (engaging passage by airplane): Are you sure I will be taken back *safely?*

Agent (proudly): Why certainly! Never in the history of the company has anybody been left up there.

Teacher: What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?

Roderick Britt: There was a famine in the land.

Joe Manley says that he always carries between $95 and $100 with him. What he means is five dollars — that's between ninety-five and one hundred dollars, isn't it?

Kitty Cavanaugh: How do you suppose they ever get those football players clean after a game?

Marguerite Bisson: What do you think they have scrub teams for?

Joe didn't listen, look nor stop;
They towed his flivver to the shop.
It didn't take a week or two
To make the car look good as new.
But though they hunted high and low
They found no extra parts for Joe.

Don Regan: Isn't it wonderful how a single policeman can dam the flow of traffic?

George Doherty: Yes, indeed, but you should hear the bus driver.

Bill Haverty: This is a very large skating rink you have here.

Manager: Yes, it has a seating capacity of 10,000.

Conductor: Tickets!

Henry Twomey: Haven't any ticket; I am travelling on my face.

Conductor: I'll have to punch it then.

If a man who waits is the waiter,
What then is the man who waits
And waits and waits for the waiter
To wait on him while he waits?

Pauline Rubin: Oh what a time I've had! I just don't know how I ever came through! First I got angina pectoris, and then double pneumonia, followed by arteriosclerosis and phthisis, after which they gave me hypodermics. Then I had barely recovered from these when I got tuberculosis, with appendicitis, followed by tonsillotomy. Yes, indeed, it was the hardest spelling contest I've ever had.

Mary had a little car
She drove in manner deft,
But every time she signaled right,
The little car turned left.

Tom Adams: Fishing, John?

John Smith: No, I'm teaching worms to swim.

Leo Manley: Have your hens stopped laying?

Farmer: Three of them have stopped in the last few days.

Leo: What was the cause?

Farmer: Autos.

Martin Ryan: What has very strong limbs, a fierce temper, bushy hair on its head, and is called the king of beasts?

Jack King: A football player.

There was a crash in the hallway and mother rushed out to find Ruth sitting ruefully on the floor at the foot of the stairs.

"Did you miss a step, Ruth?" she enquired anxiously.

"No, indeed," groaned Ruth. "I hit every one."

They were discussing diet, and the talk became facetious.

"I've eaten beef all my life, and I'm as strong as an ox!" said John Kelly.

"That's funny," replied Paul Healey. "I've eaten fish all my life and I can't swim a stroke."

The old lady was very much afraid of passing her destination. Leaning forward suddenly she poked the street car conductor in the ribs with her umbrella.

"Is that the First National Bank, my good man?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," replied the conductor hastily, "that's me."

John Corbett: I wish I had a machine that would do all my school work for me when I just press the button.

Frank Bennett: How about a machine to press the button?

Ruth Brooks went to the drug store for some pills.

"Anti-billious?" asked the clerk.

"No sir. It's my uncle," replied Ruth.

Communist: You should give me half of all you have.

Morton Downey: All right. All I have left is rheumatism and a bad cold. Which one will you choose?



HONOR ROLL FOR THE FIRST MARKING PERIOD

SENIOR

First Honors

Janet Alperin
George Bitinas
Jennie Bochenek
Edna Charik
Roberta Crowell
Muriel Dale
Esther D'Arrigo
Margaret Downs
Thelma Dubuque
Ruth Fine
James Gilligan
Lois Goguen
Devora Goldwater
Evelyn Grace
Nora Grady
Charles Hamilton
Arlene Hawkins
Mary Keane
Olga Kirslis
Josephine Kontrimus
Ruth La Rochelle
Doris Larson
Anna Laucus
Barbara Lloyd
Helen Markante
Beatrice Mugar
Emma Pantanella
Jeanne Pearlson
Regina Poremba
Pauline Rubin
Henrietta Segel
Helen Stultz
John Tenney
Dorothy Tessier
Alysa Tibbetts
John Weilandt

Second Honors

Richard Babish
Helen Berger
Ruth Berkman
Hope Bourque
Helen Burns
Eileen Casey
Frances Cherelli
Genevieve Doherty
Dorothy Dube
Catherine Foley
Concetta Foti
Ellen Galvin
Mary Gay
Flora Harris
Dorothy Hurley
Muriel Johnson
Susie Kishkis
Sophie Kolesinski
Eugene Laszkowski
Anna McGlinchey
Eugene McSweeney
Paul Moylan
Christine Nechaj
Angelina Pacheco
Mildred Petrosky
Lorraine Smith
Sidney Soloman
Ruth Welch

JUNIOR

First Honors

Louise Barrett
Ruth Crozier
Elizabeth Ingalls
Joseph Robillard
Sarah Serson
Elliott Shaw
Dorothy Starr
Lucy Urban
Harriet Yankos
Rachael Shtiller

Second Honors

Elvira Almeida
Angelica Anastos
Katherine Doherty
Rita Doherty
Agnes Garoian
Florence Hazelton
John Marimm
Margaret McCormack
Florence Moretto
Anna Mullane
Adina Phillips
Mary Rodrigue
Catherine Ryan
Anella Sakowich
Veronica Tasonis
Edward Townsend
Virginia Venghaus
Annie Wooldridge
John E. Fitzgerald

SOPHOMORE

First Honors

Margaret Baker
Alice Bielinski
Frederick Cruickshank
Frances Geller
Theresa Giannotti
Doris Glassman
Mary Hutchins
Marion Ialongo
Ethel Inniss
Mary Kelleher
June Liston
Alice MacNeill
John Macedo
Benjamin Medoff
Antoinette Sawyer
Gerald Segal
Margery Smith
Ruth Sturzel
Ann Wood

Second Honors

Mary Ahern
George Anastos
Theodore Anastos
Cleopatra Antonopoulos
Ruth Bee
Lorraine Boch
Louise Boch
Frank Brennan
Longin Buinis
Calvin Burnett
Phyllis Chase
Josephine Ciccolo
Martha Corcoran
Alice Costa
Dorothy De Bye
Lillian Demurjian
Rita England
John Fleming
Rita Foster
Josephine Gabalis
Angelina Gigante
Constance Gillespie
Samuel Goldman
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tnratuesra	
gsotmenih	
dmiit	
nobnte	
holatug	
gvarsitn	
cnakpea	
lkweya	

Send your answers to the *Review* office before November 26, at 2 o'clock. The answers will be given in the December number. A prize will be awarded to the person who hands in the first correct answer.

incidentally, was the outstanding player on the field, and in the course of the game, he played almost every position, although listed as a tackle.

But this advance fizzled on a bad pass from center, an incomplete pass, and another five-yard loss despite a Coady to Chaisson pass which put the ball on the nine-yard line. Rindge booted to safety and there were no more decent tries for a touchdown by either team.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH
2	6

Boston College High opened its grid season on Russell Field with an unexpected 6 to 2 victory over Cambridge Latin.

Up until the last few minutes of play it appeared as though a scanty margin of two points would hold, but the Maroon and Golders put on a dazzling attack in the air and on the ground. This onslaught started in a down-pour of rain while Anderson and Tiernan were making some fine catches on passes from halfback Collins and the march finally landed on the three-yard line, Anderson making the catch. From there Flaherty smashed through tackle and went over standing up.

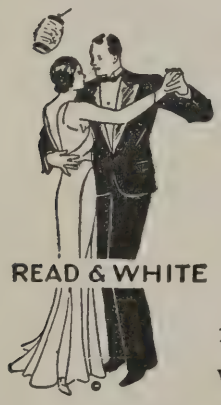
The hard running of Flaherty and the punting of Collins together with the strong work of Clancy, Connors and Captain Eihorn featured the B. C. H. play, while Captain Coady and Gallagher were the stand-outs for Cambridge Latin.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	HAVERHILL
0	6

With the aid of a downpour of rain, Haverhill won its first game of the season by defeating Cambridge Latin who travelled to Haverhill. Haverhill had the edge all the way and won by the score of 6 to 0.

At the half, Coach Sheehan of the Cantabs conceded the Haverhill team the victor and requested the game be called as he did not wish to run the risk of injury to his players.

The game was played in pouring rain. Both teams were handicapped by the slippery field and although Haverhill rushed the ball for a total of 208 yards in the first half, it was able to push across only one touchdown. This came in the first period when Leo Thomas, flashy halfback, culminated a 70-yard march with a 19-yard romp around the Cambridge left end.



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Entered at Cambridge Station (Boston Postal District) as second class matter.

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VOLUME 50 — NUMBER 5

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PRIZE SHORT STORY
UPPER CLASSES

ENRICO CHOOSES

FROM a gloomy, ill-smelling garret there issued forth the strains of "Mendelssohn's Spring Song." This ethereal music was incongruous with the squalor of the attic in which Enrico, the youthful violinist lived. He had been working, now, all the morning, heedless of the sultry air which permeated the room, for had not Uncle Nicholas told him to practice until he returned?

At the thought of Uncle Nick, a tender smile played about Enrico's mouth — dear Uncle Nick, with his unruly hair and generous bulk.

Suddenly, Enrico's musings were interrupted by an imperious knocking at the door. Enrico joyfully rushed to the door, but instead of jovial Uncle Nick whom he had expected to find, a strange man confronted him. Enrico was momentarily taken aback. Wonderingly, he bade the stranger enter.

"My dear child", began the newcomer, "Was it you that I heard playing the Spring Song?" The child nodded.

"Please play something else for me," requested the stranger. Picking up his cherished violin Enrico began his favorite selection, the "Ave Maria" of Franz Schubert. At first he played mechanically, but soon, inspired by the benevolent smile of his visitor's face, his playing took on a more lifelike quality. From his violin there issued forth a beauteous melody, the religious fervor of "Ave Maria" the beautiful, coupled with the childish longing of Enrico's pent-up soul. He played on and on, seemingly oblivious of a strange presence.

As the last dulcet note died, the stranger seized Enrico's hand and began to press it, exclaiming, "At last I have found it, the real thing, unspoiled genius!" He continued to talk hurriedly but finally, noticing the uncomprehending look on Enrico's face, he seated himself and began to explain to the unsuspecting boy.

"My boy," he said, "I believe you have the makings of a great violinist. I am merely a musician of a Symphony Orchestra, but I believe I can recognize talent when I find it. Your inspired playing has led me to believe that you have something for which to strive. But, my child, do not think your life will be a bed of roses. On the contrary, the life of a musician is one hardship, struggle, and self-sacrifice, but in the end you will not be sorry."

The stranger's narrative was interrupted when he noticed a singular expression on his listener's countenance. Face aglow, dark eyes gleaming, Enrico was in another world, a world of madly enthusiastic audiences, sonorous applause, and unequalled fame!

What mattered poverty, hunger, struggle, and self-sacrifice when it would bring success and riches for himself, but most of all happiness for dear Uncle Nick in the fulfillment of his life's mission?

After a few years Enrico went to sunny Italy. Patient years of study had at last enabled the young violinist to attain his goal. All over Italy his name was known; his concerts were a continual procession of triumph; in town, village, and city the familiar figure of the violin prodigy was loved by peasant and nobleman alike. Enrico's little leisure time was spent in attending celebrations and banquets in his honor. Indeed, he had all the success and riches for which he had long been hoping, but alas, not the happiness, for his triumphs had not brought Enrico the expected joy.

At first, it is true, he had found happiness in the contemplation of his hard-earned success, but he soon wearied of the glitter of the life of a concert idol. Uncle Nick, too began to notice a change in Enrico. Finally, one evening, when they were alone, Enrico decided to explain all to his uncle.

"Uncle Nick", he began, "I am tired of this life. My days are just a series of concerts one after another, each with its customary applause praise, and celebration. I am weary of going to endless banquets and hearing the same tale re-

iterated. Why, I haven't even a moment to myself? Between my concerts and my studying I can't call my very life my own. Oh, how I wish I were back in our East Side garret! Even with its poverty and discomfort I prefer it to this life of endless triumph. Why, I remember how happy we were, just you and I, when every Saturday night we would have our weekly spaghetti dinner. I would gladly give half my fortune, now if I could be back in our tiny attic. Uncle Nick, can't we leave all this, and return to our former happy life? There's nothing here for me; I've had my fling at the life of a famous violinist, and I prefer the life we used to know."

Enrico, happening to glance up after his long outburst, was surprised to notice the jubilant expression which now covered Uncle Nick's face. He looked happier at this moment than Enrico had ever seen him before.

"My dear Rico, why did you not tell me, before, how you felt? Why, I had long ago become weary of this sort of life, but I didn't want to forsake it on your account. I thought you enjoyed it, for it was what you had hoped, dreamed, and prayed for, and I did not have the heart to cloud the clear horizon of your joyous expectation. However, I am glad that you have at last made your feelings clear to me. Now we can both sail home together, and pick up the threads of our former peaceful life."

Homeward bound!

It had taken Enrico ten years to learn the lesson of happiness, but, at last he had discovered that riches, triumph, and success do not always bring happiness.

RACHAEL G. SHTILLER, '37.

PRIZE SHORT STORY
LOWER CLASSES

A MESSAGE OF INSPIRATION

"OH Maestro, I cannot. The music — the music pounds through my brain. It taunts me. I cannot play."

The boy was pleading now; his fists were clenched in hard knots; his eyes were smarting with tears.

"Every note I hear seems to echo a mocking laugh."

His voice rose higher then dropped to almost a whisper.

"What is music without that great force within your soul that inspires? I have lost ------" his voice broke.

The Maestro dropped his arms despairingly by his sides, and shaking his gray head sorrowfully he said, "You are a genius, a great genius, Michael. You were born for splendid things, to give your great, wonderful gift to an eager world.

"God has taken your mother; you cannot bring her back through bitterness.

"A brooding soul has produced exquisite music. My boy, remember, music is not the expression of that which is beautiful only. It is an outlet for deeper emotions, yes, even despair."

Then with a mournful smile he added, "That also is spoken with music."

The room became deadly silent for a brief moment but the stillness was cruelly broken by the soft sobbing of the slim boy.

It was the escape for the pent-up emotion of a bewildered sensitive boy of seventeen.

Struggling desperately to regain his composure he murmured, "I wish — Oh, if only she were here!" Slowly Michael raised his eyes to the bent figure of the Maestro and turning his face to the window, he said in a dull voice utterly devoid of all expression, "The beauty is gone, Maestro; it faded out there."

Realizing the futility of his efforts, the teacher turned to depart and said, "I will see you again soon, my boy."

The days following the visit of the kindly Maestro spelled hours of insufferable gloom and chaotic thoughts for Michael.

The great love he held for his beloved music acted as a stubborn force within him. He tried to suppress it, yet, it only intensified his longing for his inspiration, his mother.

Through the long, dragging hours of the night, Michael lay in his bed, a lonely, pathetic figure, sometimes burying his sobs on a wet pillow until he fell into a dreamless slumber.

The bleak monotony of winter had passed and with it went the dismal bareness of the trees and dreary, leaden skies.

Still the faithful Maestro came and went, to comfort, to cheer, but never did he once mention the thought that was uppermost in his mind.

Then suddenly like the birth of a new dawning came Spring, chaste Spring with all its pulsating, fresh beauty, budding twigs and azure heavens.

Music is heard from the murmuring waters and the glorious outburst of song from the joyous heralds of spring, the birds.

It was on such a day as this that the faithful Maestro paid Michael one of his visits.

It is said that nature has a remedy of its own. Well, the coming of Spring had done things to Michael. The haunted, brooding look had disappeared from Michael's eyes.

He was standing near the window gazing out at the scene of quiet tranquility.

His hands were clasped behind his back, his head thrown back in an attitude of deep thought.

Then rather shyly, he said, "The sky is so placid and blue today, Maestro! It is like a beautiful Schubert song."

The Maestro, taken aback somewhat, nodded in silent understanding.

Suddenly in a tone that was truly awe inspired, Michael said tremulously, "That is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen."

A flock of white birds were winging their way across the maze of blue, dipping and rising gracefully through the air.

The Maestro whispered softly, "It is like a message of inspiration from someone."

Michael swung around and faced the teacher, his eyes shining, his face flushed, "Oh Maestro, it is," then soberly, "from her. If I could only answer her!" The boy was trembling with emotion.

The teacher, laying his hands on the shoulders of the boy said simply, "You can, my boy; and she will hear you.'

As one in a trance, Michael lifted the dusty piano cover and began to play softly, very softly at first. Then, sobbing, the plaintive music re-echoed through the air, throbbing out a tale of loneliness, despair — then a kindlier light, hope!

The music seemed to live, to pulsate through the atmosphere of the room.

Raptured, without restraint, he played like a person whose heart, whose very soul had been stirred to a new life.

The old teacher sat in a corner of the darkening room. On his face was a look of great happiness for he had thrilled to the spiritual interpretation of the emotions in the soul of youth.

MARGARET M. C. MORIARTY, '38.

HOT WATER

ROUNDING a curve on a winding road in Yellowstone National Park, we suddenly noticed steam issuing from the ground near the roadside for no apparent cause. Wondering, we stopped the car and went to investigate. When we arrived at the spot from which the steam seemed to emerge, we saw a large, bubbling puddle, the edges of which were covered with a queer, rust-colored substance. Our dog, who had accompanied us from the car, started to wade in the water as she would in a brook at home. Suddenly, she started back with yelp of pain. Wondering what could be the matter, we dipped our hands in the water and found it hot! Slowly we came to realize that this was a hot spring, one of the many hot water phenomena for which Yellowstone is noted. We stood, gazing at the wonder before us, and, incidentally, warming ourselves in the hot steam which was blown our way. Soon, however, we noticed the peculiar, mineral odor with which the steam was laden, and hurried out of its path, despite the fact that the warmth was grateful in the chill evening air.

When we had stood watching this strange sight for some time, we returned to the car and drove on. Now we noticed steam rising in many directions. In our guide book of the Park, we read a long, detailed description of the geological formation of hot springs and geysers, and not very much enlightened, talked eagerly of this naturally hot water.

A few miles farther on, we came to a side road, which, according to the sign, led to a large group of hot springs. Parking the car nearby, we started out on foot on the wet, sandy ground. Here and there were harmless looking little puddles which gave the erroneous impression that it had just rained. The unusual feature of these particular puddles was that they boiled!

We soon came to a queer object of volcanic origin which was called the Fountain Paint Pot. Its surface was granular, and its consistency about that of thick gravy. It boiled with a regular plop! plop! plop! Although this semi-geyser looked pink from a distance, close inspection revealed that it was multi-colored. Reds and yellows predominated, but green and a little blue were also to be seen. We watched for a long time, while the dusk deepened, and then we found a camping place nearby.

In the early morning, we took our last look at this geyser basin, and departed. Some distance farther on, we came to a group of hot springs where we paid particular attention to the beautiful sapphire pool. The crater was unusually deep, and the water was clear and hot. Around the edge of the crater was a gorgeous, white crystal formation which emphasized the beauty of the blue crater.

Only the larger and more famous geysers are named, and only a few, like "Old Faithful" may be depended upon to erupt with any frequency or regularity. A sign near one geyser cone told us that this one erupted every five to ten minutes. Sure enough in a very short time, the innocent cone began to give forth steam in ever-increasing quantity, and the steam was followed by hot water which rose high into the air. The eruption lasted about three minutes. Because of the frequency of its eruptions, we dared not go to examine its crater at as close quarters as we did those of some other geysers.

Driving on, we soon reached the settlement which centers around "Old Faithful", and parking the car, walked to the spot where a crowd was already beginning to assemble. Seated on a log near the geyser, we watched the steam which rose languidly from the crater and waited for the eruption which was scheduled to occur in a short time. The crowd was held back by the forest rangers who patrol the park. Many cameras were focused for the expected eruption. Gradually, a bubbling, gurgling sound made itself heard, the steam came forth tempestuously, and soon water and steam together were to be seen issuing higher and higher into the air. When the eruption had reached its full height of two hundred and fifty feet, it held that height for some time, then gradually subsided, leaving hot water flowing down the sides of the crater of the geyser. A few minutes later, when the crater again appeared in a normal condition, the watchers mounted to the crevice, a few at a time, and peered through the clear, boiling water, into the crater which seemed to go down into the very center of the earth.

RUTH CROZIER, '37.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

WITH a group of ambitious psychology students, I explored thoroughly the new insane asylum. While listening to Napoleon's Waterloo speech, I was slyly cornered, tossed into bed, and left there. Meanwhile, Napoleon donned presentable street clothes, and walked away in my stead. Until a new guard heard my smothered cries, I remained thus. Believing I had taken one of my customary fits, he tried to quiet me, but my rage increased along with my intense anger. Gently, but firmly, the guard grasped my arm, and in a few moments an incredible occurrence took place. I was being placed in a padded cell!

Shouts and blows were both futile. I soon calmed myself, and, after pondering upon my fate, I decided to make the best of it. On my release, I was conducted to the huge dining-hall where all the harmless were allowed to dine. There, I encountered many famous personages, Queen Elizabeth, William Shakespeare, Uncle Sam, and many others. Dinner having been finished, we retired to the recreation room. Queen Elizabeth, her face lived, after calling me to her side, begged me to attenuate. Knowingly, my hand sought my breast, and, in an instant the reply of my predecessor, the Duke of Essex, was flowing forth from my mouth with ease. Apparently receiving my reply as a refusal, my neighbor seemed to wizen and in great sorrow I moved away. However, in a moment, Queen Elizabeth had secured another victim whose fate became the same as mine.

I next encountered Uncle Sam, a most omniscient person, who immediately and cryptically entered upon an account of the N. R. A. Conniving, I tried to saunter away, but his firm grasp detained me until he had completed his famous speech.

During this time, out of the corner of my eye, I could see Shakespeare, rapt in poetry, steering himself in my direction. To retain the present peace, I conducted Shakespeare to a secluded corner where, in a flow of beautiful words, he related the intense hardships he encountered in the publishing of his famous-to-be plays. Unconsciously, I proceeded to comfort my lugubrious companion, but the callow lad disregarding me, returned to Uncle Sam. In a moment, an altercation had begun.

At the height of my enjoyment, the head of the asylum surreptitiously drew me aside, and brokenly mumbled his apologies. Eagerly, and yet not regretting my short, but fascinating escapade, I rejoined my anxious companions, and returned once more to normal life.

HELEN BERGER, '36.

FOREWARD

I HAVE often been told by golfers that they envy caddies because they are so young that eighteen holes of golf do not tire them. I always dispute this claim, mentally of course, because it is not discreet to argue with one's employer.

I dispute this statement because it does tire a caddy both physically and mentally to plod over a golf course. The life of a caddy has its ups and downs, up hill and down dale for about four miles with good players and bad, and with good payers and bad.

The French have a word for the life of a caddy, "ennuyer" — to be weary, or to bore. A caddy is made weary by walking four miles never in a straight line while carrying about twenty-five or more pounds on his shoulder. There is a strap on a golf bag by which a caddy carries the "trunk"; this strap is supposed to lighten the load of thirteen clubs, dozens of golf balls, sweaters, raincoat, an umbrella, and the bag itself. Nevertheless, this strap cuts into the shoulder of the carrier and drags him down. A caddy has to crash through brambles and briars, ford brooks and ponds, search in knee-high grass and in a multitude of strange places, all for a little white ball. Is it any wonder that a caddy is ready for a rest when his round is over?

There are certain golfers who bore caddies. They are the dubbers or hackers in golf terminage. These players start out about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and if they are finished by two in the afternoon they fancy that they are fast. They take about one hundred and twenty-five strokes, not including misses, and say that they shot a ninety-five; they take five minutes to line up a putt, then miss the hole by six inches; they discuss their backstroke, their downswing, the position of their heads, wrists, hands, arms, and legs until the caddy is ready to throw the bag and clubs into the nearest sand-trap and leave the player standing there. A caddy takes more abuse than any prisoner on Devil's Island.

Yet, even though a caddy is wearied or bored by a player he is always ready and smiling when the player appears, for the caddy is thinking that perchance today this player will suddenly become a good golfer, a fast one and, when the end of the round comes, a generous one. So, the caddies carry on, and when they hear, "Fore" they pick up the bag and foreward they go even though they realize their inevitable fate, exhaustion and boredom.

DONALD REGAN, '36.

SKETCHING

ABOUT sketching as a fine art, I know very little. For some reason or other my education in that line has been neglected. However, from the early age of three or four, the practical exercise of sketching has played a large part in my life. Quite recently, I came upon some early examples of my handiwork on the flyleaf of a copy of *Poe's Tales*.

Ever since those childhood days, I have never abandoned drawing, regardless of the rude rebuffs of Fate in the form of ignorant people who continually disparage my art. The ordinary man, the greater part of the time, refuses to recognize what I am sketching. However, I consider these merely blundering efforts of dull imaginations are trying to snuff out the flame of creative genius.

Unlike Mr. Herbert who delights in sketching at board meetings, I have discovered an ideal time to sketch. It is while writing English themes. As I am awaiting an inspiration to evolve something from the muddled ideas in my brain, I draw faces. As to the best paper for these sketches, I enthusiastically agree with A. P. Herbert that lined paper is taboo. Sketches look so much nicer on unruled white paper.

Another very good place in which to sketch is a subway train. There you encounter all types of mankind. There is always, on a subway train, a man or woman who is particularly distinctive, who cries out to be set down on paper, not to be forgotten along with the shadows of the hundreds of other people that pass by daily. A creature with a crime-scarred, hollow face, with deep-set, evil eyes, moist red lips clinging to a drooping cigarette, dark felt hat tilted jauntily on one side, slouches down on the seat as his thin nervous fingers twitch at the lapel of his coat. Perhaps a cherubic youngster with the round face and the staring eyes of a Campbell Soup kiddie, with short, yellow curls bobbing about her face is clutching the seat with two sticky hands.

If the subjects of the sketch ever become suspicious and demand to know whom, or what I am drawing, I employ my most nonchalant manner and reply the sketch is one of my teachers whom I lately had in class. No matter how gross an insult this may be to the pulchritude of the savant, the ordinary subwayite will let the remark pass with a smile of gentle tolerance.

ANNE MCGLINCHEY, '36.

ON HUMOR

I HAVE yet to learn whether or not I have a sense of humor. A secret suspicion to the contrary assails me each time I listen to certain radio programs, see certain "humorous" moving pictures, or read the jokes in some daily newspaper.

I need not mention the names of particular performers on the radio. A few quips may represent the lines common to them all. "That was no lady; that was my wife" still elicits roars of laughter from the audience. Some programs have had "catch" phrases which never failed to please at the time of their popularity, such as, "Vas you der, Sharlie?", "Wanna buy a duck?", "You nasty man!", which departed only to be replaced by similar fatuities. "Get off the air" is a perennial favorite.

The cinema comedies of today are bad enough, but, oh, those of yesteryear! The theater would resound with shrieks of joy as a custard pie met the comedian full in the face. Flights of stairs were intended for a swift descent, but not on one's feet, mind you! And the frequent, unexpected submersions in ponds! Or the loss of clothing and the consequent barrel! I even recall the eventful moment when Mary Pickford lost her petticoat, or Charlie Chaplin's socks unravelled. Those were the good old days!

I shall further alienate myself from the great American public by saying that the "Cutest Thing My Baby Said" columns move me not at all. "Look, that man needs a haircut under his nose" and "Mamma, see all the macaronies" (referring to soda-straws) are charming examples of a type of infantile humor.

When I perceive the thronged lines waiting before some movie-house showing one of these exceptional comedies, "A laugh a minute" as it was advertised, or when the man next to me on the subway train guffaws at his copy of "College Humor", my self-estimation decreases rapidly. Upon arriving home, however, to bolster up my self-confidence, I turn to Stephen Leacock. What a relief it is to discover Leacock has the power to bring smiles to my face and laughter in my heart!

JEANNE PEARLSON, '36.

HOME

NOT a very original theme, to be sure, for everybody writes on it at some time or other, so I may as well do it in my youth and have it over with.

"Home" means a place where you can relax, be yourself, where everything that is the least bit artificial or affected is dropped, and everything that is fine and sporting in you comes out.

It's a place where you are sure of yourse'f, sure of understanding and sympathy, where you are absolutely self-confident and certain of the faith of those around you.

It's a place where you laugh at everything, or nothing, where making fudge or playing "Rummy" are just as much fun as seeing the best movie in town.

It's a place where love isn't a sort of duty you pay to your family, but something that shows itself in gay, useless gifts, and idiotic notes left all over the place, especially in the refrigerator where you'll be sure to find them.

It's a place where everybody quarrels sometime, but all the quarrels end with a repentant "You may wear my bracelet tomorrow, if you like" and "Thanks. There's an extra pair of stockings in the drawer of the vanity, if you should need them."

It's a place where, if you fill the tub with water you've just heated for your bath, and leave it for a moment, you are quite likely on your return to find the bathroom door locked and the cheerful strains of "Sonny Boy" issuing amid much splashing from your tub of water.

It's a place — I seem to be rambling on in a somewhat indefinite manner. There's no end to it, but my wrist is slightly cramped. I never did learn to write Palmer Method.

Well, home is home, that's all, and I, for one, wouldn't change it.

HELEN BURNS, '36.

MYSTERY

IT was one of those London-like evenings when the fog creeps down your neck and tickles your spine till you feel as if Death himself had laid his clammy hand on your shoulder to summon you away. It was my lot to be sent through this murkiness to the mailbox with my father's letters. After bundling myself up, I prodded myself for the big dash and was soon flying down the steps. When I reached the pavement with a muffled thud, I shudderingly made the rather trite remark, "Oh, what a night for murder."

The journey to the box was brief but painful. Oh the rounding of that corner! I took it on two wheels, as it were, and how I rued it! How suddenly the clouds cleared and the stars began to appear! Cautiously pinching myself to ascertain the status of my bones, I realized that I was still quite whole. Then retrieving my hat and the letters from a nearby puddle, I resumed my march in a rather more sedate fashion, discreetly obeying the old maxim, "One step and then another and the longest road is done." Perhaps it would be right for me to say that the entire trip — going and coming — was only a hundred yards long, but I could not persuade myself of the fact at the time.

In the city, as you probably know, misty nights are not particularly dark. The lights which bespeak the gayety of a score of theatres and restaurants cast unearthly tints of salmon and saffron over the low veil of the fog, and the street and automobile lamps are more blinding than ever. At the time that I went out, Dartmouth Street was hushed and lifeless, which made the winking arc-lights seem more ghastly than usual in their loneliness. I said the street was lifeless, but this is partly incorrect. There were no black cats, but there was another person beside myself Just as I left the mailbox, I noticed this man shouldering his way through the night.

I could make him out at first only with difficulty; I descried as mysterious a figure as I had ever seen. He was slight of build, and was bundled up from head to foot so that only his nose and mouth was exposed. A drenched and battered hat was pulled down to protect his eyes. The collar of his seedy black ulster was raised high over his neck and chin, while between his lips hung the stub of a smouldering cigarette. I eyed him a bit suspiciously, on seeing his hand moving about, and more so when he began to draw it from his pocket. I gulped slightly, for I must admit I was beginning to get frightened, and put on the bold stride to face some dire happening. This still terrifying figure approached me inexorably with a curious manner which I thought would convict him in any court of law — should I ever see him after the crime which I felt imminent.

"Good gracious!" I thought as I watched him pull a small black object from his pocket, "Now what's to happen?"

Higher and higher he raised his hand while I was shaking like an aspen leaf in a March wind. Then with a quick gesture he pulled the cigarette from his mouth and threw it into the gutter where it landed with a hiss. He walked along, drawing over his hand the black leather glove which he had withdrawn from his pocket. Then he passed me, and was soon engulfed in the ever thickening fog.

Ann Baxter, '36.

THE SALESGIRL'S ANGLE

TWO vital qualities or perhaps I should say virtues, necessary to a good salesgirl are patience and courtesy. And if these qualities are not inherent by nature they must be acquired by willpower. A strong sense of humor plays also an important part; I found that out soon enough. If one has that humor and a kindly tolerance for the weaknesses and the complexities of human nature together with the aforesaid qualities, one can derive from salesmanship a certain lucrative enjoyment, lucrative in both the material and abstract way.

"May I help you, Ma'am?" are the magical words with which we lure our victims. Said smilingly and with just enough emphasis on the final pronoun, it is amazing how effective they can be! Oh, yes, indeed, there is an art to it. Of course, during the whole procedure from the "May I help you, ma'am?" to the final triumphant cry of "Cash" there are many obstacles to be overcome. If a customer who takes a twenty-three headsize likes a certain hat which comes only in twenty-two, it is our duty to make it twenty-three. How is this done? By any means whatsoever for "All is fair in love and war", and in selling a hat!

Sometimes, many disconcerting things happen. Take for example the woman who after trying on every hat in the store, calmly announces that she was only killing time. I confess I felt a terrible temptation to shake her but my sense of humor quickly came to my rescue.

Then there is the woman who after seeing many hats was still undecided. "I'm so fussy," she said, "I'll never get married." I did not doubt that in the least but politely answered "Oh, yes, you will!"

I have also discovered that doctors and clergymen are not the only people burdened with confidences. Salesgirls have their share. Petty troubles and minute trivialities are poured into the supposedly sympathetic but most often inattentive ear of the salesgirl, and all that is required of her is a "Tch, tch" and a "Really" inserted here and there.

All in all, in spite of blistering feet and aching backs, salesmanship is really worthwhile for it helps in molding character; it gives us a better understanding and sympathy for human nature, and as I said before, if we have a sense of humor, it can even be amusing.

Gertrude Quitt, '36.

AMELIA ROSS

THIS isn't my story. It's not even a story. It's just something that happened when an old sailor was a boy.

She lay in the harbor ready for her maiden voyage, gallant and beautiful and brave, the "Amelia Ross". Gallant and beautiful and brave — she was all of that, this great ship. And gallant and beautiful and brave was the girl for whom the ship was named. They were very like each other, the girl and the ship, tall and straight and young and good to look upon.

And like the ship was the boy who leaned over the rail and smiled at Amelia standing on the dock. He stood for the fineness, and the sturdiness of it, and for strength and cleanliness. Amelia loved the "Amelia Ross" and Charlie, and Charlie loved the "Amelia Ross" and Amelia. So when Charlie shipped on the "Amelia Ross", Lee just stood on the dock and smiled and waved and didn't shed a tear, because she knew that the sea was the very breath of life to Charlie and that he would always come back to her in time. She knew that.

She hadn't wanted him to go. What girl would? But she wouldn't keep him — she never would keep him. And so Charlie sailed on the "Amelia Ross" and the girl Amelia stayed at home and waited faithfully.

The "Amelia Ross" sailed for Elego Bay, South Africa, to unload her cargo, and to ship goods to carry on to China. That's all those at home ever knew about her.

Three months after the departure, the notice on the bulletin board read:

Amelia Ross — Lost At Sea

That was all.

But wait a moment, — it isn't really a tragedy. Nothing ever is, not in the last analysis. Amelia didn't pine away and die. But she never married. She just lived her life, knowing that someday, in a world where there were no departures, she and Charlie would meet again.

She died twenty years later in that belief, and she did come face to face with her Charlie. I know that as certainly as I know I am alive. I don't know how I know it, I just do.

That's all there is to it. No plot, no adventure, no story, just something that happened.

Helen Burns, '36.

MEMOIRS OF A PLAY PRODUCER

WEDNESDAY—Oh, Diary dear, I'm thrilled to pieces! I'm picked as the director, manager, costumer, and scenery-setter-upper of the Katchy Kittens Krackup Club for their Abraham Lincoln play. I don't see how *I* ever was chosen! *We* have lots of old costumes which the president was so surprised to find out about because she had said before that she wanted it to be a costume play. She said wasn't it convenient that I was the director because she knew I had lots of club spirit and would want them to use our costumes. I think it was convenient, too, and it *was* a coincidence! But, really, I think I'll make a good director with my executive ability-I mean. It isn't everybody that has it.

THURSDAY—Went into Baker's to find a play. You know, I was surprised to find all the plays that you want that are there. Oh, diary, there was such a touching one, all about Anne Rutledge, but I didn't think there was anyone with the dramatic power to portray it. However, I picked out a wonderful play, except that there is a mob scene at the platform of a train and then the train chugs off; but I'm sure we can manage that with barrels or something. My cousins friend's uncle's father knows a man whose wife's brother's sister-in-law twice removed's father works with railroads and maybe he could give us something. Now don't be silly, I don't mean a real honest-to-goodness *train,* heavens! I don't think we know him well enough for that, and anyway, it would be pretty hard getting it up on the stage.

Really, all the directors before me have had Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and nothing else for the program, which is boring; everybody thinks so. The President suggested it for this year too, but I'm original.

FRIDAY—Didn't have time to finish my Latin last night, and Miss Seesa gave me an awful call-down, but I was far away on the wings of fancy, thinking about my lovely play. I gave out the parts. Several refused; I was quite touched. Imagine the dears thinking they were incapable of doing justice to their parts and portraying them the right way. I explained to them very, very gently that they mustn't expect to be like me, and they must do as well as they could and I'd be satisfied.

SATURDAY—First rehearsals! HEAVENS! —the play is next Tuesday. I didn't notice until this morning. Well, everything's fine. I copied the parts out this morning, as of course, it would be expecting too much to have *them* do it with all their home-work. I can do mine Sunday if I finish the parts. Rehearsals went wonderfully — that is, they were all there except Lincoln whom I have not decided on yet, and Ann Rutledge, who had a headache. Well, I'm dead tired, and *will* I sleep late tomorrow morning!

SUNDAY—No, I won't. Arose at five. Had to finish copying the parts. Couldn't finish homework. We'll have to rehearse tomorrow.

MONDAY—Canopy catfish! Last rehearsal!! No school today, so we'll have to pull things together somehow. But how? Anne Rutledge's great Aunt Hepzebah is coming to her house for lunch, so she can't come. Mrs. Lincoln and Elizabeth Pringle, a congressman's wife, are going to town.

MONDAY, 1.00 A. M.—Gee!! Am I tired! I'm positively dizzy! and that's what our play is too—Oh, they haven't any *dramatic* power, these people. I still don't know whom to get for Abe Lincoln as a boy, and the play's tomorrow. The mob scene will have to be offstage, but all the characters are on, so I guess Abe Lincoln as a boy, who has not been chosen and I, will have to make the noise, which I could certainly do right now, enough for any mob. I don't care, diary. You'd be mad too. We've just got through rehearsing and I've got a terrible cold, or else I'd be Mrs. Lincoln, whose mother is sick, and she can't be in it. I sat in an awful draft making scenery, and mother says we positively *cannot* have the costumes. We should have asked her sooner, and I *know* the play's going to be terrible. She left the key to the trunk up in the country in the china closet, and father is throwing caniption fits. We used his pearl studs for when Lincoln was inaugurated and we

TUESDAY—REALLY, you know, when the President said I had lots of executive ability, I hate to say so myself, but I guess she's right. I got the quaintest idea, the last moment, and the weight of centuries rolled from my harassed brow on rosy wings, so to speak. You know, diary—I wonder why they haven't done it before! It's very entertaining.

I spoke the Gettysburg Address, and everyone said I did it wonderfully and the President complimented me on my originality. She looked awfully queer, I can't imagine why. Of course, with my dramatic ability I could do justice to its great inspiring words. I really held the audience, except that I started with, "Friends, Romans, Countrymen," but that was all right, I worked it in. When I got through there wasn't any applause, which I thought was nice of them. They remembered that there wasn't any when Lincoln gave his speech. It really was a wonderful tribute.

Well—my duty's done. I hope they'll ask me to do it again next year. Everything went off so nicely.

ANN WOOD, '38.



RUDYARD KIPLING

ON Saturday, January 18th, 1936 to the world was announced the death of Rudyard Kipling, one of Britain's greatest men of letters, perhaps most famous for his picturesque tales and ballads about India. With Mrs. Kipling, the seventy year old author was in London on his way to France for a winter vacation. He was suddenly taken ill, and after an emergency operation from which he failed to rally, he passed on.

Since the World War in which his son was killed, Kipling kept close within the grounds of his home at Burwash, Sussex, where he lived in a medieval house surrounded by a moat and an eight-foot hedge. It is a sad coincidence that the last time that Kipling was seen in public was at the King's Jubilee Garden Party at Buckingham Palace last summer. Now, within two days of each other, England has lost her beloved King, and her highly esteemed poet, who but for a reference to Queen Victoria as "The Widow at Windsor", might have been Poet Laureate of England. He did, however win the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907, the first Englishman to be so honored.

Mr. Kipling has been generally considered best in his portrayals of India, in which his freshness, vividness, and vigor made the world gasp. Frank in his opinions, he offended from royalty down. Kipling combined the strange and startling talent of a writer and propagandist. His love of Britain was manifested in whatever he wrote.

Kipling was a master of style, who had the power of putting the right word in the right place. In verse he was splendid, having at his command a wide range of meters. The dramatic qualities of his poetry led to their widespread reputation as recitation pieces. Three of his best known poems are "If", "Mandalay", and "Recessional"; the last two have been set to music.

Kipling began his work in 1886 and it is now represented in more than fifty volumes. The author was honored everywhere and by everyone. He received degrees from several colleges and universities.

The shock of his death produced heartfelt tribute from every part of the globe and from all classes of people. Queen Mary, despite the shadow of death that was hovering over the royal household, sent this message to Mrs. Kipling:

"The King and I were grieved to hear of the death this morning of Mr. Kipling. We shall mourn him not only as a great national poet, but as a personal friend of many years. Please accept our heartfelt sympathy. Mary R."

His place in the hearts of the people is illustrated by a story. In the days when he lived at Rotterglean, Sussex, there was a bus driver who used to point him out to his fares with a flourish of the whip. Mr. Kipling wrote the bus proprietor a letter of protest. Receiving no reply, he wrote again and again and finally called. The bus driver received him with his face wreathed in smiles. "I wish you would write me a letter every day, Mr. Kipling," he said. "It's better than the bus business."

Kipling's ashes, for at his request he was cremated, were buried in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. His wife and daughter survive him — as do Kim, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, Mrs. Hawksbee, and Tommy Atkins.

RUTH B. BERKMAN, '36.

KING GEORGE

FOR five and twenty years His late Majesty George V sat upon the throne of Britain; for five and twenty years the English people have bowed to their thirty-eighth monarch, who was laid to rest in St. George's Chapel at Windsor on January the twenty-eighth with pomp and circumstance.

The late King came to the throne with his wife, Queen Mary, upon the death of his father, Edward VII, in 1911. George V probably represented the last of the ceremonial figures of the world today. His Jubilee Celebrations were of royal dignity and splendor; so was his Christmas Day speech to the whole Empire. It is perhaps from this Christmas Day speech that most of us have a vivid remembrance of him, as we heard him on the radio spreading good-will, and saw him in the news reel speaking to his far flung empire.

There has probably been no other king, who has guided his nation through war, peace, and depression, who was so admired and respected by the entire world as His late Majesty George V.

JEAN FASSETT, '36.

THE CHI CLUB

THE Chi Club which is the official name of the Chemistry Club has been organized and has attracted many members from the chemistry pupils in the school. The purpose of the club is to stimulate interest in furthering the knowledge of chemistry and science. At the meetings many interesting experiments, discourses, and motion pictures are given. The club also visits such places as the Cambridge Water Purification Plant. New members are invited to join, the only requirement being that pupils taking Chemistry I have an average of 75, and pupils taking Chemistry II have an average of 70. By popular demand, those who took either of these subjects last year may join under the same regulations. Anyone desiring to enroll may do so by seeing Paul Stumpf, President, Room 74; John McCormack, Treasurer, Room 74; Anne McGlinchey, Secretary, Room 74, or by signing his name to the paper in Room 72.

PAUL BARTEL, '36.

DEBATE NOTES

"PRIDE goeth before a fall," we thought as the Affirmative team left the stage after the first forensic encounter of the year. With a confident air the undefeated champions took the rostrum only to bow before the better presentation of a strong Negative team from Swampscott. Despite defeat, orchids must go to John Madden for his excellent rebuttal work.

On the day following, the Negative team journeyed to the North Shore to meet the Affirmative team of Swampscott High. A unanimous decision was given in favor of Cambridge Latin. On the Affirmative side were: Paul Burke, Henry Twomey, and John Madden, while on the Negative side were: Mary Buckley, Roland Shaine, and Jacob Kaplan.

The Debate Club looks forward to the Concord Speech Tournament in which all forms of forensic activities will be presented in contest. Members of the Club are already enthusiastic, and are preparing for it at the weekly club meetings. The Affirmative Team are strengthening their case and their oratorical powers before the encounter with Melrose High School.

H. TWOMEY, '36.

THE CIVICS CLASS POSTER CONTEST

SPONSORED BY MISS DODGE

THE Poster Contest held for Commercial and Practical Arts freshmen in connection with their work in Civics, proved to be a great success. The purpose of this enlightening contest was to illustrate the principles of health and the protection of the average individual through civic consciousness.

The judges awarded first honor to Francis J. Reardon of Room 10. The winning poster was an attractive silhouette illustrating the importance of good health habits.

The following freshmen also received honors for their splendid contributions: Ellen Gorman, Estelle Mitchell, Bessie Cooper, and Henry L. Sawicki.

CHESS

RINDGE VS. C. H. L. S.

THIS match almost resulted in a whitewashing of our neighboring hereditary enemies. Except for three defeats, our team checkmated their opponents. Davis won his third consecutive game; Olken redeemed himself after two defeats. Richard Babish ignonimously succumbed to Wesley Drew whereas his brother, Robert, showed promise by winning his first contesting match.

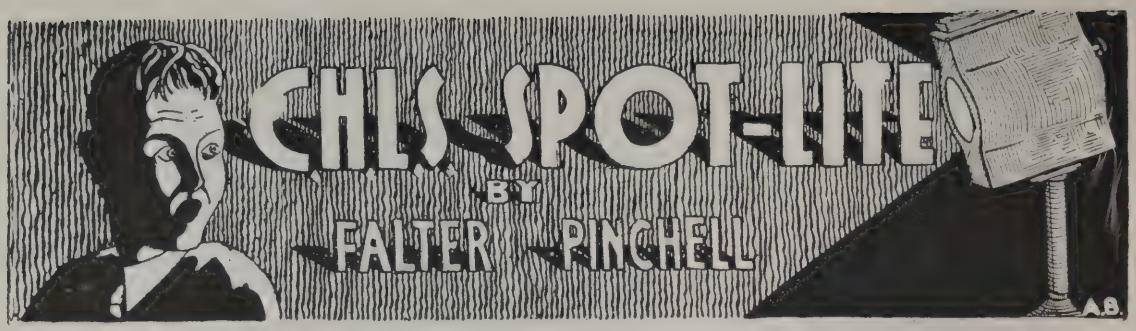
C. H. L. S.		RINDGE	
1. John Davis	1	1. Murray Scott	0
2. Richard Babish	0	2. Wesley Drew	1
3. Harry Olken	1	3. Stanley Ramonas	0
4. Helen Hanson	1	4. Thomas Gray	0
5. George Quint	1	5. Gordon Hart	0
6. Robert King	0	6. Robert Graff	1
7. Alfred Jozwicki	1	7. Otis Camber	0
8. Robert Babish	1	8. David Battite	0
9. Walter Graham	0	9. Harry Metcalfe	1
10. Susan Ciampi	1	10. John Brogan	0
	7		3

LOWELL HIGH VS. C. H. L. S.

HERE, for the first time, Davis allowed himself to be defeated, after, however, desperately fighting to extricate himself from a predicament which came as a consequence of an involved attack. Richard Babish redeemed himself for his last defeat by winning after a short game.

LOWELL HIGH		C. H. L. S.	
1. Eugene Edison	1	1. John Davis	0
2. Emil Mayo	½	2. Harry Olken	½
3. Ed. Corkery	0	3. Richard Babish	1
4. Jos. Tierney	0	4. George Quint	1
5. George Odiorne	1	5. Helen Hanson	0
6. Albert Mayo	1	6. Alfred Jozwicki	0
	3½		2½

C. H. L. S. played Roxbury Memorial High at home Friday, February 2.



MARTY Reid collects proverbs . . . "Oaks may fall but *reeds* brave the storm." . . . Takako Sato's desk plays host to all the P. G.'s books . . . Marsh Fox cried "Eureka! Eureka!" after recovering his lost rubbers . . . Believe it or not Andrew Kelly of Room 77 runs an Amateur radio station which is WIJIW . . . Bud Nannis is still giving out "loaded cigars" to his friends . . . Most of our Hockey team is Annexed . . . Freshmen still think "Thanks A Million" tops the "Music Goes 'Round" . . . Don O'Connell is having a hard job keeping warm these days, as some mean fellow stole his coat . . . Charlie Sicard should be a very proficient tap dancer . . . He practices from three to five hours daily . . . What has happened to the Monday Morning Club? . . . Myer Chait is seen with a new car every week . . . Business for the U Dryvit Company, Myer? Still see seniors taking home their books . . . Ray Chaisson explains the hockey situation with the reason of slow ice . . . Ethel Roseman is one of the many freshmen who loves school . . . George Kelley is still worrying over the Harvard football team . . . Our faithful hockey fans are behaving themselves creditably on the way home from the games . . . Unusual . . . Bill Sullivan is still trying to get on the hockey team . . . "Gaggy" Gargano doesn't know the right side of a sweater yet . . . He can't seem to change that "C" . . . "Rome wasn't built in a day," I heard someone say who was just finishing the third question of a Mid-Year, as the bell rang . . . C. H. L. S. is well supplied with Dorothy Sullivan's . . . It seems to be a tradition . . . Margaret Lynam's weakness is egg sandwiches . . . Don't tell a soul, but the other day we heard that Ruth Harrigan teaches Sunday School . . . Flora Harris is an accomplished dressmaker as well as philatelist . . . Alice Peppard says, "Flattery is soft soap and soft soap is 90% lye." . . . Did you notice "Snooky" Gallagher's pert bow tie?

C. H. L. S. SONG HITS

The Music Goes 'Round and Around,
The orchestra

The Gentleman Obviously Doesn't Believe,
Peter Myers

The Last Round-Up,
Night before a departmental

A Little Bit Independent.....Alice Haley

Without a Word of Warning.....An exam.

Top Hat, White Tie, and Tails
G. A. A. Boy Dance

You Let Me Down Report Cards

You should see Ernie Saulnier wash windows! . . . Is he an expert!! . . . Theodore Anastos "simply hates" perfume . . . Paul Stumpf is both founder and president of the new Chi Club . . . Wayland Minot is becoming a Clark Gable . . . Albert Kandarian belongs to the "L" street Brownies club and is interested in sports, especially tennis . . . John Egan, Tom Guiney and Pat Rooney are the three musketeers here at C. H. L. S. . . . Nestor Goldman aspires to be a janitor and he gets his training in room 31 . . . Phillip Roseman has turned Latin Correspondent for the Cambridge "Sentinel" . . . Harry Janul spends most of his time looking up the traditions of the supposed haunted houses in the city . . . I wonder how long "Pat" Courtney has been using the alias Saul Solomon . . . Ed. Frank and Saul Stearn do a very tidy business selling used cars . . . The great Bambino Joe Doherty struck out 17 times out of 17 times at bat . . . What a slugger! . . . Don't forget Billy Skelly's P. G. Show to be held March 13 . . . Alex. Graham caused quite a disturbance with that gadget of his, which sort of Me-Owed . . . Dot Du Bye is an accomplished dancer. She has danced on many of Bob Emery's programs . . . Coralie Metcalf is not only a writer of good stories, but she is also a wonderful singer . . . Methinks that brother Joe Manley does all the work on that column in the Boston American . . . The Boudreau brothers are not the only ones that are famous here at school, what about the Babish brothers who are famous at chess? . . . Had a long chat with Frank Harney and he wishes he were back here . . . Jean Becker delights in showing samples of flowers from her father's flower shoppe . . . Josephine

Long has coffee and doughnuts in Carson's every morning before school starts . . . I wonder if Josephine knows about the art of dunking . . . Paul Bartel looked like an undertaker in the rig he had on in the Christmas play . . . Jimmy Almeida says he doesn't whittle but he does enjoy a little knitting . . . I still don't see where the Boston sport scribes got the name "Curley Top" for Ray Chaisson . . . Ellen McAuliffe is a dress designer by profession . . . "Terry" Collins is an ardent law student. She doesn't miss a case that comes up in the East Cambridge Court . . . The New Year was brought in with a bang by Harry Silverman and his pals . . . William Joyce is known to most of his friends as "Banker" . . . (I wonder why?)

QUESTION AND ANSWER BOX

DEAR AUNT SALLY:

How do you make hash?

MOTHER'S HELPER

READER'S ANSWERS

DEAR MOTHER'S HELPER:

Try cleaning up the kitchen.

EASYBIRD.

DEAR MOTHER'S HELPER:

You don't make hash. It accumulates.

SUNSHINE.

DEAR MOTHER'S HELPER:

I have a good recipe for you. I have used it many times. It never fails. First you gather up all the stray food in the house, including dog biscuit, gravy and filet mignon. Then you take all the spice cans down from the pantry shelf, if you have a pantry shelf, and place them on a table. Then you place a large bowl in the center of the table. Then you stand at the other side of the room and throw whatever food you have been able to gather together. After you have done this, throw what you have in the bowl into the garbage can. Then sweep whatever fell on the floor, down the cellar stairs. Then if you haven't broken the spice cans in the process return them to the pantry shelf, always providing you have a pantry shelf. Then wash the bowl and call in a doctor.

HOUSEWIFE.

DEAR MOTHER'S HELPER:

I can appreciate your predicament. Once, I, too, wondered what to do with stale bread. Try mixing it with beef stew.

EXPERIENCE.

DEAR READERS: If you have been able to glean any valuable information from our little column your Aunt Sally is very, very happy. Address your questions to

AUNT SALLY,

Review Office

CAN YOU GUESS WHOSE PICTURE APPEARS BELOW?

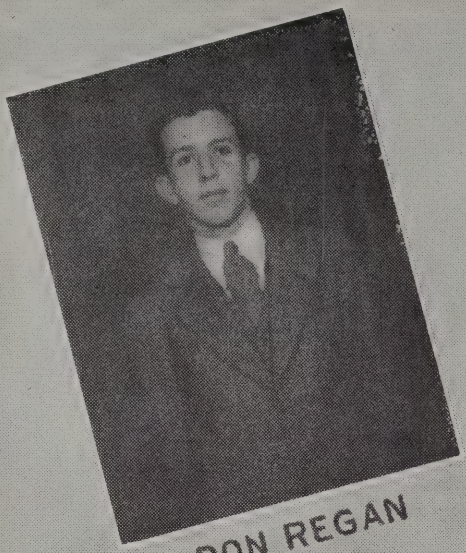
As we read this boy's horoscope we see money, power, influential position, and lots of friends. Who is he? You all know him. See Page 15



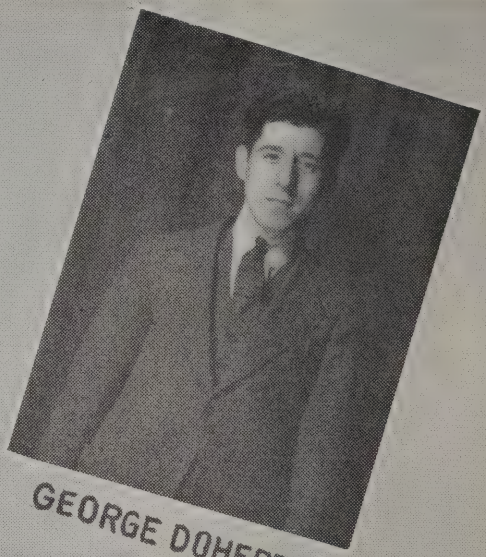
C. H. L. S. JUMBLE

NAMES of prominent students are jumbled here. Try them and then see the key on page 15

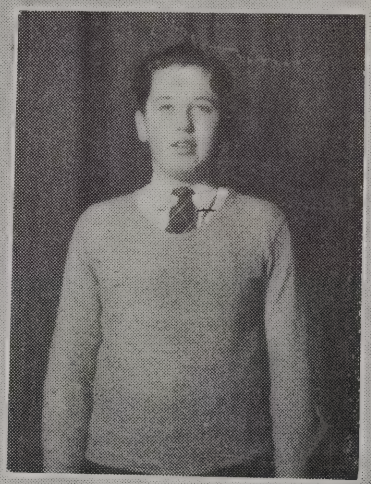
1. Hesnia A prominent senior
2. Orvit G. A. A.
3. Saehy Dramatic Club member
4. Oroepc Red Head
5. Fondiwo K. B. member
6. Fustpm H_2O
7. Alyeoar Class Secretary
8. Hirsar Philatelist
9. Odacy Family name
10. Nujln Pianist
11. Puhmyr Humorist
12. Erbnas Senior Drama
13. Ehbaetnl Junior Class Officer
14. Amyeln Correspondent
15. Dlmeaai Artist
16. Schnaois Ice Flash
17. Erhggaall Basketball Star
18. Tonim Leading Man
19. Nedamd J. K. Himself
20. Yemowt Historian, Debator
21. Herodyt Sees all—tells all
22. Bnsuiii A virtuoso
23. Shanon Female Chess Player
24. Feltmeca Poetess



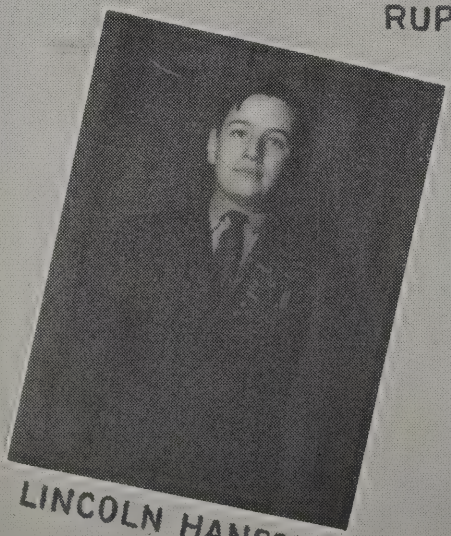
DON REGAN



GEORGE DOHERTY



RUPERT BLUE



LINCOLN HANSON



JOSEPH MANLEY

WHO'S WHO

Don Regan is rarely called Donald. He is a very popular senior — so popular during all his high school course that he has been Home Room chairman each of the four years. He loves golf, and blue is his favorite color. Don is a prize debater, and boy, is he good in the Senior Drama!

George Doherty, alias Falter Pinchell, is being flooded in his own limelight for the first time. He enjoys dancing to Cab Calloway's music. In the movies his favorite star is Clark Gable and his favorite radio comedian is Jack Benny. He drives a Ford, the family car. When he is not out searching news he plays tennis or goes for a swim.

Rupert Blue is the Assistant Business Manager of the Review this year. He is a promising member of the sophomore class and an excellent student. It is an interesting fact that our best students always have time to join in extra-curricula activities which are for the good of the school. Rupert has a level head as well as a ready smile. He is a boy with a bright future.

Lincoln Hanson gives us many of our class notes. They shed light on the activities in our school. Lincoln is a born executive. He is intelligent and industrious and therefore he gets along. It is always a pleasure to meet this young man. He is interested in art.

Joseph Manley loves candy and the Casa Loma band. He is sports editor of the Review and one of the most ardent workers for new subscriptions. He supports all school affairs, and is present at every game and every social event. His blond hair is very often obstreperous.

THE REVIEW PREFERS

THE popularity of the following stars on the radio is hereby proclaimed as the result of a poll taken among some of the most attentive listeners in the Cambridge High and Latin School:

PROGRAM

Orchestra	Waring Pennsylvanians
Singer	Frank Parker
Actor	Don Amachee
Actress	Helen Hayes
Comedian	Schlepperman
News Commentator	Boake Carter
Sports Commentator	Ted Husing
Announcer	Graham McNamee

The person whose picture you see on page 13 is Roland Shaine. Cute?

The names jumbled on page 13 are as follows:

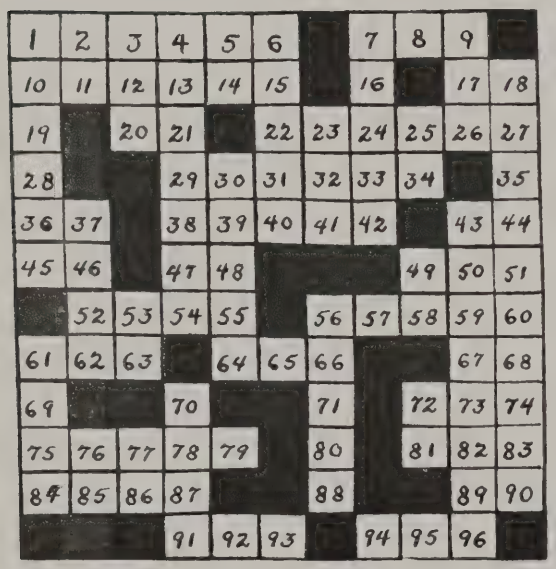
1. Shaine
2. Ritvo
3. Hayes
4. Cooper
5. Woodfin
6. Stumpf
7. O'Leary
8. Harris
9. Coady
10. Janul
11. Murphy
12. Barnes
13. Benthale
14. Manley
15. Almeida
16. Chaisson
17. Gallagher
18. Minot
19. Madden
20. Twomey
21. Doherty
22. Biuinis
23. Hanson
24. Metcalfe



PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?



Mots Croisés



La solution paraîtra dans le prochain numéro.

HORIZONTALEMENT

1. un auteur français
7. l'adjectif possessif
10. un adversaire
16. une préposition
17. une adverbe pronominal
20. un arbre
22. la singularité
29. entièrement exterminé
30. un pronom personnel
38. l'adjectif possessif
43. un demonstratif
45. appris
47. un conjonction
49. quelques
52. une fête
56. conteux
61. l'océan
64. un liquide
67. l'adjectif possessif
69. une préposition
72. un mois
75. un pays
81. ce que nous respirons
84. un pronom possessif
89. la particule négative
91. un pronom disjonctif
94. un nombre

VERTICALEMENT

1. une préposition du temps, du lieu, de l'ordre
2. 366 jours
3. ensemble
4. la justification
5. un préfixe
6. un trait d'union
7. une rivière de la France
8. marque de l'étonnement
9. propre
18. indispensable
23. une nécessité pour vivre
25. une conjonction
30. une voile
37. satellite de la terre
43. sûr
49. préposition qui marque la séparation
53. mais
56. préparer pour le moyen du feu
61. une conjonction
65. petite forme d'un verbe
70. un os perlé
72. l'adjectif possessif
76. une conjonction négative
77. une préposition

FRANCES RYAN, '36.

A première séance du Cercle Français cette année eut lieu le onze décembre. Après l'adoption du procès-verbal une classe de français de la troisième année présenta une pièce intituleé—la Veille de Noël.

PERSONAGES

M. Barois H. Cauchon
Mme Barois G. Rossignol
Marie A. Lavoi
Francoise C. Ryan
Jeannette E. Gaudet
Le Père Noël A. Woolridge
M. Le Bon J. Stirpinski
Souffleuse H. Yankos

La musique, sous la direction de M. Daly.
La mise en scène, sous la direction des autres membres de la classe.

La scène représente un salon.

Le Cercle félicite les actrices et les acteurs de leur admirable présentation et il a joui d'avoir fait la connaissance de la famille charmante, du Monsieur le Bon et de notre Père Noël.

Puis M. le Président félicita Mlle Wicker et lui présenta le prix gagné dans le jeu de fleurs. Pendant une demi-heure toute l'assistance chantaient des Noëls et après une petite collation et la distribution des cartes de Noël M. le President déclara la séance levée.

Le vingt-trois janvier eut lieu un concours informel du Cercle Français pour discuter les affaires de l'année. Un jeu d'anagramme mit à l'épreuve notre vocabulaire français.

DONALD S. BALL, C. H. L. S., 1930, has won unusual scholastic honors at Northeastern University. He is a junior in the Civil Engineering Course. He has been a consistent honor student there, his name having appeared on the Dean's List on twelve consecutive marking periods. He has found time to participate in many extra-curricula activities as well, in which he usually is the leader.

ARTHUR FRECHETTE

AS a student in our school from which he was graduated with the class of 1932, Arthur Frechette received a training in music which has since opened an opportunity for him in Major Bowes' Programs. He is now touring the country in one of the troupes.

His first trial at New York ended in disappointment for the lists were full. However, he was requested to return for an audition in three weeks. In the meantime, he and his father rehearsed the showmanship of his presentation. So well done were his impersonations of six orchestra leaders that he was given a contract.

He played four years in our school orchestra and studied music later in the New England Conservatory of Music. Of him the Year Book states:

"His one burning ambition
Is to be a great musician".

DE NATURA HOMINUM

Mortales semper putant sibi fortunam inimicam esse. Res numquam eis placent. Hieme gemunt et dicunt, "Quam asper est aër! Nostrae manus nostrique pedes sunt gelidissimi! Nostrae facies etiam gelu mordentur. Quam multos amictus nos induere necesse est! Quando, O quando, hiems discedet?" Postquam nix de voluntate eorum abiit, tunc breve tempus arboribus et foliis et floribus gaudent. Sed mox rursus talibus verbis dolent, "Heu, hic calor nos fatigat. Delectatio haberi non potest. Neque currere neque ludere neque curribus equisque uti neque ad arenam adire possumus. Utinam gelida aura adsit!"

Sic homines stulte queruntur, cum beneficia fortunae eis animadvertenda sint. Hieme subridere debent et dicere tempestatem mitiorem quam postero anno esse; solem in nive decorum esse; aëra maxime clarum esse; se calidis ignibus domi magis frui posse. Verba eius modi eorum animos tollant et eos bono animo erga amicos eorum faciant. Item aestate dicendum est agros frumento pinguis esse; arbores fructibus fetas esse; dies longos esse. Si homines tantum se felices considerabunt, felices erunt! Reperieturne usquam homo tam pius, tam bonus, tam patiens ut suum fatum non lugeat? Nusquam, me indice, nam natura hominum eius modi non est.

JEANNE PEARLSON, '36.

I WISH YOU WERE HERE

Pictured in the papers
Waving dainty fans
Are scores of people basking
On hot Miami sands.

Presently a postcard
Brings to me a tear,
For my aunt in Florida
Writes "Wish you were here."

While early every morning
As auntie's being scorched,
I hazard life and limb to fetch
The milk from off the porch.

So down there in the South
When balmy breezes play
Remember, Aunt Matilda,
A storm hits us today.

CORALIE METCALFE, '36.



John Corbett: Give me two pork sandwiches to take out.
Counter Man: Dress a couple of grunts to go bye-bye.

John K.: Why don't you like girls?
George: They're too biased.
John K.: What do you mean biased?
George: Well, bias us this and bias that until I'm broke.

Marjorie Mahady: Going to take a bus home?
Janet MacFarlane: Heavens, no. What would I do with it?

Edward B.: I suppose your landlord asks a lot for the rent of this place?
Jack M.: A lot! He asks me for it nearly every week.

Lillian: Oh! Are you really a mind reader?
Adeline: Yes, I am.
Lillian: Then I hope you'll not be offended. I didn't mean what I thought about you.

Teacher: Give the translation of *cur*.
Jeanne Pearlson: Dog.

Alice Haley: Well, how did you find the Reader's Digest this time?
Marie O'Leary: Oh, I just looked in my desk and there it was.

Roland Shaine: I've gone into truck farming.
Henry Twomey: You can't fool me. You don't raise trucks; they come from the factory.

Bill: My dad is a Moose, an Elk, an Eagle, and a Lion.
Frank: My, how much will it cost to see him?

Warren Trafton: Have you no ethics?
Leonard Dergay: No, I traded it for an Austin.

Teacher: Can you tell us something about Good Friday?
David Landrigan: Yes'm; he was the fellow that did housework for Robinson Crusoe.

Barber: Here comes a man for a shave.
Howard Johnson: Let me practice on him.
Barber: All right, but be careful and do not cut yourself.

Politician: Pay your taxes with a smile.
Jerry Boyle: I should love to, but they insist on cash.

Instructor: Every day we breathe oxygen. What do we breathe at night?
Evelyn Hovey: Nitrogen.

Paul Burke (To driver of a new streamlined car): Which way are you going, sir?
Thomas Ahearn: What's the difference to you?
Paul: Well, I just wanted to cross the street.

Don Wilkshire: What do you call the man who drives a car?
Bob Graves: It all depends on how close he comes to me.

Teacher: Now I hope you understand thoroughly the importance of punctuation.
Bill Haverty: Oh, yes, indeed. I always get to work on time.

He: Last night I dreamt I was married to the most beautiful girl in the world.
She: Oh, George! Were we happy?

Alvin Allen: What would you advise me to read after graduation?
Dick Row: The "Help Wanted" column.

Police Officer: Got away, has he? Did you guard all the entrances?
Joseph Manley: Yes; but we think he must have left by one of the exits.

Barber: Haven't I shaved you before, sir?
James Barnes: No, I got that scar in France.

He (Handing her a saucerful of white powder): Taste that and tell me what you think it is.
She: It tastes like soda!
He: That's what I told Helen. She declares it's rat poison.

Alma La France: Can this coat be worn out in the rain without hurting it?
Clerk: Lady, did you ever see a skunk carry an umbrella?

Paul Stumpf: Did that car say "Subway"?
Dick Babish: I didn't hear it.

There was a fellow so dumb that he thought film on the teeth was a moving picture about dentistry.

Donald McLellan: Why do they put a hyphen in bird-cage?
Roy Davis: For the bird to sit on.

Leo Manley: Honestly, now, you never would have thought this car of mine was one I bought second-hand, would you?
John Madden: Never in my life. I thought you had made it yourself.

Betty Peers: Why do birds fly south?
Evelyn Hovey: It's too far to walk.

Teacher: Use the word disguise in a sentence.
Jack B.: Dis guy's the best player in de league.

Don Regan: Did you go to the prom in a tux?
Richard Babish: No, I walked.

Coralie Metcalfe: What's a Grecian urn?
Ann Cooper: Not much unless he owns a restaurant.

George: What were the names of the people who lived in the Garden of Eden?
Gene: The Adamses.

Teacher: Has anyone in this class taken Latin?
Alice Murch: I took it half a year.
Teacher: I suppose you didn't get much in half a year.
Alice: No, I got only thirty.

Frank Bennett: Ow! I just bumped my crazy bone.
John Madden: Put your hat on, then the bump won't show.

Paul Moylan: I'm not sure I quite understand those knee-action wheels.
Stanley Rimshaw: Why it's like this — the wheels give. So if you run over a pedestrian, you hardly feel it.

Betty Peers: How did you get banged up?
Evelyn Hovey: Skiing.
Betty: What happened?
Evelyn: Couldn't decide which side of the tree to go around.

Alma La France: My aunt in Venice is sending me a gondola for my birthday. How am I going to play it?
Phyllis McLaughlin: Such ignorance! You don't play a gondola, you throw it over your shoulders like a shawl.

John Tenny: Do your basket ball men get up bright and early?
Coach: No, just early.

Marie Dillon: Scientists have discovered that insects talk.
Alice Bridges: Ridiculous!
Marie: Fact. A scientist came upon two moths chewing the rag.

Waiter: I think you had better board elsewhere.
Bill Haverty: Yes, I often have.
Waiter: Often had what?
Bill: Better board elsewhere.

Henry Freniere: You've heard of John Paul Jones, my boy?
John Corbett: Yes sir.
Henry: Well, what do you think Jones would be doing if he were living today?
John: Living on the old age pension.

James Longino: Thousands of germs can live on a pin point.
John Field: What a queer diet!

Margaret Quinn: Were you out in all that rain?
Eleanor Tynan: No, just the part that fell around me.

Eugene Keefe: What counts most in business?
George Kelly: The adding machine.

Bill: Do you know how long elephants should be fed?
Tom: Oh, the same as you feed short ones.

HOCKEY



Cambridge Latin 5 **Belmont 0**

After losing the opening game of the season to their old rivals Melrose, the Cantabs showed speed and style against Belmont. In the first game Melrose defeated the Latinites by a score of 3 to 2. The Smith, Sullivan and Shaw line gave the Cantabs quite a bit of opposition and it was only in the closing minutes of the game that Melrose won.

Ray Chaisson was moved from defence to center in the Belmont game and he staged a very smooth attack. The team met very little opposition from the comparatively green Belmont team. Although Ray figured in only one of Latin's goals, the whiffle-haired All Scholastic started a number of plays, and was denied himself on several occasions by goalie Johnny Fitzgerald, of Belmont, who is Dickie Fairbanks' cousin, Latin's loudest rooter.

It was the Boudreau brothers who assumed the early scoring burden, with Walter passing to Al for the first one. Six minutes later Walter soloed into Belmont's defence zone and lifted one that completely baffled Fitzgerald. Frank Briand, a new-comer to Latin, added another before the first period closed.

After little action in the second period, Chaisson broke away, skated in on Fitzgerald, drew him out of the net and jammed the puck into the cage for another score.

After two minutes in the last period a wing to wing pass from Briand to Al Boudreau counted for the final goal and Latin's first win.

Positively the most brilliant solo dash of the game was turned in by "Skippy" Wight, Belmont's center, who discovered to his embarrassment he was heading towards his own goal.

Cambridge Latin 2 **Stoneham 4**

In the third game of the Interscholastic League, Cambridge Latin was beaten by Stoneham.

This game was a scorcher. It looked like an easy win for Stoneham when it went out front with a pair of goals. Cliff Thompson was as prominent in the clash as any school star of the year and his all-around work was enough to keep the Cantabs on the defensive. His whole crowd was checking back and poke checking, leaving few openings for Latin to test Truesdale in the Stoneham net. Only by ganging the Stoneham end was Cambridge Latin able to put fear into the rival supporters.

Thompson scored the first goal, being left uncovered in center ice to take McKinnon's pass out. Cliff was right in a fine position to give it a back-hand lift to tally. This score came after one minute and forty-eight seconds of play. Robertson was serving time in the penalty box when Stoneham scored its second goal in the second period. On this Downes drove from the far right boards and Orr, skating by in front of the crease, deflected the disc past Kramer.

Ray Chaisson, the Latin Star, hung up a goal in the second period to lend some encouragement to Latin's supporters. He held from a face-off, tricked the defence, and dented the strings with a fine shot. Cliff Thompson was serving time when Latin tied it up, Chaisson feeding from the right fence across in front of the crease in a torrid scrimmage, where Robillard collected and tallied.

The teams went into the final session clinched. Around the five minute mark, Thompson again broke the tie getting across a long shot from near the blue line when his team was battling Latin. Mort Buckley deserved to tie it up but was robbed by Truesdale. Late in the game, with Latin packed in hustling, McKinnon jumped and with only Kramer to beat, pulled him out and sneaked it into the cage. This was the final goal of the game.

Cambridge Latin 1 **Medford 3**

The fourth game scheduled for Latin was Medford, but the Latinites under-rated the Medford team, led by Bert Kenty, and took things easy and when Medford was leading they were too slow in getting into the swing of the game.

Clarence Meuse, the Medford star, bade farewell to high school sports by taking part in all three goals scored by Medford, and Charlie Stanley worked with him on two.

Exactly four minutes after the opening whistle Charlie Stanley fed to Meuse in the goal mouth who slammed the disc past Tom Doherty for Medford's first goal. The teams played out the first period without any further scoring. The second period was also scoreless but after three minutes of playing in the third period the same combination but in reverse order, Meuse to Stanley, clicked to send Medford ahead two goals. Meuse passed to Bert Kenty for the third goal at the ten-minute mark. A minute later a Buckley to "Tooty" Boudreau combination from scrimmage clicked and this gave Latin its lone goal.

One of Bert Kenty's powerful shots left the rink and hit a Stoneham girl and rendered her unconscious.

This was a very rough game, necessitating Referees Robertson and Mooney to hand out nine penalties. Bert Kenty was given three of Medford's five and Al Boudreau and Wally Boudreau were given two apiece.

The Cantabs outplayed their opponents generally, but Johnny Meoli put up a great game in the goal for the winners. Time after time Mort Buckley and Ray Chaisson swooped in to catch him unprotected, but he always came through in the pinch.

The individual star of the game was Walter Boudreau who played the best game of his career for Latin.

Cambridge Latin 6 Rindge 2

The fifth game was lost to Arlington 4 to 3 in the closing seconds of the game and Latin to avenge this loss swamped their old rival, Rindge, for the city championship.

Latin, with the best material in the league, was tired of being kicked around so often and opened up on Rindge to the tune of 6 to 2.

An accidental goal started Latin off to victory. With Collins in the penalty box in the first few minutes of the game, Robillard, Latin's dynamite wing, fired one that glanced off George Desrosier's skate and caromed into the goal. From that point on it was all Latin. Mort Buckley performed the "hat trick" in the first session by scoring three goals in succession. Twice he soloed into the defence area and shot to beat Maloney both times. His third goal was on a pass from Ray Chaisson.

Ray then soloed to score the only goal in the second period. Then Walter Boudreau of the famous Boudreau brothers made it six for Cambridge at the start of the third period. This was the only Latin goal in which any of the Boudreaus figured. Rindge finally rallied and pushed two goals in to save a shutout midway through the third period.

These goals were slammed by a substitute goalie who played the greater part of the third session. Charlie Mahoney combining with Tom Collins for the first and George Desrosier, brother to the former Latin star, went in all alone to beat Hardy for the final goal of the day!

Cambridge Latin 3 Newton 0

In the final game of the regular schedule the Cantabs defeated the Garden City boys to tie for fourth place in the Interscholastic League race. The game was slow compared to a few of the former Latin games.

All the goals were scored on solos. The game was barely a minute old when Al Boudreau stick handled beautifully into Newton territory and lifted into the far corner to beat Buttrick. Six minutes later, Chaisson started from his own net, played into the defence zone and let the puck go. Before Buttrick could get set for it, the puck was bounding out of the goal.

The final goal came in the second period when Robillard took the puck and skated around the net and jammed the disc home for another Latin score.

In this game there were four penalties. Three were given to Newton and Jim Boudreau was given the Latin penalty.

This game ended the regular schedule with Latin winning three and losing four games.

As a result of beating Newton, Cambridge was forced to play Newton to decide who was to be in the top division.

DIDO, QUEEN OF HEARTS

IN this novel Mrs. Atherton combines historical knowledge with a lively imagination. She describes vividly the founding of Carthage by the spirited Dido. Thoughout the story our authoress hints that the motives of the ancients were their own desires, not the wishes of the gods as they made themselves believe. She also suggests natural explanations for seemingly supernatural events, allowing us our choice. Toward the end, Mrs. Atherton subtly conveys the idea of impending disaster even in Dido's happiest moments at the time of her marriage to Aeneas. Since we view the departure of the latter in the light of the queen's emotions, his desertion of her in time of need seemed tinged with selfishness. Then, too, Queen Dido's sacrificing her life for her people casts an heroic light on her character. The dramatic death scene abounds in pathos. The writer succeeds in creating an intense love story from details gleaned from "The Aeneid", while her simple direct style makes it light, diverting reading.

JEANNE PEARLSON, '36.



THE G. A. A.

C. H. L. S. Rah! Rah! C. H. L. S. Rah! Rah!

With a variety of cheers, songs and everything that goes to make a basketball game exciting, we announce that the teams have been very successful! so far this season.

In the interclass games the seniors and sophomores are now rivals for the championship. After an exciting three hours in Arlington's gym January 15, we were beaten by Arlington's Juniors, 17 - 14; and Sophomores, 5 - 4, but the Cambridge Seniors made up for this defeat conquering the Arlington Seniors, 12 - 9.

We feel that we should say a word about the plucky playing of our Junior team. This team although it is minus one of its most valuable players has, despite this handicap, played a fine game with its opponents. The players are: Captain Betty Harney, jump center; Sylvia Kaufman, side center; Bessie Makris and Frances Brown, guards; Libby Flax, Arlene Hawkings and Phyllis Sheridan, forwards.

The teams as a whole were in fine condition to meet Needham January 17, and they carried away all the honors. The scores: Seniors, 27 - 11, in favor of Cambridge; Juniors, 14 - 10, in favor of Cambridge; Sophomores, 15 - 13, in favor of Cambridge.

The Girl Dance held in December, at which the girls had to be content with their disguised feminine escorts, was very enjoyable.

After the Christmas vacation with new wraps and gowns in evidence, the Boy Dance carrying out the general idea of the Girl Dance, was held in the Rindge Gymnasium. We were honored with the presence of our patrons and patronesses: Miss MacLaughlin, Miss Murray, Miss G. Ayers, Miss M. Ayers, Miss Maher, Miss Lynch, Mrs. Dunn, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Toomey, and Miss Brown. The music for dancing was furnished by Ted O'Donnell's orchestra.

Swimming instructions have started under the direction of Miss Cox. These instructions will continue for ten weeks starting January 25 at the Y. M. C. A. pool, from 10 to 11 o'clock, Saturday mornings. As soon as the team is in shape there will be a meet with Somerville. All G. A. A. swimming enthusiasts are welcome.

Evelyn Bisson, '36.

EXCHANGES

AT last a different kind of high school publication has come to our desk in *The Half Moon* from Mechanicville, N. Y. The striking effect of this magazine with its hand drawn cover is second only to that of the novel manner of presenting the various stories and articles. This school mimeographs its magazines even to the advertisements. It is to be congratulated for its individuality.

Now a cheer for the girls at Dorchester High for Girls because of their well edited Christmas number of *The Item*. O. O. McIntyre had better look to his laurels for Rhodes Kahn in "Day by Day", gives us an imitation of that celebrated author's style, and has done a splendid piece of work. There is only one criticism. Why not have an exchange column?

From Cincinnati, Ohio, comes the *Western Hills Maroon* laden with poetry which is excellent, outstanding in fact, for high school students. However, they are not only poets in Western Hills, judging by the report of their swimming team which has been champion of Ohio for twelve consecutive years. Quite a record! The junior section is very well written, giving promise of carrying on the high school standard of the *Maroon*.

The Lantern from Sir Adam Beck Collegiate School of London, Ontario, is our next exchange. This issue is featured by many well drawn cartoons and illustrations. The photographs in this magazine rank with the best which have come to our editorial eye. The Skoolnuze is an interesting column because it brings in the school activities. This magazine carries a German page as well as a French one.

The Jabberwock of Scarsdale, New York, has some good literary contributions. Its poetry is fine and its humor is amusing.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Sachem,
Memorial High School,
Middleboro, Mass.

Several magazines contain a foreign language department. That of the *"Cambridge Review"* called "Parlez-vous Francais" is outstanding. An organized French group supplies the material for this department.

The Aegis,
Beverly High School,
Beverly, Mass.

Our first exchange is from our faithful friend *The Cambridge Review.* The outstanding poem of the month was certainly "Why I Can't Write Prose". There was a fine sense of humor in several of your articles, that satisfying kind at which we hardly dare laugh aloud, for it seems as if we might be laughing at ourselves. You have a fine "School Stylist". Watch her! Some day she may be famous.

The Gazette,
Lynn Classical High,
Lynn, Mass.

We believe that the *"Review"* editor must reside in the journalistic "Seventh Heaven" if there is such a place. The magazine is always crammed with some of the sanest editorials to meet these searching eyes.

CLASS NOTES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

George Doherty: Hamlet was a queer person who tried to revenge his father's death.

Frank Gerry: Yeah, just an odd fellow trying to get even.

Cora Gray: Oh, look we have a man on every base!

Marguerite Erickson: That's nothing, so has the other side.

Officer: Something tells me your name is fictitious.

John Smith: You must have misunderstood me, officer, I said my name was Smith.

James Longino: I am sorry to hear of your partner's death. Would you like me to take his place?

John Field: Very much — if you can get the undertaker to arrange it.

THE CLASS OF 1935, C.H.L.S.

PRESENTS

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Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association.
Entered at Cambridge Station (Boston Postal District) as second class matter.

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VOLUME 50 — NUMBER 4

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EDUCATION FOR MECHANICS

EDUCATION is a queer thing. A pupil can spend four years in high school studying French and when he goes abroad to sport his accomplishments, the Frenchmen he meets respond to his most cultured nasal sounds with an apologetic "Je ne parle pas anglais." Exactly the same situations can take place in the other lines of endeavor.

I well remember a stay at my uncle's farm about six weeks after I was graduated from a technical school. I had specialized in automobile mechanics and if I must admit it, I believed I knew the subject thoroughly. That I could tell instantly the page on which any particular phase was treated was a well known fact.

As luck would have it, the family car, vintage of '24, broke down just as we were about to set out on a pleasure jaunt about the countryside. Of course, I knew just what the trouble was, at least I thought I did. I took out the carburetor and examined it carefully, but unfortunately I couldn't see around the bends in the inside so I took it apart. The search yielded nothing but a few shreds of lint. Of course, the trouble was in the ignition somewhere. A shock from the battery and a stinging sensation from the wiring convinced me otherwise. Then like a flash the true answer came to me. On page 341, the book had mentioned something about the importance of close fitting piston rings, exactly what was important I couldn't quite recollect. Anyway, the obvious thing to do was to take the engine apart; I did. When I had finished there were very few nuts and bolts which were yet in union. As I stood up for breath among a heap of jumbled parts I saw my relatives watching calmly, trustfully, admiringly at my handiwork.

Thus inspired by their confidence, I recommenced putting the pieces together. I was surprised at the facility with which I fitted part to part, nut to bolt, unerringly, but I attributed this ease to a happy boyhood of analyzing clocks, toying with erector-sets and solving numerous mechanical puzzles.

People used to say of a person as a mark of great ability that, "He can take a car apart, put it together, and have it run better than when it was new, and yet have parts left over." Well, somehow, in spite of my training, I finished still lacking bits of mechanism. However, by means of some artful rearranging on the part of my uncle, the car was reassembled and driven off under its own power after my cousin, Frank, had returned from a filling station and filled the tank with five gallons of gasoline.

I was not discouraged, however, for "Experientia docet" and "Practice makes perfect" have always been my mottoes.

RICHARD BABISH, '36.

OBSERVATIONS

AT last one of the leading stars of filmdom had arrived in his latest picture at the little, one-horse town of Freedom, New Hampshire! On the afternoon of the first showing of the picture, the whole town turned out in full array and swarmed to the "theyatter", which was a medium-sized, very poorly ventilated room in the rear of the General Store.

Being curious as to how these simple folk would respond to such a sophisticated picture, I ambled along after them — and found myself seated on an unbelievably hard chair, in the middle of a hot, stuffy room. After much fussing and fidgeting, however, I found a comfortable position, and breathed a sigh of relief as the curtain rose.

It did not take long, though, for me to realize that my view was entirely obstructed by the head and shoulders of a perfectly huge specimen of mankind who was occupying twice as much room as was allotted to him, and whose entire frame was continually convulsed by wild guffaws with which he greeted every scene, humorous or otherwise. A tiny, timid, young girl sitting beside him, seemed quite terrified, and at every convulsion, cringed, and crept farther away from him, and, at the same time, moved farther out on the seat, until finally the poor thing was crouching on the furthermost edge.

After watching this little episode with much amusement, my attention was suddenly attracted to the back of the hall by a familiar noise and turning, I beheld a group of permanent-waved, beruffled, befrizzled, giggling girls, whose powers of applying make-up went no farther than producing an Indian War Paint look. They were chewing gum fast and furiously.

From them, my eyes roved down the aisles till they alighted upon a middle-aged couple who seemed to be enjoying the picture, each in his own particular way; the wife, buxom and tender-

hearted, was weeping copiously at every melancholy turn in the picture, while the husband snored blissfully through the whole performance.

Soon I discovered that I was not the only member of the audience engaged in the interesting occupation of observing their fellow-men. Farther down the aisle, five little boys, tiring of the picture, had found themselves immensely amused by making unflattering remarks about their neighbors and fashioning spitballs out of their programs. They hurled the tiny balls with remarkable accuracy at any luckless individual who happened to strike their fancy.

Wild shouting and applause brought the picture to an end. Rising quickly, I made my way to the door, ahead of the crowd, and strolled slowly along the main street of the town and then down the winding, country lane. Halfway home I suddenly realized that I had heard scarcely one word of the dialogue, and had seen scarcely one scene in the whole picture! But what of that? Had not human nature, caught unawares, proved twice as interesting?

CAROLYN WOOD, '37.

AN APRIL DAY

High on the breeze my spirits soar
In winged flight
From earth to ardent sky;
The time has come when
Frigid Winter, with lofty splendor, reluctantly withdraws.
Lovely Spring, in all her blooming radiance,
Refreshing as a bubble oasis in a barren desert,
Graciously lends her fleeting beauty
As a prelude
For the elegant reign of summer.
'Tis April.
Oh, fickle lady! Your delightful fragrance,
Like perfume both alluring and elusive,
Has gone to my head.
My heart grows lighter with every breath of your intoxicating presence.
Majestic clouds float serenely overhead
Like so many white billowed sails
In a tranquil azure sea.
Joyous sunbeams illuminate the gloomy earth;
They reflect in the sparkle of every drooping spur.
The weary trees take heart and lift their budding branches
To bask in the luxurious flood of morning sunlight.
Hand in hand,
Matching steps with the nimble step of Spring,
Has come renewed Life —
Life and all its visions of dawning hope
Stirred by the utter buoyancy and sudden warmth of an April day. BETTY SUGARMAN, '37.

ACCOMPANYING AN ORCHESTRA

THOUGH I've often played in an orchestra, the same sinking sensation comes to me on each renewal of this feat, for feat it is to coördinate my playing with the other parts, to be neither too prominent nor too faint, and never to drag. As I sit down at the piano and oblige the stringed instruments by sounding the E, A, D, and G, I apprehensively glance at the director to see if the threatening baton is summoning me to begin.

"And why should it seem threatening if you are accustomed to this experience?" you may ask. Ah, what will happen if I do not start on time, if I strike the wrong note, if by accident my foot pushes the loud pedal instead of the soft? Those are the questions I ask myself each time I perform with a group, questions not conducive to mental comfort. As I view the entire group, I wish I were playing solo, for then a mistake on my part would not confuse anyone else, would not draw a cold, accusing stare from the leader, and would cast ignominy on myself alone.

Sometimes, as a still ruder buffet from fate, we are called upon to play at sight! Oh, if the kind, inconsiderate audience would confine itself to disparaging our performance, to whistling, to singing, to stamping of feet, to anything, in short, except demanding certain selections! What can the conducter reply save a gracious smile of consent when a prominent citizen, an alderman, a councillor or another of that importance, with misdirected energy asks for his favorite selection? For the excellent sightreaders, if there are any in the orchestras with which I've collaborated, this is only a minor part of the game, but I experience repeatedly the pangs of the lost souls in Dante's "Inferno". However, by playing pianissimo and by occasionally omitting the bass in order to attend to the melody, I always manage to stumble through in time to play the last note in unison with the others.

You may inquire as to why I continually involve myself in such difficulties if they are distasteful. Agonizing they may be at times, but never are they completely distasteful. There is a certain thrill in coöperating, in hearing the music swell from one's fingertips to mingle with the other beautiful sounds, and, vain as it may seem, in receiving the applause of the multitude. Therefore, again and again shall I be found seated at a grand piano and nervously awaiting the signal of the baton.

JEANNE PEARLSON, '36.

ON VISITING GRAND PRÉ

LAST summer my cousin and I decided to travel in Nova Scotia. We made our way about by means of the proverbial thumb, and thus we saw many of the historical sights in central Nova Scotia. We had been traveling for two weeks, when we headed northwest from Halifax. As we were riding along in the automobile of one of our generous friends, we saw a sign which said, "Grand Pré, Land of Evangeline, one-half mile." Here we decided to end our ride and after thanking our benefactor, we left the automobile.

We walked down a quaint old gravel road which was lined with apple trees already burdened with delicious fruit. After walking a half mile, we came to the beautiful Garden of Eden, the Land of Evangeline. On the eastern side of the Memorial Church is the well known Evangeline well with its oaken bucket suspended in the air.

Into this paradise we wandered. We walked the paths that Evangeline had walked and we visited the well from which she often drew water. We were indeed insignificant creatures, treading on sacred ground, ground that was dearly fought for, and for which much blood was shed.

Here we saw the lovely statue of Evangeline. We were told that Evangeline's eyes will follow one all around. We watched the eyes and they *did* seem to follow us. They seemed to follow our every foot-step, our every tread upon sacred ground, as if she were warning us against trespassing upon this, her rightful own.

We strolled into the Memorial Church, a replica of the church of St. Charles, the church where the Acadians gathered to hear the order of their expulsion. Inside the church we viewed an exhibit of strange implements of agriculture as well as heavy implements of war, among the many antiques dating back to the time of the Acadians. There we were transplanted to the past, as we imagined all the joys and sorrows of the people of those days. In our imagination we shared their trials and their difficulties. We felt as we visited these people the tenderness which they showed toward their own and the hospitality which they offered the stranger.

When we left the little church and strolled out on the grass and among flowers again, we realized that the weight of years had dropped from our shoulders. As we were leaving, we felt that we were going away from a paradise, an earthly heaven. We wished to have a souvenir, so we each plucked a wild rose in this lovely garden. The little rose helps me to remember the beautiful and picturesque "Land of Evangeline".

LELAND WALSH, '36.

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

CONFUSION reigned when the Bossall family moved. Each member of the family gave the movers orders which contradicted the commands of the others. When the furniture finally arrived at its destination, directions for the placing of each piece began to issue forth. After pushing a heavy sofa from the wall, where the younger daughter thought it looked well, to the opposite wall, where the older daughter thought it looked better, and after changing the position of other weighty articles of furniture, the movers decided that they had well earned a full hour for lunch.

The lunch hour was only about half over when Mrs. Bossall saw a robust young man come up the walk. After letting him in, she ordered him to remove his coat; although he seemed surprised, he complied. Mrs. Bossall then indicated several pieces of furniture and told the young man where to put them. Thinking that she must have confused him with somebody else, he attempted to explain, "There must be some mistake. I am—"

"Yes, yes, I know. You're probably going to say that you want to wait for the others to come back, but that's no reason for wasting time. Perhaps we can finish everything before they return."

Shrugging his shoulders, he set to work, placing several of the smaller pieces of furniture in the indicated places. Finally, he came to a very large wardrobe. He pushed, pulled, and tugged in vain; he decided that it was too heavy for him to move alone.

He made this fact known to Mrs. Bossall, but she urged him to try again, saying that she thought that he ought to be trained to move heavy things.

"Now, listen, Ma'am," he said, putting on his coat. "I know that it's the company's rule to try to please a customer, and that you'll probably report me for being rude and such, but I'll be hornswoggled if I'm going to push your furniture around."

Mrs. Bossall stared, aghast. "What," she asked in a frosty tone, "do you think you were hired for?"

The young man's answer astonished her greatly. He said, "I not only think, but I *know* that I was hired by the gas company to turn on the gas."

DOROTHY STARR, '37.

SONG OF APRIL

Here I come waking, waking everything.
Light pattering rains painting grass green;
Sunny blue skies opening flowers between;
Soft warm winds turning buds to leaves;
Happy song birds building nests under eaves.
Here I come calling, calling — it's Spring!

KITTY CAVANAGH, '37.

SPRING IS HERE OR SOMETHING

I HATE to break the sad news to you, but this is a pep talk — Now wait a moment, don't get mad. It will only take about three and one-half minutes. Inquisitive young gentlemen needn't bother reading this. They wouldn't be interested.

Now that we have eliminated all annoyances, let's discuss the question at hand. I suppose you girls are feeling rather down these days. I don't blame you. We'll start at the beginning and proceed to freshen up our spirits and our looks.

Since we simply must look nice in the Springtime, tra, la, let's start with the complexion. If it's a bit chapped, and not so clear, try this.

1—Eight glasses of water a day, and two glasses of some fruit juice. It really can be done. Just take a long drink on the way to every class.
2—A drastic cut-down on sweets for a week or two.
3—Scrub your face with a mild soap every morning and night, and as many times a day as you have a chance.
4—Try walking to school *all* the time. See what rain water did for Cleopatra. A beret will keep your curls dry.
5—Use as little make-up as possible for a while. Just keep your skin scrupulously clean.

I started to use this formula yesterday. If it works, I'll let you know next month.

Now for the clothes question. We'll start from scratch. First of all fold up all your woolen and dark dresses, except navy, and chuck them out of sight. You're sick of them anyway. A white linen sailor collar with big cuffs will give just the right Spring-y touch to the navy blue dresses.

Checked skirts and dark jackets or vice versa still stand well to the front, so if you bought them last Spring, why there's an outfit to the good. If the suit is in navy, add a red scarf and a gay little red straw hat, white gloves, white oxfords, and if people start reciting, "I pledge allegiance to the flag", you can ignore them, confident that you look very, very, smart. And don't forget a simple white sweater, something washable and convenient.

If your suit is brown, the white gloves and shoes still hold. There's something very refreshing about white. It adds the correct finishing touch, like pecans to a hot fudge sundae. A cute brown straw hat, a touch of orange somewhere, and there you are.

If your skirt is plain navy or brown, put your monogram on it. It makes it individual and serves as a protection against borrowing. In fact, put your monogram on everything — your handkerchiefs, your scarves, and your berets.

If you like plaids, here's your chance to wear them. The new plaid skirts are very much like kilts. They give a glorious swing to your walk. They are pleated deeply all the way around, with a broad band at the waistline. A plain, short jacket, a Balmoral bonnet with a perky feather, and you'll be gay enough to dance a Highland fling.

If you're dark and dashing, you'll outshine everyone this season by being very mannish, but if you aren't the dashing type, don't worry. Ruffles are always appealing.

As for that brown crepe dress that you're tired of wearing, just fasten a cluster of gay yellow posies at the throat, another to the brim of your hat, and you will be right up-to-date with a new dress — well, practically new, anyway.

And if you want to feel really made over, a new woman, so to speak, try a different hair-do. If you have an inventive mind make up one of your own. If you're a stickler for conventions, just add an extra curl or something — you'll be surprised how delightfully pepped-up you feel.

And if after freshening your skin, replenishing your wardrobe, and rearranging your hair, you don't feel ready to withstand the world, then I'd suggest a thorough mental examination.

HELEN BURNS, '36.



WHAT MUSIC MEANS TO ME

ONLY recently has music entered my life, and I must admit I find it pleasing. This musical instinct which has been lying dormant within me has been awakened by the recent lectures on music given by Mr. Benedict Fitzgerald. Previous to my initiation to the appreciation of fine music I gave vent to my musical emotions by humming "The Music Goes Round and Round." Now, I see that not only crazy ditties with a lilting tune can afford pleasure, but beautiful music which admirably expresses emotions and moods also furnishes much enjoyment to an attentive listener.

My enjoyment of music has also been considerably heightened by taking up in physics the manner in which the various overtones are combined to form harmonious and beautiful effects. I never realized that playing an instrument was a difficult art to master. I thought that a person just twanged the guitar or loudly thumped the keys of a piano to produce music. Although I never could explain the reason why such discordant sounds emanated from the piano whenever I attempted to play a piece, I always attributed my bad playing to my ill-luck and clumsy fingers. Some people, I reasoned, could play music and others could not. I was one of the latter. Never did it once enter my head that music required much diligent practice to master. Now, I know better.

Although I believe that I shall never play an instrument even fairly well, I hope to develop a more marked predilection for music. I have learned that to play music well requires a coordination of mind and music. I have plenty of muscle, judging from the terrific blasts which issue from any instrument I'm playing. However, I fear that my mind is quite weak pertaining to matters of music. My mind doesn't coordinate with my muscle very well. My fingers stray to one end of the piano and my mind tells me to go to the other end. When I have finally stumbled across the keys to the opposite side, my mind prompts me to rush back from place to place until finally I lose patience and hit any key without heeding what sort of results I obtain.

I am quite delighted to have learned so much about music. I never realized before what enjoyment could be derived from it, and now that I do know, you can be sure I shall try to develop my taste for it. My propensity to music, I think, is very slight while my taste for it has to be developed a great deal.

STANLEY RIMSHAW, '36.

YOUNG LADY DON'T BE IMPERTINENT

I'VE heard this so often when I have absolutely no intention of being impertinent or impudent or anything else! All I am is truthful and maybe a little slangy — but never — well, hardly ever — deliberately impertinent.

Let's just be reasonable. The younger generation may be radically different from the older generation but I think it's a far better one in some ways. Maybe we're a little crazy, but I'll bet we have an infinitely better time, than if we tried to be demure and ladylike, which we aren't. That sentence is a bit mixed up, but I guess you get my meaning. I tried to express these views to my mother when she had just come home from a shopping trip and — presto! — I was impertinent. I may have made an error in tact, but I most definitely was not impertinent.

And another time Dad was discussing the European situation and Hitler and Mussolini, with some very dignified friends. And I was quietly pondering — which you must admit is unusual — and I just happened to think aloud. I said, you know, in that dreamy, absent way, "If Hitler would shave that moustache, I could positively like him". Dad's friends were shocked and right away I was impertinent again. As if I could help expressing myself!

And when I told my sister she looked silly with her hair up in curlers — she wasn't feeling so well that day — there I was — impertinent again.

If I can't ever say what I think without being called impertinent, I'll suffer from repressions or something and develop an inferiority complex. I asked my family how they would like that and they all chorused "SWELL!".

Ho, hum, what's the use?

HELEN BURNS, '36.

REVERIE

Tall vane-tipped spires
Stretch toward the sky.
A light film of snow,
Blown apart by sharp young winds
Reveals the lesser tower beyond.
The veil drops —
The white flowerets of winter
Again cover the scene
So green in spring,
So red in autumn —
Now abysmally white
In the season of sleep,
Winter.

L. M. O., '37.

THE LESSON FOR TOMORROW

WITH mingled feelings I sit down to attack to-morrow's lesson. "Gosh," I mumble, "What a life! Lessons, nothing but lessons!" Rebelliously I open a French book. Br-r-r the telephone rings. Eagerly seizing an opportunity to delay, I call out, "That's for me! I'll answer." It is Ellen. Hereupon issues a long conversation until my mother's unkind remarks and her continual remonstrances about my neglected work bid me reluctantly to cut short my narrator's exciting tale of her "date", but not, however, until I have extracted a promise to have it completed at a more opportune time.

Again I open my book, and with visions of an approaching examination truly try to concentrate, but alas, in vain, for the fascinating story just told me occurs to my mind again and again. With a despairing look at the clock, I summon all my will-power and somehow finish my task.

"What now?" I thoughtfully question. Latin? Seeing that I have two study periods I could let that go. English? Oh no, I shall tackle that last of all. Well, then it is to be Chemistry.

I resolutely turn to the assignment. Startled, I shrink back. What queer contraption is this? Bottles, generators, flasks, each in a most ridiculous and intricate position greet me. Frightened, I look at the explanation below. The more I read, the more dazed and bewildered I become. Biting my nails, chewing my pencil, even going through the most difficult contortions do not help a bit. In the midst of my harassing perplexities, little Jane enters with her petty difficulty. Savagely I turn upon her with "Don't bother me! Can't you see I'm busy? No, I can't do long division. I never learned it. Now please, please go away!"

A few more minutes of turning the diagram on all its sides, and then I slam the book to turn to my final torture.

Here is my Waterloo! Curiously I read the titles for the themes. "Antique Vases", "Antique Vases", I mutter. I'll write something great. If an antique vase could inspire Keats to write a poem, surely it can inspire me to write a mere theme. I start out grandly. "Man may live and die, but an antique vase lives on eternally." But grope as I may, not another thought on the subject can I unearth.

Ruthlessly I scratch out the lone sentence and try another topic. "On Being Afraid". Now there is a subject for you! I shall take that as my theme. Man afraid of life, of eternity of . . . of . . . Here is the radio's bluest blue singer in the midst of her most melancholy song. I wipe my feverish brow, throw down my pencil, and crossly call out into the living room, "How do you expect anyone to do homework in this house?"

Just then the door-bell rings, and a voice cheerily inquires, "Is Gertrude in? I've come to take her tobogganing."

"Here I am!" I cry out. "I'll be with you in just a sec." Thereupon I hurry into my warmest clothes, close the door of the hall, and turn my back on the lesson for to-morrow as I joyfully sally forth!

GERTRUDE QUITT, '36.

ON SLANG

ORIGINALLY slang was the special vocabulary, or professional jargon of vagrants and thieves, but today the word slang implies a popular but unauthorized language which is regarded as inelegant. It is prohibited in the best of circles, but one finds it is used almost everywhere. Slang creeps into many conversations, orations, and radio talks; and a great many of the best selling books contain more slang than they do good English. It is widely spoken in the movies and over the radio.

I think there is always a time when one finds no better way in which to express himself than with a wild outburst of slang. Such descriptive phrases as slang offers can give me a feeling of great delight when I realize that I have expressed my feelings precisely. However, what good does it do if my hearers are not able to understand me? If one would take the time and caution to search for these same descriptive words in good English, the result would be much more effective.

Slang becomes very uninteresting when one hears the same expressions over and over. Such expressions as "the bee's knees", "prune", and "skip it" are so dreadfully trite! If one wishes to enlarge his vocabulary, he should try to be a little more original.

This "atrocious language", as our elders call it, is most puzzling to foreigners. A short time ago I was speaking with a Frenchman who has recently arrived from France. He speaks English very well, but evidently he does not understand "American". I happened to say to him, during our conversation, "I got roped in for these tickets," and he asked, "Who bound you with the rope?" He was so puzzled and confused!

In the expressions "Scram!" and "Please go immediately", certainly the latter is more impressive and, I am quite sure, more effective. However, I hold the greatest admiration for one who can refrain from saying "Darn it!" when he misses catching a baseball by a hair's breadth, or when she drops the best china in the house.

KITTY CAVANAGH, '37.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH SCHOOL GIRL

Editor's note: Alice Wood, a sophomore in our school, has corresponded with Ethel Scholey, the head girl in her school in London. Alice sent her young "pen pal" a copy of the Review. This charming letter, which delights our editorial heart, and which we know will interest our students and faculty, speaks for itself.

35 Raydon Street,
Highgate, London.
N. 19. 2:2:36.

Dear Alice:

I do not know how to thank you for the lovely magazine that you have sent me. I keep on reading it over and over again, and I think it is better than ours. When it arrived at school everyone in my form wanted to look at it. My form mistress had to read it; she thought it was very interesting. I showed it to the editor of our magazine and she promptly asked if she might keep it, so that she could read it in the comfort of her home, she also thought it was extremely good and did not want to part with it. I think the cover is most attractive. I do like those smart looking soldiers and the clever introduction of your flag. I wish we had photographs in our magazine like you have in yours; it makes your school seem so much closer because I feel that now I know seven of its pupils. I am also pleased that the photograph of the editor-in-chief of your magazine appears in it. I really feel as though I know you all. The editor of our magazine is not a pupil. She is one of our mistresses, but perhaps in a few years time there will be a girl acting as editor to our magazine.

Now I am going to storm you with questions, dear Alice. What is meant by '36 and various other numbers after girls' and boys' names? What is the K. B. Club? Is Roland Shaine your sort of school Captain under a different name to what we use in England? What is meant by Richard Babish having M. I. T. as his goal? What is a Checker Club and a Parent-Teachers' Night?

The article written by Carolyn Wood on "Noises in the City" might have been written about some parts of London, so although we live so far apart, our countries are not so very different. The article about "Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill" is very charming. I should have loved to be there. Did you go to hear the carols? I did enjoy reading your "Spot Lite" pages; they are most amusing. I cannot think how on earth they are put together to sound so amusing. I was very interested to discover that you remember Armistice Day in America. I like the young lady above the G. A. A. notes, she really looks as though she is speeding after the ball. I was surprised to find that young men of America indulge in hockey. This is a game which in England is played entirely by women; it is the favorite game of all girls high schools.

Will you please thank your Review Staff very much for promising me future editions of your magazine; it is very kind of them. We only have two magazines a year. One comes out in December and the other in March, so I will send you another magazine then. I have enjoyed reading your magazine very much and so have many of my friends, so may I once more thank you for your magazine, Alice.

I am sending you some supplements from our newspapers which will give you some idea of how we English people have felt the loss of our beloved King. We all liked him so much, and I was not at all surprised to find that American people also have admiration for him, as you showed me by your kind message of sympathy. I went to Marble Arch with my friend and her brother to try to see the funeral procession, and although we arrived three hours before the procession started we were unsuccessful in seeing much of it except for the tops of the carriages and the soldiers' plumes. We managed to get home in time though to hear the funeral service at Windsor broadcast. All schools in London were closed down and many of the offices for the day of the funeral. All places of amusement and shops were closed until after 4 P. M., on the Tuesday.

Many times have I visited Westminster Hall where the King lay in state. Just beneath this hall is the crypt where Guy Fawkes and his followers made an attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament in the reign of James I. Even today, when the King opens Parliament, before he arrives at the Houses of Parliament, the crypt is searched by the soldiers. This is an old custom which has been practiced since that vain attempt of Guy Fawkes to bring destruction to his King. It was also in this hall that Warren Hastings was impeached. The supplement showing the outstanding features of 1935 will give you some idea of the things which happened in England and on the continent last year.

I have some good news to tell you about my examination. I passed, and after Easter I hope to go to a High School where I shall train to become a teacher. I shall spend three years there and then go to college for a year. I shall have lots to tell you when I get to my new school.

Last Friday and Saturday we were very busy getting ready for our plays. I am sending you a programme. The girls in the first play are all in my form. Most of our lesson time last week was taken up with rehearsals and the making of dresses, but we all enjoyed it very much. The Acland Boys' Central School is really the boys' department of our school. They were extremely efficient in working the lighting effects

and shifting the scenery. We hope next year to start a mixed Literary and Dramatic Society for the boys and girls who leave. At present they are separate affairs. Miss Ingram, who is our form mistress, produced the play and for the last fortnight our form room has been littered with various props, much to the disgust of many of our other mistresses.

Next Thursday we are giving our mistresses a tea-party. This is a sort of farewell party which is always given to the mistresses by the top form. I am at my wit's end trying to imagine how much bread and butter, cakes, and biscuits fifty people are going to eat. One never knows quite how much a teacher is capable of eating. We sent around the invitations this morning and I have already had three replies.

Well, Alice, I cannot find anything more to tell you at present. Last night when I began this letter it seemed as though there was a great deal to tell you but when one begins to write it mysteriously disappears. So cheerio for the present. I will tell you how the party goes off in my next letter.

With love from your far away friend,

ETHEL SCHOLEY.

A MELODY

To a dreamy isle
A fisherman brought his bride.
Nature on a living canvas
Of beauty rare
Showed a rhapsody of color;
The sea danced to the music
Of her loveliness;
The night slowly fell on the isle as
A crimson sea reflected the sun;
He sailed forth and was lost.
A melody
From a tiny music box forever
Ripples above the tempest roar;
A mournful knell
Plays a song forlorn.

MARY BETTENCOURT, '36.

HAWAII

Of all the places in the world
That people like to be
I choose the warm Hawaiian sands
Beside the rolling sea.

Poets laud and travellers seek
The South Sea Island palm;
For in this lazy fragrant land
Reigns everlasting calm.

Strings are strummed, and moonlight plays
Upon the jeweled shore;
Enhanced, the tired visitors
Wish for nothing more.

CORALIE METCALFE, '36.

ADDS ARE FADS

IT would seem that the people of this world are sure of two things; death and advertisements. Even the comic section of the Sunday paper is not funny any longer because it is crammed with illustrated adds. The children find that "Silly Willie", "Trip the Pup" and several other humorous features have been crowded off the pages by the glaring lines advising:

"Eat Our Lead Bread and Buy the White House With the Savings" or "Use our Face Powder and Occupy Garbo's Dressing Room."

The children, poor innocent victims, as a rule, have very little to say about the brand of bread used in the house and they certainly have no use for face powder. Nevertheless, their weekly literature, the funnies, is bedecked with senseless adds.

The adults find a mild form of exasperation in an announcer's sugary voice on the radio insisting that "One drink of our Demon Lemon Juice will reduce your weight four pounds in five days." Perhaps a person with an unusual amount of patience could tolerate such a speech at a convenient time, but when such an announcement is wafted to us just as the hero is about to cast himself from a lofty balcony upon the rocks below for love of his wife, we are somewhat irritated.

"Send us the top of ten tomato cans, and we will send a Luick Automobile to you three weeks after the contest closes," drones the silver-voiced tormentor. This seems an easy way to get a high priced car.

Daily, the once calm and collected members of the household, can be seen dashing about inquiring for a word to rhyme with cigar, cheese or even molasses. Upon questioning the cause for such an uproar, you are flippantly informed that one thousand dollars is offered for the best jingle about tea. Why, the competitors have the money all spent, mentally that is, before they have even mailed their contributions.

"I think that I shall never see.
A beverage like We Use It Tea."

scrawls sister.

"Mary baked a little pie
She used our packaged crust
And now she bakes for presidents
To satisfy their lust".

Crust, coffee, cheese, ham, dessert, shortening, cereal, flour and countless other foodstuffs are praised to high heaven.

America has suddenly become versefied, jingle-conscious, or what have you? Also I might add that we have learned to a great extent the meaning of the word monotony.

"If you will just send us the wrapper we will.....!"

CORALIE METCALFE, '36.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LUPE VELEZ

We waited in the reception room back stage at the B. F. Keith theatre for Miss Velez, the fiery Mexican star. She came in upon us very suddenly, and with a warm "How do you do!" she put us at our ease.

Miss Velez was dressed in a lovely red georgette gown with many flairs and flounces, red slippers and a red kerchief on her head. Two very striking things about her were her nails, which were very long and painted with deep red polish, and her face which was heavily covered with cosmetics, due to the fact that she had just came off the stage.

There were many of us in the room, and we looked at each other for a signal for someone to start; quite unexpectedly we all asked the first question.

Where were you born Miss Velez, and when?

I was born een a funnee leetle place — I theenk you spell eet like this — Saui. Eet is the most interesting town een Mexico. Dearest, do I have to tell you my age? (Not wishing to impose upon our hostess' good nature, we all agreed it wasn't necessary).

Where were you educated?

I was educated een the Convent. When I was eight years old, I entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Mexico; when thirteen I attended the Convent of the Lady of Lake at San Antonio, Texas.

Is that when you came to the United States?

Yes, and I have lived here ever since.

Did you ever go to College?

What, dear? College? No.

What was your father's occupation?

My father, dear, was a writer.

Have you any sisters or brothers, Miss Velez?

I have three sisters and one brother. Shrugging her shoulders and laughing, she continued, "I am the babee of the family and what a leetle devil I was."

Are any of your sisters on the stage?

Yes, one sister is a stage dancer.

What made you decide to go on the stage?

Darling, I was born on eet I guess. When I was a very leetle girl, I used to imitate my father and the rest of the family.

When was the first time you went on the stage?

The first time I went on the stage I was thirteen years of age, and that was een my hometown een Mexico.

What was your first picture.

Oh, dearest, I made them such a long time ago that I don't remember; but I first started een the Hal Roach Comedies with Laurel and Hardy een 1927, so you see I am an old timer.

Is picture-making hard work?

No, eet is like play to me, I enjoy eet so much.

What is your next picture, Miss Velez?

I don't know the names of my pictures. You see I am going to make two pictures een England, and I shall also put on a stage show.

When are you sailing for England?

I am sailing the 11th of March to be there een time for the 27th when I start my picture. You see I should have been there the 27th of last month, but the studios burned down and everything had to be postponed. So here I am.

What is your hobby, Miss Velez?

My hobby? Oh, I love to take home all the dogs that I see on the streets. My ambition is that some day I shall have enough money to build a hospital for dogs who need care.

Have you any superstitions?

Oh, I have plenty of them. I never put a hard pillow on a bed; it means poverty. Don't whistle een your dressing room because you won't have your job long. And if you see a black cat, turn around queek, don't pass eet.

What do you think of golf?

Golf! Oh I hate eet! Eet makes me so mad! (*Here Miss Velez raised her hands as if greatly angered and demonstrated to us her fiery temper*).

What is your favorite song?

Miss Velez, still autographing books, suddenly exclaimed. "When Love Comes Along".

Do you drive a car Miss Velez?

Yes, but I drive so badly that when you see me coming, run away queek because I might hit you.

Is this your first trip to Boston?

No, I was here for the first time een 1932.

Have you seen much of the city?

Oh, I haven't been anywhere because I come een at ten o'clock, and when I finish at elefen een the night, I am too tired, so I go to bed and read the funny papers. What a life, Ha!

Here we were interrupted by the manager who said that was all the time he could allow, because Lupe had to dress for her next performance. She took each of our addresses and promised to send us a picture of her husband and herself. Then with a warm "Good-bye" and "Thanks a million", she left us and ran up to her dressing room to prepare for her next show.

MARY J. NEMEROSKA, '36.

DO YOU KNOW?

THERE are ever so many things that I did not know until now. I have been searching for interesting facts a la Ripley. Now I can tell you a thing or two.

Do you know why children say, "London Bridge is falling down," instead of Brooklyn Bridge or some other one? It is because London Bridge really did fall down about nine hundred years ago when it was the only bridge in London.

Do you know that the practically indispensable invention "the safety pin" was invented in the Bronze Age when the people learned to make articles of bronze?

Now here is one for the hockey players and fans — hockey was played 2400 years ago by the Greeks.

And another for the chess players — real live men were once used for a game of chess — the idea was conceived by an old emperor of India.

Do you know you can lift a heavy book with your breath? Just place a long paper bag under a book and blow into the bag. You will soon be able to lift a big pile of books.

Just imagine! Baby birds eat ten times as much food as we do. This is because their rate of growth is much faster than ours so that they may be able to fly.

Gold and silver coins have a "milled edge". Why? So that dishonest people will not accumulate a fortune by filing off the gold and silver.

Don't you think a nice, bamboo fish pole would taste delicious? They are actually eaten. Not the poles but the bamboo plant is eaten when very young at which time it tastes like asparagus.

What bird wears snowshoes all winter? It is the ruffed grouse. Of course they grow on his feet in the form of little hairs and in the springtime he sheds them and goes barefoot.

Have you ever tried walking on the ceiling? It isn't likely that you have, but flies do because they can glue themselves there. They have hollow feet in which the glue is kept.

Do you think that the owl is wise? He probably is not any wiser than other birds but owls have been associated with wisdom ever since the Greeks built a temple to their Goddess of Wisdom and some owls made it their abode.

Another one about owls. Owls can fly without making noise. You will probably say that no bird makes noise as they fly but they do. The owl has a special kind of wing covered with soft, downy hairs which prevents the air from rushing through.

If you tried counting aloud up to a billion, it would take you nearly ninety years allowing one second for each number.

The Scotch emblem is the thistle. Thereby hangs a tale. There was a number of Danes about to attack a camp of Scots. One of the Danes stepped on a thistle and you know what that means. His cry awoke the Scots and the Danes were driven back and routed from the country. Thus the Scots' affection for the thistle.

What is a "thumb bell"? Or rather, I should say a thimble. They were first worn in England on the thumb but later changed to the middle finger because they were more effective there.

Chinamen who can not afford an alarm clock have their own peculiar device for waking themselves. They take a piece of punk, light it and place it between their toes. When it is burnt down they wake up very quickly, and I don't think they go back to sleep again.

Why are some flames blue and some yellow? It is because a blue flame receives more air than a yellow flame.

It would take you one week, four days, and almost fourteen hours to count a million "ticks" in the clock.

And so I will leave you counting the "ticks" while I go to find some more interesting facts.

ELEANOR M. KEEFE, '36.

STORM AT SEA

Gulls,
Flying shoreward;
White caps breaking on the rocks;
Waves,
Sullen, green, turning to black.
Wind, wailing, moaning;
A small boat,
Tossing, dipping;
Its boards,
Creaking, screaming, in agony of the
Storm at sea.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.

SPELLBINDERS

HERE are some words which nobody can spell one hundred per cent correctly according to some who have tried them. There are some spelling fiends who will get them correct the first time.

1. apparel
2. embarrass
3. frolicking
4. harass
5. innuendo
6. inoculate
7. picnicking
8. plaguy
9. rarefy
10. repellent
11. supersede
12. venous
13. vilify
14. xylophone

REVIEWING BOOKS

BLOOD RELATIONS

Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1936. Philip Gibbs

HERE is a novel of conflict, struggle, and military evolutions as seen through the eyes of an English girl, Audrey Middleton, who married Count Paul von Arnsberg in 1914, while the clouds of a war which was about to shake the entire world, hovered in the background. During the war, which breaks out two months after her marriage, Audrey lives with her husband's family. Her loyalties are torn between her love for her native England and for her new country, Germany. When in Germany, The Countess Paul von Arnsberg, is decidedly pro-English, yet when she visits her family at Chiddingfold, England, three years after the war, the first time since her marriage, she finds herself pro-German. Audrey feels a stab at her heart when her son joins Hitler's brown-shirts, and a deeper hurt when he carelessly remarks, "The English are a very unpleasant people. I hate to think I have English blood in me."

Simple in its prose structure, comprehensive in its data, this book of Sir Philip Gibbs tends to arouse one's feelings of hate and of sympathy for each of the opposing forces in the Great War, as well as for the present day Germany.

JEAN FASSETT, '36.

THE WOOLLCOTT READER

The Viking Press, 1935. Alexander Woollcott

FOR humor or pathos, for biography or fiction, for the cynical or the sentimental—in short, for every phase of reading—choose Mr. Woollcott's collection. He enchants the reader from the very beginning by introducing him to the tenderness and whimsicality of James Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvy". Our compiler places next the refreshing satire of Anthony Hope's "The Dolly Dialogues". In these, the laughter-provoking conversation of the English "blue-bloods", and the amusing situations so beguile the reader that he devours them with an unsatiated desire for more.

Quite different from the episodes just mentioned is the more serious work of Ian Maclaren, which we meet further on in "A Doctor of the Old School", the experiences of a simple, hearty Scotchman, Dr. Maclure, in the hamlet of Drumtochty. This realistic picture of humble life, by its tangy Scotch dialect, its vivid characterizations, and its godliness, probes the emotions of the reader. Alexander Woollcott himself acclaims it his favorite both in his foreword to the book and in his afterword to the selection itself.

In like manner, every masterpiece deserves commendation, from the familiar, heart-rending essay, "Mary White" to the translation from the Danish, the comical, yet pathetic "My Little Boy". The freshness of the compilation, for much of its material is not widely known, and its variety, together with the apt comments of Alexander Woollcott, make it worthy of its sub-title, "Bypaths in the Realms of Gold".

JEANNE PEARLSON, '36.

THE EXILE

John Day, 1936. Pearl S. Buck

THE EXILE is a biography of Mrs. Carie Stone by her daughter, Pearl S. Buck. The story, although it commences in Holland with Mrs. Stone's grandparents, the Stutlings, is chiefly concerned with the wife of a missionary who sets out with her husband for China in 1880 to spend the rest of her years in the interior of that country, except for a few short visits home to America and occasional trips to Europe.

Mrs. Buck has drawn an authentic picture of an American woman who is never daunted by hardships or hostile environment. She unceasingly rebuilds a home, an American home with an American garden for her American children, at the several places where her husband chooses to work. This American woman lends a hand to those in distress and untiringly tells the poor, down-trodden Chinese women of her own free and beautiful country. She feeds the American sailors when they came to port, because they were her country-men, and she feels ashamed to see them falling into lowly ways. She teaches and helps the Chinese boys at the schools which are a part of her husband's mission; by actions rather than by words, she spreads the spirit of the gospel. It is by this activity, by this untiring energy in making life about her sane and serene, that she most deeply impresses on her children the beauty of her own life. She was a brave woman, and as such Mrs. Buck has presented her.

Mrs. Buck shows the same serenity in her style of writing that her mother showed in her life, and she produces an effect of calmness and peacefulness as does Willa Cather in *Death Comes for the Archbishop;* this likeness perhaps comes from the fact that both women were writing of exiles.

JEAN FASSETT, '36.

WITHIN THIS PRESENT

Houghton Mifflin, 1933. Margaret Ayer Barnes

TAKING the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand in 1914 as a starting point, Mrs. Barnes launches her characters, members of a wealthy, socially prominent Chicago family, on a world of chaos and uncertainty, steers all but one safely through the World War, leads them into an era of lavish, reckless living, from which they all plunge unexpectedly into the pit of depression, and then raises them again to face the future, spurred on by President Roosevelt's inaugural address in 1933.

In this absorbing novel, Mrs. Barnes has successfully combined war, romance, banking, and crime, in a gripping and most amusing manner. Her descriptions of events leading up to the World War, the tremendous amount of propaganda existing at that time, and the manner in which the youth of 1914 greeted this conflict, are both enlightening and surprising to us in these uncertain times. Also, her account of the lives led by leading bankers of the period before the depression explains to a great extent the cause of that calamity.

All these facts, and others, are given to the reader through the clever conversations and the actions of her characters as they move through this unusually diverting book. As a chronicle of the times, the novel certainly ranks among the best which have been published in recent years.

CAROLYN WOOD, '37.

THE CHARM SCHOOL

THE Senior Drama this year can proudly take its place among the outstanding successes of former years. Sighs of rapture were heard from the feminine portion of the audience when handsome Wayland Minot stepped on the stage. Donald Regan's serious demeanor well typified the part of the studious lawyer. Paul Burke showed his talent later, as a comical teacher of accounting at the "Charm School". The twins were riotous throughout. Peter Myers did an excellent piece of characterization and received much applause. But from the moment our charming heroine, Genevieve Doherty, entered the scene the success of the play was assured. Her sweetness and charm influenced the audience at once. Edwina Mullin acted the domineering head of a girls' school to perfection. Dorothy Hillner's portrayal of the fluttering, timid Miss Curtis showed marked histrionic ability. Ruth Horrigan's comic characterization elicited much laughter from the audience. Beatrice Robart, Miriam Roback, Mary Hayes, Helen Brownrigg, Mary Conley, Marie O'Leary, and Alice Haley made a most attractive bevy of pupils, who, to judge from appearances, certainly did not need to be taught charm.

The Review extends its congratulations to Miss Hartigan and to the cast for the excellence of this year's drama.

A brief resumé of the play is as follows:

Five young men, sharing an apartment, are in a financial plight when they are visited by Mr. Johns, who informs Austin Bevans that he has inherited a girls' school upon the death of his aunt. Austin proceeded to expound his idea of teaching girls "charm". When Elise Challoner, a student at this school, enters seeking her guardian, Mr. Homer, she is sent back to her school at the advice of young Mr. Bevans.

In the second act we find the girls at the school, dissatisfied with the strict supervision of Miss Hayes. Two weeks later the girls are contented under the charm regime of Mr. Bevans. Elise, however, is unhappy because Mr. Bevans does not seem to return her love. She runs away from the school, and in desperation, Austin goes to find her.

In the third act Austin, having found Elise, drives her to the school through a blinding storm. In the final scene Homer Johns makes Miss Hayes contented by presenting her the school. Austin succumbs to the charms of Elise and all ends happily.

JEANNE PEARLSON, '36.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

The names of sixty-four students in our school are included in the following story. For the key see page twenty-one.

ONCE upon a time, as all good stories begin, a stern king of unlimited powers, known in all lands as a wiseman, sought to mark the head of every fair child in his country and offer a gift to the most beautiful of all. Lory, a lively page boy, was sent on the quest with a new halfpenny, the prize, hidden in a little rosewood box.

He travelled over many a high hill and green field, eating an occasional berry which he plucked from a low bush. Often he stopped in a dale to drink water from the bubbling brooks.

One day a bishop in a brown hood advised him to seek a farmer whose foster brother was renowned for his beauty and grace. Coming into the designated farmyard, Lory passed behind gray barns until he came to a crabtree, under which a handsome lad sat on a stone block that served as a bench. Truly here was a gay young treasure.

Suddenly a gardener, who daily tilled the blossoming banks of the neighboring state, accosted the intruder.

"Can't you read?" he inquired.

Looking about, Lory saw a small lake spanned by two snow-white bridges. On the shore, a mason stopped work to pierce the cause of the commotion with his sharp eyes as he pointed to a sign that read:

RICH SWEET CREAM
FOR SALE

"But I'm not a cook!" exclaimed Lory, "I'm a—er—a shepherd."

A bland smile followed this remark and immediately the boy rose from his bench and approached. His frank face, framed with flax-like hair, beamed as he said:

"Then you will buy my lamb!"

As the page gazed at the radiant countenance he knew that his search had ended. When no further motion to produce the animal was made by the boy, the royal messenger saw that he was blind.

Such a price to pay for mere beauty!

The king's token, the bright half-penny served a double purpose — as payment for the lamb, and as tribute to the owner.

CORALIE METCALFE, '36.



SPRING is here — and happenings around are exciting . . . I just heard that Fran Welch and Bill Haverty can make the swellest dish of fudge . . . A pound will be all the Spotlite Staff can stand . . . Thanks boys . . . Glacken is none other than the original "Rhumba Boy" . . . Arthur Frechette, an alumnus of this school, is playing in the Major Bowes, Unit No. 4 which is now traveling around the country . . . He is an excellent pianist . . . Rachel and Rita St. Pierre have left our school for Amesbury High . . . Ruth Fennel wields the baton like a veteran . . . Phil Roseman led a fourteen piece band recently . . . Was it in Brookline, Phil? . . . I wonder what happened to the lamp shade that belonged in room 81 . . . Johnny Mazza ought to have his orchestra do a benefit performance for the Juniors . . . O'Dea has gone in for crooning in a big way . . . Mary O'Donnell spends much of her time playing Ping-Pong and is willing to challenge the best of them . . . Eddie Frank aspires to be a politician . . . Eddie Waitkus can't seem to keep off the Honor Roll . . . Mary Coughlin has taken up baton waving like her pal, Ruthie Fennel . . . Us pals have to stick together . . . Ruth Pratt's secret ambition is to be a dramatic critic . . . Joseph Bottaci has a paper concession at Harvard Square which is said to be the largest in the Square . . . Henry Janul should follow the career of a bouncer or wrestler . . . He'd make Danno shrivel like a shamrock that has been without water for some time . . . I saw Ralph Murphy, the former hockey star of our Alma Mater, at the Boston Garden, and he still has a whiffle . . . Doug Price is fast getting gray . . . Don't tell me you are worrying, Doug . . . Connie Sullivan is a busy man with his various duties at the Annex . . . The smallest Freshman is none other than Dorothy Francis . . . Small and cute . . . Scotty McCann plays the role of a detective during the lunch periods by guarding the cloak room near room 7 . . . I wonder what has happened to Dick Banning . . . I don't see him around . . . All the athletes of room 76 keep their overcoats locked up in a private closet . . . I wonder why? . . . Iris Benthale holds an executive position with the Girl Scouts of America . . . Very popular little girl, Iris is . . . Rita Fournier not only has a First Aid Kit in her desk, but she also has a sewing kit . . . Always prepared, hey Rita . . . The following clipping was found in a Boston newspaper, and I think it probably means a C. H. L. S. Post Graduate . . . "Lazy young girl seeks position. Can neither typewrite, speak nor translate French, Latin, or Spanish. Terrible with children. Unable to drive a car . . . No references." . . . John Gibbons has not missed a seventh period in Type since the first of the year . . . Type teachers, please notice . . . Dot Sullivan and Marie Dillon can be seen enjoying a cup of coffee after school at Carson's Restaurant . . . I wonder if Charley Carey will go in for baseball this season? . . . What did you think of Roland Shaine as a baby? . . . You ought to have seen the members of the Spot-lite Staff when they were babies . . . Sydney Factor's secret ambition is to be a printer . . . Dorothea Murphy is the Mary Livingstone of C. H. L. S. . . . Joe Sullivan gets a new whiffle for all special occasions . . . Have you ever seen Edwina Mullen do an Irish jig? . . . Ursula O'Conner is right up to the minute with her newspaper blouse . . . Francis McWilliams is now proclaimed the Major Bowes of C. H. L. S. . . . The sound of the wind in the trees frightens Marie O'Leary . . . Did you like Margaret Lynam's pictures? . . . Richard Mason's dialect is inimitable . . . Leave it to Johnny Davis to put it across the chess board . . . What became of Ev Shea's car? . . . Most of our Latinites play tennis at the Memorial Drive Courts . . . Wayland Minot is Gable with a reddish tinge . . . Ruth Littlefield's scrap book is filled to capacity with clippings . . . A popular girl . . . Alan Lewis, a sophomore, is a man of determination . . . Francis Brogan is interested in Economics . . . Was Bill Skelley happy after the P. G. show?

THUMBNAIL DESCRIPTIONS

Mussolini in shorts Phil Gallagher
Mahatma Ghandi Andrew Kelley
A person after a thirty mile run John Hickey
Al Jolson in disguise Charles Holishian
Walter Lippman when NOT writing, Phil Roseman
Joe Penner in an excited mood Abe Rubin
Kate Hepburn Evie Grace
Eleanor Powell at the age of five Dot Ryan

AS WE SEE THEM

Fred Allen—Ed Frank, the boy with a timely joke.

Zasu Pitts—Ruth Pratt has the hands, eyes, and the hesitating voice.

Tox Mix—Vincent O'Connor, spurs and all, merrily riding toward a Dude Ranch.

Shirley Temple—Dot Hurley, small and cute.

Fred Astaire—Frank Gerry. How that boy can lift his feet!

Claudette Colbert—Genevieve Doherty, a great little actress.

George Givot—Charles Holishian. It's all Greek to him.

Professor Rogers—George Mooney, as sedate as the celebrated professor.

Jack Oakie—Saul Zang; his humor is original and vastly entertaining.

Joe Penner—One of the Rafferty twins. You can buy a duck anytime.

Ed Wynn—Wayland Minot. He has the Wynn laugh.

Jack Benny—We don't know Benny, but we know Bill Haverty.

Gene Raymond—Everett Turcotte has the blond locks.

George Raft—Armand Antolini, suave, soothe, and well-mannered.

Harriet Hilliard—Myrtle Cooper, a double in looks.

Benny Baker—Eugene McSweeney, Yeh! Yeh!

Tarzan—Phil Gallagher, what shoulders! He could swing from the highest branch.

Rudy Vallee—Jimmy Barnes. His time is your time for a grapefruit.

Ginger Rogers—Ruth Abbot. Can she dance?

Walter Winchell—George Doherty. News is his delight.

Greta Garbo—Dot Canfield. She never goes home.

Katie Hepburn—Ruth Littlefield. A popular thespian.

Walter Lippman—Phil Roseman, the news gatherer.

Arthur Brisbane—Richard Babish. And the world moves on.

Pickens Sisters—Shirley Frim, Edna and Agnes Linskey. The Trio that gets the applause.

Eleanor Powell—Helen Wiggins. The future holds much for her.

TEST

Ink-stained fingers,
Drumming on desks;
Strong white teeth,
Gnawing pencils;
Adolescent faces,
Blank and dejected,
Test.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.

C. H. L. S. JUMBLE

NAMES of prominent students are jumbled here. Try to decipher them and then see the key on page seventeen.

1. Gnhroiar "Sally" in the Charm School
2. Isejrv C. H. L. S. Co-ed.
3. Nahd Blonde Venus
4. Kybeluc Oh, that smile!
5. Yleskle P. G. Dictator
6. Jeneha Une Artiste
7. Ayhtevr A man of letters
8. Mydhaa Our Eleanor Powell
9. Ncroono Tennis fan
10. Rhlinel ..."Miss Curtis" in the Senior Drama
11. Yergr Twinkle Toes
12. Ocx Local Pianist
13. Yamln That school-girl complexion
14. Veyl Joker
15. Cdmaolan Junior Songbird
16. Dibserg "So Long"
17. Cyacln Bashful
18. Yarg Fashion Plate
19. Slile Patience personified
20. Nlynf Conversationalist

SAVOIRE FAIRE

Q: Must a teacher always be addressed as "ma'am" or "sir"?

A: Yes, but don't bother. You'll probably flunk anyway.

.

Q: What should one order in a restaurant when the menu's all in French?

A: Haven't you any sporting blood? Take the thirteenth item on the menu and order two helpings of it. And don't be surprised if it's ham and eggs.

.

Q: What can I do to make the ticket agent at a theatre more respectful to me?

A: Buy ten reserved seats.

.

Q: Why is it improper to reach across the dinner table for something on the other side?

A: Because it shows your primitive instincts for grabbing — and besides if it's on the other side of the table you haven't much chance of getting there first.

.

Q: I am giving a large dinner, which I am cooking myself. Whom should I invite?

A: Oh, anybody that you don't like well enough.

H. B., '36.



Guide: This castle has stood for 600 years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing replaced.

Margaret Quinn: Um, they must have had the same landlord we have.

Master: You are late again. Don't you know what time we start work at this school?

Paul Stumph: No sir, they're always at it when I get here.

Trafton: I is —.

Teacher: You should say "I am".

Trafton: I am the ninth letter of the alphabet.

Alice Ryan: Where do we get the custom of putting candles in the windows at Christmas time?

Alma La France: The Chinese, about 2,000 years before Christ.

Dad: I am not pleased at your report your teacher sent me in regard to your conduct.

Howard Johnson: I knew you wouldn't be, and I told her so. But she went right along and made it that way. Just like a woman, isn't it?

Myrtle Cooper: What is the difference between a taxidermist and a taxi driver?

Pearl Kamins: Nothing, they both skin animals.

Father: Are you teaching that parrot to swear?

Philip Gallagher: No indeed, I was just telling him what not to say.

Fred Tansy: You said that my story was both good and original — and yet you refuse to print it. How do you explain that?

Editor: Well, the part that was good wasn't original, and the part that was original wasn't good.

Richard Babish: What is an actor?

Peter Myers: An actor is a fellow who can go to the side of the stage, gaze into the wings filled with dirty scenery, props, other actors, and the electricians and say "What a lovely view you have from this window!"

Young Painter: Shall I paint you in a silk hat and frock coat?

Bill Haverty: Oh, don't dress up.

Roland Shaine: Did you hear the audience weep when I died in the last scene?

John Tenney: Sure, can you blame them? They knew you were only acting.

Margaret Mador: How far is your house from the station?

Mary Hayes: Only a five minutes walk if you run.

Evelyn Nevins: There; I broke my looking glass! Now, I suppose I shall have seven years bad luck.

Honey Brooks: Don't you believe it. A friend of mine broke hers, and she didn't have seven years bad luck. She was killed in an explosion the next day.

Rita Cox: Where do you work?

Salesman: I work in Des Moines.

Rita: Really? I've always wanted to meet one of you miners.

Secretary: Hello! Hello! This is Smith, Smith and Smith.

Owen Kiggins: Oh, yes! Good morning, good morning, good morning.

Arthur Row: What make is your nephew's new car?

Old lady (rather vague about such things): I heard him say it was a Wow.

Bob Sheehan: If I subtract 27 from 35, what's the difference?

George Kelly: Yeah! That's what I say. Who cares?

THE EFFECT OF BIOLOGY ON JOSEPH COUGHLAN

Could I interest you for a trivial monetary consideration in the purchase or acquisition of an amphibious fowl which is a member of the anatidae family, that is a fowl adapted by webbed pedantic extremeties to aquamarine existence?

Judge: What gear were you in at the time of the accident?

Flora Harris: Oh, white hat, tan shoes, and a tweed sport dress.

Saul Stern: Is this airplane absolutely safe?

Aviator: Yes sir! Safest on earth.

Teacher: If you have any more of that candy put it on my desk.

Anne Cowhig: I haven't any more, but I can get you some.

Teacher: Give a sentence containing an appositive.

Eleanor Tynan: Mr. Cleveland, the headmaster, has gone out.

Eleanor (Looking out of the window five minutes later): That sentence with the appositive is wrong; Mr. Cleveland has come in.

Francis Brogan: Say conductor, can't you run any faster than this?

Conductor: Yes, I can, but I have to stay in the car.

Betty Peers: I'm afraid I'll have to return that parrot I bought here some time ago. He shocks all my friends by his dreadful language.

Dealer: Oh, you've got to be careful 'ow you talk before 'im, lady. 'E's terrible quick to learn.

Teacher: Where is the home of the swallow?

Gene O'N.: The stomach.

George Doherty: Why don't they hang a man with a wooden leg in Australia?

Frank Gerry: Because they usually hang him with a rope.

Conductor: Change at Andrew Square.

Henry Twomey: You can't put anything over on me; I want my change now.

Teacher: What are the five senses?

Jerry Boyle: Nickels.

Henry Freniere: Where do we get the mohair from?

John Corbett: From the mo.

Bob Graves (after fishing trip): Did you mark the spot where we caught all those fish?

Don Wilkshire: Oh yes, I put a cross on the bottom of the boat.

Bob: Well, that won't help! We might not get the same boat again.

James Longino (finishing algebra example): Thus X is zero.

John Field: Gosh! All that work for nothing.

Paul Moylan: That apple I just ate had a worm in it, and I ate that too.

Stanley Rimshaw: What! Here drink this water and wash it down.

Paul: No, no. Let him walk down.

Sargeant: Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over.

George Bitinas: I did sir, it was half-past ten.

Eugene McSweeney: Is that a dray horse, mister?

Stablemaster: No, it's a brown horse, and stop your baby talk.

Frank Gerry: Er-ah-may I have this dance?

She: Yes--if you can find someone to dance with.

Marie O'Leary: What language is that foreigner speaking?

Marie Dillon: He isn't talking; he is eating grape-nuts.

Salesman: These pants simply laugh at rough play, sir.

Joe Sullivan: Yes, I noticed several pair came back with split sides.

Doctor: Did you drink the medicine one half hour before breakfast, as I told you?

Alice Haley: No. I couldn't keep it up for more than a minute.

Don Regan: I wonder what that man is trying to do up that telegraph pole?

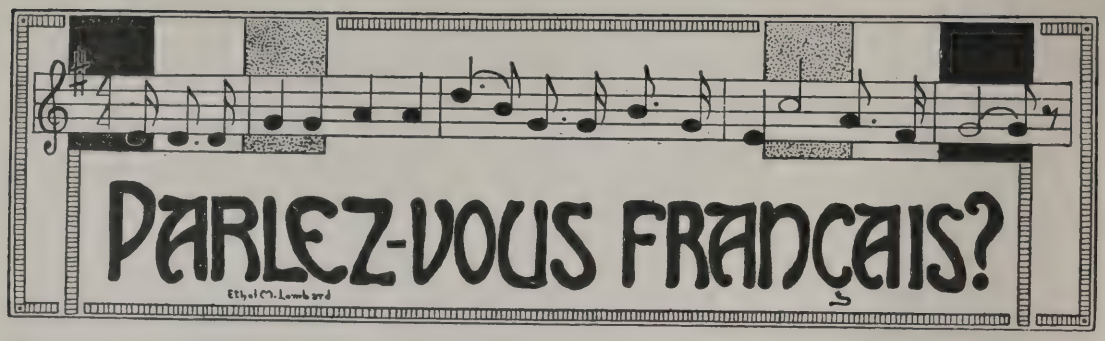
Joe Manley: He's getting fruit.

Don: What kind of fruit is he getting?

Joe: Electric currants.

Key to the jumbled names of C. H. L. S. students on page fifteen.

1.	Horrigan	7.	Haverty	13.	Lynam	19.	Ellis
2.	Jervis	8.	Mahady	14.	Levy	20.	Flynn
3.	Hand	9.	O'Connor	15.	MacDonald		
4.	Buckley	10.	Hillner	16.	Bridges		
5.	Skelley	11.	Gerry	17.	Clancy		
6.	Nechay	12.	Cox	18.	Gray		



QUELQUES lignes écrites en quinze minutes, inspirées par une image:

En Espagne tout le monde jouit des courses de taureaux. Ici dans l'image on a déjà éveillé la colère du taureau en agitant un drapeau rouge. Maintenant le picador intrépide est en train de blesser le taureau dans un endroit fatal au cou, mais celui-ci fait de son mieux pour se sauver la vie. Il repousse le cheval effrayé dans la barrière. Les yeux du cheval sont couverts d'oeillères pour qu'il ne puisse voir ce qui se passe, néanmoins il peut l'entendre et il a donc peur.

Au fond de l'image l'assistance regarde le choc. Violà la bien-aimée du picador qui lui crie: "Prenez garde que le taureau ne vous jette du cheval. Oh! il vous tuera." La foule entière est aussi excitée. Elle se demande: "Le picador tuera-t-il le taureau de sa pique on sera-t-il tué par le taureau? I. C.

Le petit méchant a peur que sa maman ne rentre dans l'office, car il sait qu'il fait quelque chose de défendu. Puisqu'il ne peut pas atteindre la confiture sur le rayon, il est monté sur une chaise. Voyez-le dressé sur la pointe du pied. Son chien de bois le regarde, lui aussi est dans le complot. Prends garde, mon petit. Si tu tombes, ta mère l'entendra; et si tu t'empares du désiré, demain tu auras mal à l'estomac. Les bonbons défendus ne sont pas toujours les plus doux. G. Q.

Le grand vapeur est arrivé au port du Havre et les voyageurs descendent joyeusement la passerelle. La plupart des gens sont Américains qui visiteront l'Europe pendant l'été, mais il y a aussi des étudiants qui reviennent chez eux après avoir passé une année dans une université américaine. Bienveillants sont un jeune homme et sa femme qui commencent leur lune de miel. C'est leur premier voyage en Europe, et ils regardent avec plaisir toutes les choses autour d'eux. Ils comptent aller d'abord à Paris et après y être restés quinze jours à voir les curiosités de cette ville, ils iront aux Alpes Heureusement ils regardent le facteur comme il commence à emporter leurs bagages à la douane parmi tant de gens. J. K.

Deux jeunes gens en manches de chemise étudiaient pour un examen dans une salle d'un dortoir. Ils avaient à leur portée des choses à manger, du chocolat et des biscuits. L'abat-jour d'une des lampes qui éclairaient la chambre était trouée, l'autre était couverte d'étiquettes. Une machine à écrire était sur une table derrière eux.

Ces camarades étaient plongés dans leurs livres et leurs cahiers quand tout à coup un ami portant un pardessus et un chapeau mou s'élanca dans la chambre. Il venait de rentrer du cinéma, le journal du soir à la main. Les étudiants le regardèrent fixement un moment et puis se plongèrent de nouveau dans leurs devoirs. L'autre avait présenté des anecdotes, poèmes, dialogues, séquence il ôta enfin le chapeau et le pardessus et les rejoignit dans les études sérieuses.

N. H.

E vingt-sept février, les membres du Cercle Français s'assemblèrent dans la salle numéro cinquante-trois. En attendant la fin de la septième heure, le concours joua un jeu d'antonymes dont le prix était gagné par Paul Moylan. La réunion prit la forme d'un tour d'adresse en francais. A' l'appel nominal chaque membre répondit par son choix ou par un proverbe francais. On avait présenté des anecdotes, poèms, dialogues, causeries, et plusieurs contes amusants, Après avoir chanté de concert "Frère Jacques" et "Au Clair de la Lune" la président déclara la séance levée.

LE douze mars devant une grande assistance d'étudiants et de leurs amis M. Louis Doyle professeur d'art dans notre lycée prononca un discours au sujet des cathédrales de France. Il accompagna sa lecture avec des projections. Dans l'étude de l'art gothique tous accompagnèrent Mr. Doyle en Italie, en France, en Allemagne, en Angleterre, à la ville de New York, et même à Cambridge. Bien entendu tout était inspirateur et très instructif.

PASQUALE FRISOLI.

Mots croisés: Solution (Voir le dernier numéro).

Horizontalement: 1 Daudet, 7 mon, 10 ennemi, 16 à, 17 en, 20 if, 22 rareté, 29 éteint, 36 il, 38 notre, 43 ce, 45 su, 47 si, 49 des, 52 noël 56 chers, 61 mer, 64 eau, 67 ta, 69 à, 72 mai, 75 Indes, 81 air, 84 sien, 89 ne, 91 toi, 94 une.

Verticalement: 1 depuis, 2 an, 3 uni, 4 défense, 5 em, 6 tiret, 7 Marne, 8 O, 9 net, 18 nécessaire, 23 air, 25 et, 30 toile, 37 lune, 43 certaine, 49 de, 53 or, 56 cuire, 61 mais, 65 a, 70 dent, 72 ma, 76 ni, 77 de.

HOCKEY NOTES

RAY CHAISSON, the most brilliant star who ever donned a pair of skates for Cambridge Latin, played his last season for the Cantabs. He wound up in great style by annexing the individual scoring honors for the second consecutive year. A new individual scoring record for one game was made by Chaisson when he scored five goals and assisted in three more. In the all-star game with Montreal Catholic High, he was the outstanding player of the game, scoring two goals and assisting in another.

Al Boudreau, the oldest of the Boudreau aggregation, is another star to be lost by Latin. Al, the fastest skater in the league, was forced to play with a helmet the latter part of the season, but he came through despite his handicap. Boudreau was co-captain with Chaisson.

Kramer, the new net-minder, played only one season for Cambridge Latin, and he came through with some fancy saves for Cambridge. Kramer formerly played for Rindge, but changed to Latin for the last year of school hockey.

Wally Boudreau and "Red" Buckley played great hockey this past season, and they expect to go "great guns" for Latin next year.

Coach Culhane is planning for a championship team next year, and everyone hopes to see his dreams come true.

BASKETBALL NOTES

IN the final basketball game, Latin defeated Rindge at St. Mary's by the score of 23 to 14. This game won the Suburban League title for Latin. Although Munn and Manke were held to 6 points between them, Coady scored 8 and Simpson garnered 7.

Latin's winning 15 and losing 4 regular scheduled games earned an invitation to the Tech tournament.

In the first game they were matched against Brockton and lost by the narrow score of 25 to 22. Latin led at the half, but an injury to Munn cost Latin the game to the team who later defeated New Bedford and Lynn Classical for the Championship.

G. A. A.

BASKETBALL, parties, banquets, varsities! No — this is not a vocabulary drill. These are some of the points upon which I have to inform you less energetic G. A. A. members.

Let us first take the subject of basketball. There is quite a story behind these "gold" basketballs, and about the most important and interesting fact is that five of these balls were awarded to the following senior girls: Edith Coady, Frances Ritvo, Edna Gulgis, Minnie Pietkewicz, and Alice Murray. This honor was bestowed upon them for their fine playing for three years on championship teams. This has never happened before in the history of the G. A. A.

The varsity basketball teams have been chosen. These teams mark the closing of the basketball season of 1936. The first varsity is composed of the following girls:

First Varsity	Second Varsity
Edith Coady, (Capt.)	Frances Brown (Capt.)
Frances Ritvo	Dorothy Williams
Bessie Makris	Jaqueline Russell
Julia Buckley	Virginia Longino
Sylvia Kaufman	Beatrice Loja
Evelyn Bisson	Corrine Donnelly
Minnie Pietkewicz	Rita Doherty
Margaret Downes	Mary Lolan
	Melba Martin

The basketball banquet was held in the Riverbank Court Hotel, Saturday, March 14. There was a great reunion of past officers as well as of basketball players. This was a very happy event. Every one present entered into the spirit of the evening and this most enjoyable banquet brought a successful season to a close.

If you should happen to drop in any Saturday morning at the Y. M. C. A. pool, you will undoubtedly find our water nymphs practicing energetically for the coming meet, under the expert direction of Miss Potts, the swimming instructor.

With the arrival of the freshmen and sophomore gym classes on the athletic field, the baseball season will open. The work is scheduled to start April 1.

The G. A. A. officers have for the past few weeks been devoting their time to the care of the grammar school basketball tournament. The winner of the finals in the school teams is awarded a cup by the G. A. A.

The officers have done very good work this year. Every activity has been planned carefully and worked out successfully, so that much praise and hearty congratulations are their just due.

Evelyn Bisson, '36.

We mourn the passing from our midst of Charles Hamilton, a quiet, straight-forward young man who was greatly beloved by everyone. He was a well-known member of the class of 1936 in which class he was to have been graduated this June.

Daniel Danehy, who was likewise to have received a diploma in June, has also passed away this week. He was an unassuming boy, a good student, fond of sports, and a great favorite with the teachers and with the many students in the school who knew him.

We wish to extend our sincere sympathy to the parents of these young men.

HONORS FOR THE REVIEW

WE have received word that the Review has been placed in the second class of Senior High School Magazines in the annual convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association contest held at Columbia University in March. This award is very gratifying to the staff of the Review, since we put our paper into competition with thousands of other school magazines throughout the country.

OUR SUCCESS IN FORENSIC LEAGUE CONTEST

TAKING more prizes than any other high school in Massachusetts a few weeks ago at the state-wide tournament sponsored by the National Forensic League, the Cambridge High and Latin School may well boast of its oratorical talent. Ruth Gray, John Madden and Roland Shaine became eligible for the national speaking contest to be held in Oklahoma city as a result of their winning Massachusetts state titles over 150 high school orators. Out of five events Ruth Gray won first place in dramatic declamation with her interpretation of "For England's Sake" from "Friend Hannah," John Madden's extemporaneous speaking on "Socialism and the New Deal" won for him first place in this event, and Roland Shaine won first prize and the state title for his original oratory entitled "World Peace," making a total of three first places out of the possible five.

These students, all of whom also came in first at the District Contest held at Concord a month or so ago, are to go to Portland, Maine, April 11 where they are to compete for the New England championship. On April 11 they were also invited to broadcast over the Yankee Network, but because there was a conflict in the dates the trip to Portland was chosen. The expenses for the Maine trip were paid for by the Post Graduate Class, while efforts are now being made by the Forensic League officials to provide for travelling expenses of the state representatives to Oklahoma city.

In humorous declamation Rita Doherty took second place. Also representing Cambridge and the district in which Cambridge was placed were Genevieve Doherty, Mary Hayes, Jacob Kaplan, and Morris Burk, who did outstanding work.

TWO HONEST STUDENTS

CAMBRIDGE is proud of two of her younger citizens, Francis Welch, of Cambridge Latin, and James Neylon, of Rindge. When these two students were on their way home from school on February 23, they found six hundred and ninety-five dollars along Fresh Pond Parkway. They watched the advertisements in the daily papers, and on finding the advertisement for which they were looking, they sought the owner.

They have been congratulated for their honesty in returning the money intact to its rightful owner, a poor business man. They showed the proper spirit. Never for an instant did they waver from the path of righteousness, although this huge sum of money might be a great temptation to some.

For their honorable conduct they have received rewards not only from the owner but from people who esteem their honesty. On March 13 before the entire Junior and Senior classes of both Latin and Rindge, Mayor Lynch, in behalf of the Central Square Business Men's Association, presented the boys each with a handsome gold wrist watch engraved with the words "For honesty". On March 16, the Association tendered them a banquet at its headquarters in Central Square.

Latin and Rindge are fortunate in having two students who have proved to the public what the Cambridge High Schools stand for. Francis Welch and James Neylon are a credit to their schools. May this honest deed be an example not only to all high school students of Latin and Rindge, but to every youth in our country.

DON REGAN, '36.

WE CONGRATULATE LONGINO

THE Review wishes to extend its congratulations to Jack Longino who recently passed all examinations to Annapolis with flying colors and who has lately received his commission.

Jack, a native of Georgia, entered this school two years ago. Because of his quiet and courteous manner he has already made himself popular among the upper classmen.

We wish you luck, Jack, and we hope you will make a great success in the Naval Academy.

K. B. NOTES

DURING the Christmas holidays the members of the K. B. Club had a gay party at the home of Edwina Mullin. In February, the Club met again for an initiation at the home of Evelyn Hovey. The new members taken in at that time were Adele Church, Lillian Nemoroska, and Mary Burke. The Club is raising money for its annual scholarship, and the proceeds from the candy which the members sold at the Senior Drama, go toward the scholarship fund.

The date will probably be set sometime in April for the Spring Dance, to be held to raise funds for the scholarship which will be awarded to any girl in the Senior class who intends to enter some institution for further education.

ANNEX NOTES

CONGRATULATIONS are in order for the successful show which the P. G. Club produced, in which the Annex was well represented. Bassington & Fink was the star comedy act. John Russell was responsible for the sound effects used in this laugh maker. Jerry Whalen and Leo Kelliher, our younger entertainers, performed very well. Ethelburt Branch with his Spirituals, John Smith with his Harlem Rhythm, as well as Blackie Mederios deserve credit for an entertaining performance.

PICK - UPS

Where did Charlie Terry get the dance routine he uses in Prairie Moon? . . . My former co-editor and friend, David Lambert, dropped out of the writing line, obviously to devote more time to his piano. He sure can play.

CHECKER CLUB

William Crosbie won the first round of the series in the tournament, with Bill Shea taking second place. Incidentally, the members are enthusiastic over this thoughtful pastime, and sacrifice willingly much of their lunch time to the King-Jumping game.

ALUMNI NOTES

John "Dusty" Gomes, last season's Latin Goalie, is engaged in forestry in Gibbon, Oregon. Ride 'em Dusty!

Richard McLaughlin, '33, is none other than the Assistant Co-ordinator of the Cambridge P. W. A.

AROUND TOWN

One would be surprised to know how many of our theatrical set are in many of the large shows in Cambridge every season. Our new find has been Leo Kelliher who appeared with us in the recent "P. G. Show".

Many Annexites are members of the Junior Jefferson Club which was founded by Charles Walsh, a former Latin student.

Fred Burt has loads of those jackets of famous Hockey and Baseball clubs.

CHESS

AFTER defeating Rindge 7 to 2 and defeating Roxbury 5 to 1, the Latin team won after a terrific matching of wits over our neighbor, Somerville.

CHESS MATCH MARCH 19, 1936.

C. H. L. S.	vs.	Somerville High
1. John Davis	1	Leon Witten 0
2. Richard Babish	0	Augustus Fenn 1
3. Harry Olken	1	Francis O'Brien 0
4. Helen Hanson	0	George Guaraldi 1
5. George Quint	0	Leonard Guaraldi 1
6. Robert Babish	1	John Rigopoulos 0
7. Alfred Jozwicki	1	Myron Ferrin 0
8. Walter Graham	1	Geo. Pazeretsky 0
9. Susan Ciampi	1	John Norton 0
	6	3

The new tournament is progressing rapidly. Robert Babish is the favorite, having already taken sixteen games with only one defeat to Graham, our only Annex member. However, George Quint is a close second. The more renowned players seem to be definitely out of the running.



Can you guess whose picture this is? We can see a strong likeness to a very popular member of the senior class. This person has been active in almost every class activity from the freshman year onward. The name is given on page 22.

Key to "What's in a name?" page 13.

Banks	Dale	High	Rich
Barns	Drinkwater	Hill	Rose
Bench	Day	Hood	Sale
Berry	Fairchild	King	Sharp
Bishop	Farmer	Lake	Shepherd
Bland	Field	Lamb	Shore
Black	Flax	Little	Small
Bridges	Foster	Lively	Snow
Bright	Frank	Lory	Stern
Brooks	Gardener	Mason	Stone
Brother	Gay	New	Sweet
Brown	Good	Page	While
Bush	Grace	Pierce	Wiseman
Cook	Gray	Powers	Wood
Crabtree	Halfpenny	Price	Young
Cream	Head	Read	

CAMBRIDGE LATIN VICTOR IN NATIONAL FORENSIC LEAGUE MEETINGS IN CONCORD

ONE of the most complete victories ever scored by a Latin School forensic team, took place at Concord High School on Thursday, February 13. This was the district tournament sponsored by the National Forensic League. Out of six events, Cambridge won five and scored four second places.

In the debating event, Latin won three and lost one. Two victories were scored at the expense of Concord. An even break with Arlington spoiled the chance of a tie with Groton High School, which won four and lost nine. The debaters were: Affirmative, Morris Bush and John Madden; Negative, Roland Shaine and Jacob Kaplan.

The oratorical declaration contest was won by Jacob Kaplan, with Mary Hayes in second place. In humorous declaration Ruth Gray took first honor. Rita Doherty and Carol Orr scored first and second respectively in dramatical declaration. Roland Shaine and Genevieve Doherty did likewise in their event, original oratory. The contest in extemporaneous speaking was won by John Madden.

In the evening, before a large audience which crowded the Assembly Hall, the visitors were introduced and asked to give their winning selections. An excellent supper, prepared by the members of the Domestic Arts Department of the Concord High School, was served for coaches and contestants in the school cafeteria. The Concord High School orchestra played during the evening.

By winning the district tournament, Cambridge Latin is eligible to enter the State Championships to be held at Williamsburg on March 20 and 21. On those dates the school will be represented by Mary Hayes, Genevieve Doherty, Rita Doherty, Ruth Gray, Jacob Kaplan, Roland Shaine, Morris Bush and John Madden.

Those who are eligible to go are eagerly awaiting this trip to the western part of the State.

JOHN K. MADDEN, '36.

One day in spring I chose a seed.
I thought to plant a rose
Of purest white,
The sweetest flower
Of friendship
That a garden grows.

MARGARET BOISVERT, '37.

EXCHANGES

OUR exchange column has grown so rapidly that now we receive exchanges from nearly all parts of our country and Canada. Most of these publications are of high quality, and we find it very interesting to read them and to compare them with our own school paper.

The Record of the North High School, Worceter, has many excellent poems. They show that there are several budding poets in North High. *"Hail To the Hamburger"* was very humorous.

The Wyvern, Kingwood School, Hartford, has an abundance of literary material. The stories are most entertaining, particularly *"The Peaks of Juantuo"*. "Unlucky Star" is unique.

The Acorn, Jefferson Senior High School, Roanoke, Virginia, has notable book reviews. The review of "Mutiny On the Bounty" was especially well written. The "Student Observations" column is exciting, and "Revolutions Star" we thought especially well done.

The Gazette, Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Mass., by its athletic pages show a tremendous interest in the various sports recorded in its columns. "The Gazette" cartoons are amusing, especially the one about the Senior Drama.

Glen-nor Crier, Glenolden, Penn., has a well balanced Twin Town issue. "The Fastest Game", an article on the Philadelphia Ramblers, is cleverly written.

The Maroon, Western Hills High School, Cincinnati, Ohio, is one of our outstanding exchanges. It has many features which are excellent, such as the athletic column which is given a prominent position in the magazine. The cipher puzzle was very good.

The Beacon, Chelsea High School, Chelsea, Mass., is always a welcome paper. The literary section is especially good, while the magazine as a whole is well organized. We congratulate the boys on their wonderful backetball showing.

Mercedes, Our Lady of Mercy High School, Rochester, N. Y., has an attractive cover on the January issue. The Exchange column is different with it's striking individuality. The interviews with prominent Rochesterians are interesting and educational. In this high school paper we find excellent poetry; *A Mother's Face* is a good example of their fine poetry. The "Critic" merits applause for her well written column on art, music, and drama. This magazine is refreshing in that it presents many features in a novel manner.

The picture of Coralie Metcalfe appears on page 21.

SONG MIX-UP

LIFE is a song when me and Marie sailed away to Treasure Island on the good ship Lollypop. Minnie, the mermaid, was singing sweet and low, in a little gypsy tea room, on the Isle of Capri. The gentleman, who obviously doesn't believe in love, had on top hat, white tie, and tails, and was dancing cheek to cheek with the lady in red. Tony's wife said, "I have a feeling you're fooling", when he told her he was footloose and fancy-free.

We left as Alexander's rag-time band was playing twenty-four hours a day and arrived in Avalon, about a quarter to nine just as Mary Lou, Sweet Sue, and Margie were singing high on a hilltop under a campus moon.

It's been so long. I dream too much of the beautiful lady in blue, whom I met at a little church affair alone at a table for two. The moon was over Miami, and there was thunder over Paradise for you are my lucky star. You hit the spot — there's no other one. With you on my mind, take me back to my boots and saddle on the misty islands of the highlands. Let us have dinner for one, please James, since I'm alone.

There are forty song titles in the above—count them. MARTIN REID, '36.

HAPPINESS

A sunny day — the earth's display
Is at its best; as break of day
Has now appeared. And in the tree
A bird is singing merrily —
A playful stream which flows in peace
Flows on and on so it may reach
Its final home. Then Night comes on;
It brings the gown of Nature's gold
To greet the world; and there, to hold
My happiness — ELEANOR KORPI, '37.



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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

Cambridge, Massachusetts

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SE SEPARER C'EST MOURIR UN PEU

THE Class of '36 goes to press for the last time! How strange these words sound to us as we sorrowfully prepare our last number. To the incoming staff, we offer our hearty wishes for success in the management of the "Review". We thank our subscribers for the support they have given us, and we feel that the new staff will meet with the same ready cooperation from teachers, students and advertisers that we have experienced this year.

The many outstanding contributions to the Review which we have received are excellent examples of the hidden talent among our students. It is our hope that soon much of this artistry, which has been modestly concealed, will be brought to the front.

To our teachers, under whose most patient guidance, keen understanding, and friendly interest, we have successfully completed our high school years, we extend our gratitude. We seldom attempt to express our thanks to you who have done so much for us, but we wish you to know we are grateful. Our individual attainments, we hope, will reflect your valuable teachings.

To part is to die a little. We seniors feel now as never before the sad truth of these words. We look forward to the future with the eagerness of youth and with the tang of ambition — yet we are a little sad at the parting.

A dash of blue, a crimson light,
More gold, there, in her hair
And now, a deeper pink, the cheeks —
"Milady Jean the Fair".

L. M. O., '37.

OUR JUBILEE YEAR

THIS issue of the Review marks the completion of fifty years of faithful service. The very next copy will be the birthday number. The first number was printed in September, 1886.

It has been our endeavor this year to experiment in new fields in preparation for the fitting celebration of a glorious Golden Jubilee. What we have learned will be used in improving and modernizing the Review and in rounding out a successful half century of progress. Several innovations tried this year will be incorporated more fully in the enlarged publication that is being planned. The staff for next year, picked especially for its executive and literary ability, consists of an energetic group of representative students of high scholastic attainment whose desire is mainly to please our readers and to improve our magazine.

However, in spite of all these plans, a successful anniversary can only be had with the full cooperation of a sympathetic student body and faculty. Subscriptions and contributions, essential to the realization of any literary undertaking, is wholly dependent upon the attitude of the students. Certainly on the fiftieth birthday, for this is indeed an honorable age, the Review deserves the full backing of the student body.

Students with the proper school spirit are proud to subscribe to such a well established paper as is the Review, and should deem it a rare privilege to contribute to the support and maintenance of one passing this very important milestone in its history. To those who have subscribed in the past, and to those who have not yet shown the proper interest, we address our plea to help the Review celebrate a successful Jubilee. I am sure that with you moral support, and under the succeeding editors' judicial guidance, the Review will prosper. We pass the torch into your hands.

"Be yours to hold it high."

RICHARD BABISH, '36.

SPRING

As I gaze from the top of the hill,
I behold a village below.
With God's guiding hand,
And man's mighty will,
How far can His children go?
Lovely are the apple blossoms;
Peaceful vistas meet my gaze;
In the distance gleams a tower,
And my soul feels deep amaze.
Every leaf bows down to pray;
Lovely is God's day to-day.

BEATRICE BARRON, '37.

HONORS HAVE COME TO US

SEVERAL months ago, C. H. L. S. for the first time became one of a group of contestants in the National Forensic League, which held meetings this year in Concord. Ruth Gray won the dramatic declamation award with her selection from "Friend Hannah"; Rita Doherty won the humorous reading with a piece from Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan"; Roland Shaine was the victor in the original oratory with his speech on "World Peace"; John Madden won the extemporaneous speaking contest, and Jacob Kaplan won the oratorical declamation with "Spartacus". A debating squad, consisting of Morris Burke, John Madden, Roland Shaine, and Jacob Kaplan, tied for first honors in debating.

Next, this group went to Williamsburg, Massachusetts to compete in the state championship competition where Ruth Gray, Roland Shaine, and John Madden won, and Rita Doherty placed second in her contest. Several weeks later, the three state champions and Jacob Kaplan won the New England championships in their contests in Portland, Maine.

As a result of these victories, a movement was begun to finance the sending of these orators to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, where the national competition was held. The response on the part of many teachers and others outside of the school department exceeded all expectations.

Pitted against the nation's best students, representing forty different states, Ruth Gray of Cambridge won a fourth place in dramatic declamation. The remainder of the Cambridge entrants were eliminated by the semi-final round. Besides spending a most enjoyable five days in Oklahoma City, a typically western city, stops were made at Chicago and at Niagara Falls.

Especial credit for this trip is due to Superintendent of Schools M. E. Fitzgerald for his efforts in bringing it about; to Mr. Cleveland for his constant cooperation; to Miss Hartigan, Miss Breau, Miss Maguire, and Miss Johnson for their fine coaching; to the Cambridge school teachers, and to many public-spirited organizations and individuals who gave of their time, money, and efforts to make this trip a success.

JACOB KAPLAN, '36.

THE COUSIN SPEAKS

The clouds on yonder mountain blue do frown
And fret; the night with all its gloomy shade
Is fast becoming black with portents of
A brooding storm. My time is short. And where
Is my Lucrezia? Pledges vain to urge
Me on, she now forgets. With Andrea long
She tarries, fickle woman. Some do speak of him
In words of highest praise. Yet I am wont
To hear no praise of him or what is his;
With censure and rebuke of such a one
Lucrezia often speaks. But hark! I hear
Her step . . . Ah, my love, how swift the time
Has flown. I have you now. Naught else matters.
So you have brought the sum? You never fail,
My love; does Andrea know? Does he suspect?
You smile. No wonder 'tis that he has you
His model. Smile but once in such a way
For me, and I foresooth shall win enough
To free you from his pow'r, for Lady Luck
Will spin her wheel of fortune with a turn
To bring success in all my games, for hard
And honest toil is not for such as me.
Enough of this! Let's turn to other thoughts.
They say that Lady Montagu has come
To town. She brings a retinue unlike
Before, attendants more to suit her rank;
Her daughter comes in two days' time,
A noble beauty she; you do not seem
To listen to my words. They say she's here
To stay. (A finer prize for me to seek,
A greater hope of silver, for of me
Lucrezia has begun to tire). Just kiss
Me once; then we must part. You see, a drop
Of rain has just kissed your cheek. Ah no!
It glistened there like dew upon the rose
In early morn. Why need you brush it 'way?
You treat it as you treated me when first
You came to keep our joyful rendezvous,
With scorn.
The leaves do scatter o'er the convent wall
And I must bid a fond farewell. Ah ha!
A drop has just now spattered on my cloak,
A finer piece of cloth was never made
Before, my tailor says, nor never man
To wear this sort of cloth with such a grace.
But hurry, dear Lucrezia, you must not wait
To speak in accents sweet. Another kiss,
And we must part until the morrow, love.

FRANCES RYAN, '36.

CAROLINE CLOSE PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST

English I Prize
Marie McCabe
Honorable Mention
Frank Brennan
Paul James Kirby
Agnes Goldberg

English II Prize
Theodore Anastos
Honorable Mention
Doris Glassman
Ruth Sturzel
Dorothy Twomey
Ann Wood

English III Prize
Ruth Crozier
Honorable Mention
Esther O'Connell
Marian Holt

WE heartily congratulate the winners in our annual Caroline Close Prize Essay Contest. All students in our school who have a 75% or better average in English, with a G in composition, are invited to try in the contest. Thus we have the picked English students in the school, who are writing in the competition for the prizes awarded. This year, we regret to say, the judges did not find a paper submitted by any senior worthy of a prize or even of an honorable mention. This seems to us a serious situation.

The prizes will be awarded on graduation night and the Review takes pleasure in presenting the winning essays.

English I Prize Theme, 1936.
IF I HAD A MAGIC CARPET

As I closed the fascinating book of travel which had been my companion throughout that rainy afternoon, I wished with all my heart that the magic carpet mentioned in fairy stories belonged to me. The thought kept running through my mind. "Magic carpet", I murmured drowsily. "Magic carpet . . . magic"

Suddenly a little voice said "What do you wish?" To my amazement I saw there before me the magic carpet for which I had been longing. It unfolded itself and I climbed upon it. The voice whispered to me the magic word which would enable me to be transported to any place I wished.

I quickly pronounced these syllables and found myself in Bagdad. After purchasing rare sweets and heavy old laces I journeyed onward. Italy was my next goal. There I beheld Mona Lisa, gazing enigmatically down as she has for centuries. After an enchanting ride along a canal in Venice, I again called my magic carpet. This time our destination was Paris, with its gay boulevards and noisy street vendors, all contributing to its Bohemian atmosphere. After eating my lunch at a sidewalk café, I climbed aboard my steed and flew across to London. The heavy fog which darkened the streets, although it was early in the afternoon, was very depressing and gladly I left for Ireland. The pretty colleens in their jaunting cars, the old men smoking their clay pipes in front of peat-roofed cottages, and the beautiful Irish landscape dotted with lovely blue lakes so entranced me that I felt I could remain in this enchanted spot forever. However, I decided to go to Switzerland to try some mountain-climbing. Just as I reached the summit of the Matterhorn, something went wrong with my magic carpet. I felt myself slipping down, down toward a crevice thousands of feet deep. With a crash I landed at the bottom. Instead of the snow and ice I expected to find there, I found myself on the familiar floor of my room with the whole family gathered around trying to find out what was the matter. Unable to understand my talk of magic carpet, they left me to pick myself up and put away the book of travel which had fallen when I fell asleep.

Marie McCabe, '39.

English II Prize Theme, 1936.
DOWN THE RIVER

The deep-throated roar of the "Normandie's" whistle rudely shattered the quiet and solitude of the sun-bathed East River. Shrill cries rose from the closely-packed people, thronging the wharves, as the trim, speedy greyhound of the seas turned her bow toward the open ocean.

Thousands of vari-colored handkerchiefs waved in farewell, made a most delightful contrast to the gray, weather-beaten, dismal-looking piers, which rang with the gay cries of the happy voyagers.

Tiny, clumsy-looking tugs fussed importantly around the giant liner, like baby ducks playing around their mother. Green waves slapped the smooth sides of the vessel, in rhythm with the slowly turning propellers. Rising out of the trim smoke stacks, giant masses of black, ominous-looking smoke, made their way to the sky, like Aladdin's monstrous Genii, emerging from the magic lamp.

A cheer tore across the wide, wind-swept river as the "Normandie", escorted by three proud little tugs, slowly made her way down the river. Gracefully she passed by the dusty piers; the fast rusting tramp steamers from Tropic lands; the broad, clumsy, crowded ferries; and the trim ocean liners discharging or taking passengers. Blowing three sharp blasts of her whistle, she swung into the channel and fast disappeared into the distance, "The Queen of the Ocean".

THEODORE ANASTOS, '38.

ENGLISH III PRIZE THEME, 1936.

A FAMILY HEIRLOOM

Family heirlooms of the interesting, story-telling variety are unusual in these times when everyone lives in a small house with no attic for convenient storing of useless but dear treasures. My grandmother had a number of heirlooms in her youth, but gradually she was forced to part with these, one by one. There was one relic, however, which she always kept, and which she used to amuse me with when I was old enough to appreciate its value. This heirloom, which is now one of my most treasured possessions, was a large album filled with pictures of many generations of my family. My grandmother used to show me the pictures and tell me stories of the lives of the people.

One of the pictures, a tin ype, is of my great-grandmother, who was an old woman when the picture was taken. Her face, old and wrinkled, yet very absorbing, shows dauntless courage, indomitable will, and perseverance. She and her husband spent their best years in a determined s ruggle against the forces of a frontier country, for they were among the first settlers of the backwoods of Northern Vermont. Her face shows the signs of her battle with severe winters, a rocky and difficult soil, hostile Indians, and raiding parties of York state officers who objected to their New Hampshire Grant patent. Despite these hardships, her picture shows a kind, cheerful woman who was always ready to assist her children. I always linger over this picture, not looking at her portrait, but reliving her eventful, energetic, and happy life.

The next picture, in order of my preference, is of my mother's uncle Jack. He was of the sort who will always appear young; he always seemed to me more like my own uncle, or even an older brother, than like my great uncle. Since he was a seaman, he told us many stories of adventure at sea and inspired my love of the ocean. As I look at his picture, showing a cheerful, jolly man, I wish desperately that he might come back, for I well remember his kind, pleasant ways, and the thrilling sea stories he used to tell.

Another portrait is of my cousin Anne, a young girl whom I never knew, but who always seems familiar to me because of all I have heard about her. I always consider her young, although she was far older than I, for she died early, of a strange, unexplained malady. Her picture shows a young girl, sweet, pretty, shy and demure, but oh, so sad, almost as though she had had a premonition of her own death. I am told that she led a very quiet, though ful, and almost melancholy life, never mixing with other children of the neighborhood. As I look at her picture, I think what a useful, happy life she might have had, and I wonder why she had to die so young.

Looking at this old family heirloom has brought a strange thought to my mind: I wonder what children of the future will look at pictures of me and my contemporaries, and what will be told in similar heirlooms of the future.

RUTH CROSIER, '37.

SONG OF THE SEA

You have heard the song of the sea—
Waves that strum upon the sands,
A haunting melody,
The rolling, rollicking, drum-like tune
That will lull you to sleep
Like whispering willows
That sing to the moon;
As soothing as a lullaby
The distant roar,
The splashing foam,
The clash against the shore,
Again and again the notes resound —
Break upon yon starlit lee,
Till all is still but the muffled pound
Of the rhythm of the sea.

BETTY SUGARMAN, '37.

WHY I CANNOT WRITE POETRY

AFTER two days essaying the composition of a poem "After Browning", I have reached the sad conclusion that fate has not des ined me to be a poet. This fact sorely distresses me, for my English teacher has said explicitly that the dividing line between criticizing poetry and writing poetry can be crossed with an easy step. In my case, I stepped far enough but my feet never seemed to rhyme. Assuredly, I certainly criticize poetry, any of my friends can testify to that, but my doleful reproduction of the old mas ers are absolute failures.

The idea of writing a dramatic monologue with Lucrezia speaking, appealed to me most. However, after several endeavors, I gave up in despair. It was easy enough to get the last feet unrhymed, but framing the lines in iambic pentameter was quite beyond me. I was, indeed, discouraged and dejected, but not for long.

I resolved to imitate poems of a lower order. An author who seemed low enough for even me to imitate was Ogden Nash, whom Boas and Smith rather apologetically referred to, as the person who wrote:

"The Bronx?
No thonx!"

I composed a piece on the spur of the moment which has a close resemblance to Mr. Nash's customary works.

Some people are very pliable,
And most likely are quite liable,
To turn out to be diables
Not at all reliable,
As they show us in the Biable.

However, after perusing my composition twice, I have come to the conclusion that it is not exactly great poetry, not even great enough to cover my assignment.

All my inspiration has now fled, leaving me abject. I gaze mournfully out of the window, as I munch peanuts. Suddenly, I become electrified. Of course there is a subject to write about — the weather. That should be easy. It is easy. In fact, it is horribly simple.

I once knew a child
Who would get very wild,
When the weather was chilly
And nipped the white lily.
Now, wasn't she silly?

As I mentally behold my poem being torn apart by unfeeling critics, I cast another of my creative efforts into the fireplace. By this time, there is quite a big fire in the hearth from the accumulation of my unhappy attempts to woo thee, Muse of Poetry.

Nevertheless, I refuse to admit that I have been wholly vanquished. I s ill fondly cherish the idea that my latent genius for things poetical will come to the front to the surprise and admiration of my fellow men. Thus my first aspiring at empts may not be compared to those of such illustrious poets as Keats or Shelley, yet, you must admit that these authors did not have to write their masterpieces in the space of one short week-end. I have resigned myself to remain in oblivion until the anticipated moment when my poetic powers shine forth in full effulgence. Until that day, I shall devote myself to filling in the last lines in limerick contests.

ANNE MCGLINCHEY, '37.

THE DRIPPING HAND

MURDER?

Would the "Dripping Hand" strike again, this time claiming Earl Allen as its victim? Would Allen's spacious country estate, which he had jokingly named "The Morgue", live up to its gruesome appelation?

Mentally, Freddy reviewed the facts. Earl Allen, a wealthy manufacturer, had received a threatening letter while vacationing at "The Morgue". The missive was neatly typed, and its general appearance differed from that of an ordinary business letter in only one way, the difference being that a sketch of a hand which grasped a dagger dripping with blood replaced the usual signature. The letter stated that on the fifteenth of July, at twelve midnight, Earl Allen would die. Mr. Allen had taken the note to the police as a measure of protection. He had been given a heavy guard, as had the others who had received letters from the sinister "Dripping Hand". But, despite the presence of many policemen, a deadly knife had been thrown with unerring aim and had, each time, found its mark, which was the heart of the receiver of the threatening note.

Would the knife miss this one time, and would Earl Allen die this night? Who was the murderous "Dripping Hand"?

The suspense was great, almost unbearable. It was now half past eleven; there was only another half hour to go; then, eleven fifty-eight, with only two minutes to twelve o'clock — two minutes which might be Earl Allen's last in this world. There was a tense, uneasy stirring among the watching police.

Excitedly, Freddy turned the page. A roar of disappointment arose from him. The next page of his book, the page which decided Earl Allen's fate, was missing!

DOROTHY STARR, '37.

SECURITY

I love the tang of the morning air
When the dew-d'pped sun appears
Lifting its golden head from out
The sunsets of the years.

And I love the mellow candle glow
Diffused throughou the gloom,
A ray of tomorrow's sunlight
Trapped in a dull, dark room.

But more than these, I love the friendly,
Crackling fireside;
With that I can enjoy the world
In spite of its scorn and pride.

L. M. O., '37.

THE QUALITIES OF GENIUS

THERE is an old Welsh proverb which states: "There are three foundations of genius — the gift of the gods, man's exertion, and events to suit." How well might this statement be applied to any genius the world has ever known!

In the first place, everyone now realizes that all men are not created with the same inherent abilities or capacities of mind or of body. The old belief that every man could attain the same intellectual heights that his neighbor had reached has long been exploded. Some people can go so far and can advance no more; some people may be brilliant in one line of endeavor but worse than hopeless in some others. This is clearly shown by the fact that some of the best public servants have business managers because the person himself has not the ability to take care of his own business affairs. Edison, the greatest inventive genius of all time, was a very poor business man. Thus it follows that genius is dependent upon the gift of an acute intelligence at birth, "the gift of the gods", and furthermore this statement must be further qualified to read, "an acute intelligence or profound grasp of at least one line of endeavor."

It is truly said that genius is born but it must also be made. Having been born with the proper equipment for a great career, the rough tools given the man must be hammered and bent to the proper shape and size to follow best the chosen course. Choosing the course is in itself a difficult task, for youth does not know in which direction he must strike. Rather, he must try every field until he finds that for which he has the greatest aptitude. Then he must proceed to develop his faculties so that he may be best prepared for his life's work. This takes time, and is a very laborious task.

Following this period of adaption, the embryonic genius must work his way in the world to the position in which he can best fulfill his destiny. The life of Thomas Edison is crammed with these trials, both in attaining the educa.ion he wanted to receive, and in finding his place in the world. This step is necessary, because geniuses are all born, but unfortunately many are never discovered. All too many never find their special talent; many more never receive the proper training; a great many are found, begin their training, and are forced to discontinue. Unfortunate indeed is the multitude who rise so high as to see their destinies, but are dragged down by the world, poverty, and chance within the very sight of their goals! Fortunate indeed are they who are found and trained, and find their medium! But they are pitifully few!

But Fate also has her hand in the affair and at times frustrates Destiny. "Events to suit" are indeed necessary to insure success. At any stage of life, events enter and play a great part in molding the character of the genius. A child born with all the makings of a great man may fall ill and be mentally or physically retarded for the remainder of his life. Perhaps even Death may enter. Events may stop his education, may prevent him from even discovering his own brilliant mind, may mold his character wrongly, and these ways prevent the man from ever reaching his goal. Furthermore, opportunity must knock, and some imes more than once. Without having the chance to demonstrate his ability, the genius can never succeed. He must be heard, he must be seen, he must be given the opportunity to display his talent.

The genius, decreed by the gods to a brilliant career, must find the correct path through the maze, must combat and overcome many obstacles, must depend on chance to help him through conditions he cannot control, must be given an "even break", and then, having been granted all these, he can devote his life to his work and make the world better by the fruits of his mind.

Of such a man one might say, "He was born a genius", "He made his own way in the world", or "Luck was with him" with equal veracity, for in truth the gods did smile upon him, he did fight his way up the ladder, rung by rung, and opportunity did knock, not once, perhaps, but many times!

RICHARD BABISH, '36.

WHAT HAVE YOU?

SURPRISE! I'm in again! Well, you needn't look so resigned — this is going to be short and sweet.

If you haven't been concentrating of passing college boards you've noticed the weather — I mean, it's hot, isn't it? And hot weather means cool dresses. If you want very new, smart, coolness you'll have a cotton sheer in that new lavender-pink shade called "orchidee". I saw an awfully pretty dress in that color the other day. The most charming thing about it was its simplicity. It was a sort of semi-sports dress, with two deep pleats at each side of the skirt, and tiny pleated sleeves. The only adornment was a cluster of violets tucked in the wide belt. A pair of wide-strapped sandals went with it, and a broad-brimmed hat, both in violet, — stunning outfit for a blonde girl.

The important thing this summer is not that your dresses are new or that you have a lot of them but that you look always cool and fresh and clean in them. There is nothing more refreshing than the sight of a well-scrubbed face, shining from the spirit within, not from lack of powder. And how we all admire well-manicured fingernails!

Have you noticed that since you left off wearing long-sleeved dresses your arms and wrists are two shades whiter than your hands? As I gaze at my erstwhile lily-white hands, I see, to put it plainly, that they're not so hot. Also my fingernail polish is peeling because my mother had a bridge party last night and I didn't have a chance to renew it. So, my dear young ladies, I can tell you from bitter experience that if your hands aren't beautifully white, and your fingernails aren't at their best, it's time to do something. Personally, I'm starting a hand lotion treatment and manicure my fingernails faithfully every third day. It's the only way.

By the way, I hope you've taken your light knit suits out of the mothballs. It's plenty warm enough to wear them without a coat. Even if nobody else has done it yet, wear them anyway, and start something.

Another guaranteed-cool combination is white and brown — Try it and see — especially brown eyelet.

A cute idea for your suit is to knot two long chiffon hankies of different colors together by the corners, and then tie the ends in a bow under your chin, — It's frilly and frothy and a gay touch besides!

For that sleeveless dress that you've been dying to wear and don't quite dare because it's too early, there's an organdie bolero, — yellow with brown, pink with your blue dress — white with red and there you are! Wear them in different color combinations and keep the world-at-large guessing.

For active sports, if you like 'em, is the culotte sailor dress, in navy blue, with white braid and stars, or anchors if you prefer, trimming the collar and sleeves in the good old-fashioned style. The navy doesn't get grimey, and looks ever so much fresher at the end of an hour's bicycle riding than almost anything else you could possibly wear.

It's perfectly true that appropriate shoes make or break the costume. Be sure to wear sport shoes with sport clothes and dress shoes for the more frilly things. Or, if you're like me, and have only one pair of shoes at a time, then get something in-between that you can wear with both styles.

Well, that's all I can think of to tell you this time, and if you read the fashion magazines, you probably knew it all anyway.

HELEN BURNS, '36.

PUNSTERS AND PUNS

THERE are many people in this city of Cambridge, and many thousands elsewhere I suppose, who, when you say something, try to make a pun out of your words. Seldom the puns are good, if there is such a thing as a good pun, but more often they are very bad.

There is one that is being pulled over and over. When a person asks for the saltcellar the punster will say, "I'll pass the salt-attic." Then again their infantile minds play with an idea and they ask, "What is funny about coal?" When you answer "I don't know," you are told, as they chortle in glee, "A thing bought usually goes to the buyer, but coal goes to the cellar."

I once read a story about a Home for Aged Punsters. There the pun about the saltcellar is absolutely barred. If there were such a place, I'd love to go there. No puns sprung by wiseacres. What bliss! Once in a while, I manage a pun myself but usually it is very bad, for good puns are made unconsciously.

JOSEPH COUGHLAN, '37.

POETRY

Thinking
Very hard;
Rhyming
Without success;
Subjects
Escaping the mind;
Genius
Definitely not burning;
Finally
Resorting to blank verse.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.

MARIONETTES

MANY of us have seen Tony Sarg's Marionettes or perhaps those of some other famous troupe, yet there may be some of us who do not know how the little figures are made or about the skill required to operate them. The making and manipulating of marionettes is so fascinating that one is likely to spend more time with them than he realizes.

Although Webster in his New International Dictionary states that a puppet is the same as a marionette, among the operators of both marionettes and puppets, it is generally understood that a puppet is built to be put right on the operator's hand like a glove, and made to perform from below the stage. A marionette is a miniature figure usually suspended by threads from what is called a "control" which is held from above by an unseen operator standing on a "bridge" in back of, and above the small stage.

The figures of the marionettes are made of various materials, such as natural wood, plastic wood, or papier-mâché, which is simply torn bits of paper mixed with corn starch paste, molded and then hardened by a slow drying process.

The marionettes which we use here in school are made of a combination of all three; the bodies and heads are made of papier-mâché, the faces are made of plastic wood, and the arms and legs are of natural wood whittled to shape and joined by screw-eyes. The hands and feet, however, are made in a much different way. The hands are made of wire bent to form the fingers and then covered with paper. The feet are made of lead and paper; the paper to give the right shape; the lead the right balance.

In the skilled hands of an artist, these materials with hair for wigs, beards, and moustaches, some paint for coloring the face and hands, and some bits of cloth, black and colored, for costuming, can be transformed into some of the most amazing, realistic little people.

To illustrate, let us take some of the characters in the show which most all of us witnessed. In the play there was Olga Legitoff, who wears a headdress fit for a queen. She also wears a black velvet jacket and a puffed skirt such as that worn by the former Russian nobility which she represents. Serge Lovinski, is a typical Cossack wearing a hat, jacket and red boots. Peter Whiskervitch, with his red whiskers and balalaika is also thoroughly Russian. Toby, the dog, however, does not turn into a Russian wolfhound for the play. Nelson Carmichael, as the Master of Ceremonies and pianist wears a miniature dress suit with starched shirt-front, white tie and tails.

Any of these costumes on the marionettes can be changed with some patient ripping and sewing. The stage may be taken apart for storage and may be put firmly together without much difficulty. The stage properties, called "props" are fairly simple. For the play, there is a window, a clock, a mirror with a small shelf underneath, a seat big enough to hold two people, a table, and a kettle. Most of this was cut from painted cardboard. The "props" in the second part were very simple, consisting of a piece of cardboard the width of the stage, with the piano-stool attached, and the piano, which came from the Morgan Memorial store. The "props" for the last part were the simplest because all there was on the stage was the same bench used in the play at the beginning. The actual playing on the banjo and yodeling were done by Leland Walsh, while to Charles Cox must be given credit for the actual playing of Rachmaninoff's "Prelude".

The sound effects included the dog's scratching on the door, which was made by rubbing together two pieces of sandpaper; a clock striking, produced by a hand device which operates like a small bellows; a knock on the door (back of the stage); and the whine of the dog, Tobey, which was produced by one of the cast.

LINCOLN F. HANSON, '37.



AMONG THE BOOKS

RICHELIEU

J. B. Lippincott Co. Hilaire Belloc

The famous Cardinal, whom Mr. Belloc has so painstakingly analyzed, spent the most active years of his political life at the Court of Louis XIII. Surrounded by dangerous opposition, he intrigued to outwit such powerful opponents as Ferdinand II of Austria and Philip IV of Spain, and succeeded in crushing civil dissension at the same time.

Richelieu, as strong in mind as he was weak in body, was loyal toward his king and implacable toward his enemies. His industry, military knowledge, and patience achieved the strengthening and enlargement of the French Empire. The emotional side of his character, however, the Cardinal restrained, for his biographers mention only two recipients of the Cardinal's affection — one, his niece; the other, his confidant, Father Joseph. Other friends he had none, for the king, queen, and nobles of the court felt jealousy and repugnance toward one whose intellect and will-power was so strikingly superior to their own. Even the queen mother, Marie de Medici, once Richelieu's patroness, proved treacherous during the latter part of his life.

Mr. Belloc believes that Richelieu raised Nationalism to unprecedented heights. Yet on his deathbed he said, "I have had no enemies save those of the State". All policies aside, however, we must credit the man with perseverance, courage, and an indomitable will-power. These have carved a niche for him in the memory of mankind.

JEANNE PEARLSON, '36.

THE YANKEE BODLEYS

Reynal & Hitchcock, 1936. Naomi Lane Babson

The Yankee Bodleys is a three generation pageant of the Bodley family, their children, and their life in a small town on the coast of Massachusetts. The novel opens in 1858 in the home of Horatio Bodley, a well-to-do man engaged in the fish business, and his wife Adelia Bodley, parents to seven children to whom life brought nonsense, happiness, passion and disappointment.

The foremost characters of the book are Adelia, who knew how to control her quick-tempered husband and make up for his hasty moves and mistakes, and Zillah, the oldest of the Bodley children who had "spunk enough" to s and between a jeering and angry mob and her flustered father, and who at seventy-five put her second newly-wed and righteous husband to bed, and stole out of the house in wind and rain to play cards with her sisters.

Miss Babson has written a book which lacks power to make it real, rich, and true to life. In each chapter a new character is born, and another character with whom the reader is none too well acquainted dies. On Jessica, the fifth child of Horatio and Adelia, the author has tried to show favoritism but has succeeded in doing so only in the final chapter. Miss Babson has, however, written some vivid chapters in contrasting a small coast town and its people of the fifties, with the same town and the children and grandchildren of these people of yesterday with those of the present time.

JEAN FASSETT, '36.

LIFE WITH FATHER

Alfred A. Knopf, 1935 Clarence Day

Clarence Day's *Life With Father* brings together a series of amusing and witty chapters which were first published in the *New Yorker, Harper's Magazine,* and the *New Republic.* Now in one volume are the anecdotes of the Day family and especially of Father to whom life was a series of ups and downs.

Such chapters as Father Hires a Cook, Father Has a Bad Night, and The Noblest Instrument describe the amusing though often painful confusions into which the Day family were thrown. Father is a highly individualistic character who can hire a cook with little or no difficulty, keep a perfect ledger, defy death, and in fact do a number of unusual things in his own original way.

Clarence Day has dealt with the character of his Father with an understanding and sympathy that leaves the reader highly amused and yet rather envious of a family who could be so whole-heartedly unified.

JEAN FASSETT, '36.

THEY NEVER CAN WORK WAR'S OVERTHROW

AS long as there are two different religions, as long as there are natural resources to be converted into goods to be sold, as long as unoccupied territory remains — in short, as long as man exists, wars will continue.

Never will man reach the Utopia when he will not want what he hasn't been blessed with or when he will not desire a lit le more than he already has. In our age capitalists want more money, manufacturers want more trade, merchants want higher prices, customers want more for their money and children want more candy. What better causes are there for war? The most effective and sometimes only way to get these things is to resort to conflict and then he stronger wins. If he happens to be the defending party, then certainly wars will not cease, for those on the offense will never cease until they obtain what they seek.

If there was any way to overthrow war, man should have found it by now after all these years. The trouble is man does not want to find it. A periodic war makes multitudes rich. Take the last war. The ammunitionists were in their glory selling guns and powder here, there, and everywhere. Germany's money was as good as America's. They would have sold munitions to the fish of the sea had the currency been able to increase their bulging pockets to a recognized advantage. Why should human beings stop being slaughtered and young men cut down in the prime of life when a few old codgers come to desperate need for more money? A cent compared with a life? Give us the cent by all means!

Wars will never stop because there are not enough right kind of men living at the same time to join in a voice loud enough to be heard. The hater of war is outweighed usually by the greedy capitalist.

The present war between Italy and Ethiopia is the result of the desire for colonies; colonies mean money. The book, "Merchants of Death", gives us a good insight in o the late war and its promotion by the munition makers. When one reads such a book, one gets a new slant on man's instincts. Wholesale killing is as popular now as it was in the Stone Age.

When everyone who has lived has died, and we are all gathered around the helm of the universe, perhaps the Lord will give us a view of the most remarkable, most unique event in the world — a warless earth — but void of all human life.

VIRGINIA GRAY, '35.

G. A. A.

ANOTHER successful year of the G. A. A. is drawing to a close and many of our active members will leave us. This causes us great regret.

The president, Frances Ritvo, has served the G. A. A. for three years as an officer. "Frannie", as she is known to the athletic group, was unanimously chosen Captain of the basketball team for each of her four years in high school, an election which is a tribute to her reliable and loyal character. Edith Coady, who served as vice-president, is another member whom we shall regret to see leaving because of her sunny nature. Margaret Quinn, was a member of the executive committee. "Margo", as she is commonly known to us, did very commendable work. The G. A. A. members are appreciative of her good efforts for a successful year.

At this point I should like to make a correction. Libby Flax and Betty Harney, two fine players, are included in the list of first varsity basketball team girls.

The first varsity baseball game was very successful, in that it defeated the alumnae 6 - 4 after a hard fight.

Reports of the Tennis Tournament are that it is progressing very well under the expert management of Phyllis Sheriden.

The swimming meet held at Somerville Y. M. C. A. proved very exciting for the audience. Although we lost to the better team, two of our swimmers stood out for their fine work. They are: Frances Morgan and Eleanor Payne.

The annual picnic will be held at Kendall Green. There are many treats in s ore for the members, as usual, of which the officers and Miss Brown will not divulge the nature.

A fond farewell to our fellow members, and to dear old C. H. L. S.

EVELYN BISSON, '36.





PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?



Extrait d'une lettre d'Algiers à un membre du cercle.

"Chez vous quand vous sortez, Eléonore, c'est en pure confiance, . . . Si je vous effarouche un peu, (je ne sais pourquoi) à cause de mes vérités trop crues, excusez-moi, je ne reviendrai ainsi plus sur ce sujet, vous comprendrez un peu l'ambiance. Les mères farouches qui protègent leurs filles avec feu, leur manquent complètement de liberté. Je ne sors jamais seule, toujours avec ma mère, mon père ou mon oncle. Il faut se tenir très correctement, ne pas sourire et être très polie, car mes parents ne sont pas du tout modernes. Et par-dessus tout cela, l'Algérie, la vraie, avec son soleil, sa mer, ses chants, sa vie, ses couleurs, ses coutumes; l'Algérie que j'aime plus que tout au monde, plus que ma patrie encore. C'est qu'elle est si belle! Si belle quand le soleil tape fort, qu' un tango enivrant joue et que la mer murmure si bas, là-bas. Je n'aime que le beau temps. Oh! notre ciel bleu, tout le monde nous l'envie et personne n'a su le rendre, c'est que le bleu est trop profond et trop lumineux, et la vie intense qui se dégage de tout, l'anima ion et la gaîté."

INVENTION AMÉRICAINE

"Un savant Américain a mis tout dernièrement au point un appareil qui amplifie les sons 10.000 milliards de fois. Il n'a pas songé heureusement à appliquer cette découverte aux haut-parleurs de T. S. F. Sans cela tous ses concitoyens seraient sans doute, sourds ou fous! Mais son but est de dévoiler des bruits que nous ignorons jusqu'ici: c'est ainsi qu'il a pu entendre, dit-il, la respiration des microbes, le déplacement des poissons dans la mer, le vol des mouches."

LeCaire, *Egypte.*

VERS LA DISPARITION DU PIÉTON

"Rassurons nos lecteurs: ce n'est pas en France, mais inévitablement en Amérique, où on ne fait pas les choses à moitié. A Cleveland aux Etats-Unis il y a, paraît il, 129.504 autos. Cela fait donc un peu plus d'une voiture par habitant . . . il y a une compensation. Il ne reste pas beaucoup de piétons à écraser, et pour les protéger, il est certainement inutile de faire des passages cloutés."

(Almanach Vermot)

Le seize avril, les membres du Cercle Francais s'assemblèrent dans la salle d'arts et métiers. La séance prit la forme des discussions, conférence de la table ronde. Les étudiants se sont divisés en groupes selon l'année d'étude. D'un côté, les élèves de la première année de francais discutèrent le calcul et le dessin sous la directions des Mlles. Browning, Supple et Schroeder. De l'autre côté le groupe sous la direction des Mlles. Ford et MacCarthy discutèrent la presse francaise et américaine, les marionnettes et le radio avec son haut-parleur. Après avoir passé une après-midi délicieuse où tous se sont bien amusés, la président déclara la séance levée.

La dernière séance de l'année eut lieu le vingt-huit mai. C'était une convocation des étudiants francais, italiens, espagnols et allemands aussi, qui présentèrent de petites scènes, récitèrent des poèmes et chantèrent des chansons dans la langue respective. On servit une petite collation.

En faisant nos adieux, nous voudrions exprimer notre appréciation de la collaboration infatigable des professeurs et offrir nos souhaits que ce cercle-ci continue l'année prochaine le succès de cette année.

Pasquale Frisoli, *Secrétaire.*



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BASEBALL



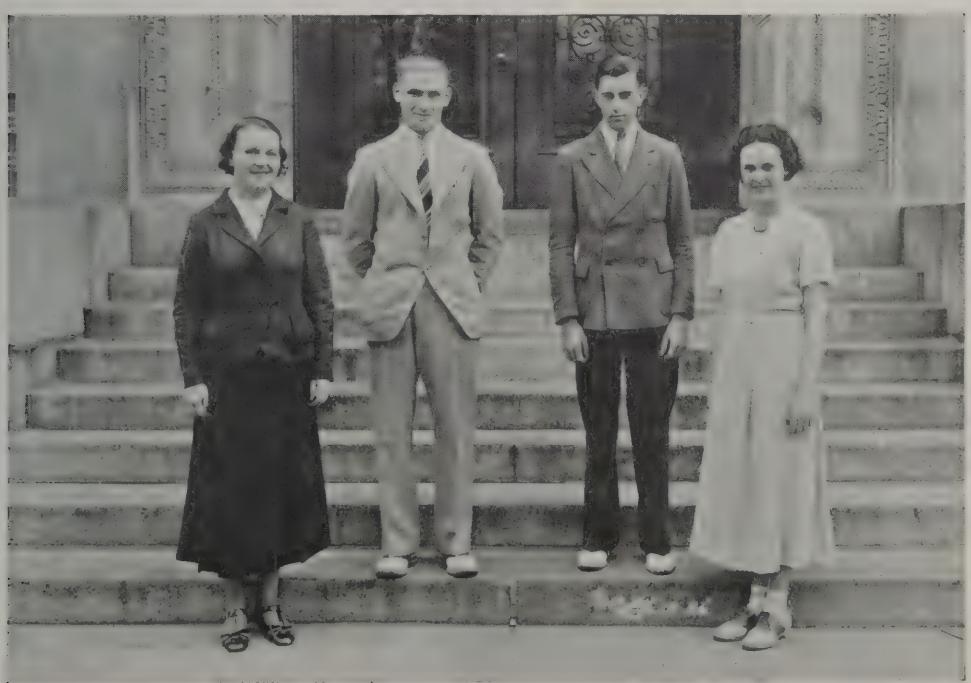
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THE K. B. CLUB

BASEBALL

Cambridge Latin 13 **Newton 7**

Cambridge Latin traveled to Newton for its first Suburban League game. The Latinites won behind some fine pitching of Ed Clancy. Cambridge made thirteen runs on their hits and errors by the Garden City boys. The game lasted two and one-half hours. Higgins, lead-off man for Latin, was the slugger of the game. He smashed out four hits including a triple and three singles. Other Latin hitters were Lawrence, who reached first three times, McCarthy, who banged out three singles, and Mannke, the first sacker, who also reached first three times on safe hits.

The bright lights for Newton were Savignano and Cormies.

Cambridge Latin 3 **Arlington 6**

Cambridge Latin's loss to Arlington at the Spy Ponders home field knocked the Cantabs from the undefeated column.

The Latinites took the lead when Stansbury stepped to bat in the second frame and poled out a long home run. The game was tied in the second by the Arlington boys and they went ahead in the fourth when they scored two more.

The Latinites evened up the count in the sixth and both teams entered the eighth inning tied.

Anderson, the first man up for Arlington in the last half of the eigh h, was passed. He was sent home on a terrific triple by Oliverio. In turn Oliverio scored on a short single by Lennon.

Fred Doyle, the star pitcher of Arlington, held the Cantabs to six hits to edge out Al Boudreau in the pitching duel. Doyle fanned six batters and gave three passes.

The leading batter for Cambridge was Mannke, who got two safeties out of three times at bat.

Lennon, Leaver and Cappolo were the leading sluggers for Arlington.

Cambridge Latin 6 **Rindge 7**

In the first game for the championship of the city Rindge edged our boys in a "nip and tuck" game at Russell Field. The Cantabs spoiled a chance of victory when in the eighth inning with three on and only one away, McCarthy forced out at second, interfered for the final out as the tieing run went across the plate. He blocked Tolograndi, the Rindge shortstop, by lifting his arms and bumping, preventing him from attempting a double play at first. Doherty, going into first on a fielder's choice, would have reached ahead of the throw anyway.

Both pitchers who started were yanked although the both had yielded two hits each. Kardulis of Latin gave way to Al Boudreau in the fifth and Maloney of Rindge went out sick in the sixth and was replaced by St. George.

Although Latin had six hits, one more than Rindge, they failed to have the breaks and they only succumbed to Maloney's stellar pitching and St. George's relief.

Cambridge Latin 4 **Stoneham 5**

After losing to Rindge, the Latinites hoped to break into the win column again at the hands of Stoneham at Russell Field, but they were greatly disappointed because they were again set back.

A perfect squeeze play pulled by Stoneham in the ninth frame of the game pushed the deciding tally across the platter. Sammy Smith, relief hurler, took first on an error and then advanced to second when the ball was booted again. He was advanced to third on a sacrifice bunt by Savelo and scored on another perfect bunt by Downes that sewed up the game for the Stoneham nine.

Kardulis, who hurled one-half a game against Rindge, started this game but he was knocked from the box in the sixth when Stoneham scored two runs.

The home team was out-hit by the Stoneham nine, getting nine hits to Stoneham's eleven. Breen and McCarthy both banged out doubles to take the extra base hit honors.

Thompson, Downes, Truesdale, McKinnon and Gross are all former hockey letter-men and they helped to defeat Latin in hockey and baseball. In this game Latin made one more than Stoneham's two errors.

We wish to extend our sympathy to the parents of David McClellan, of the Class of 1936, who met with a fatal accident on May 18.

David was a quiet and unassuming lad, who was greatly beloved. His favorite sport was track where his fleetness of foot made him a valuable member of the team. His liking for sports, however, seems not to have interfered with his studies, for the school committee decided to award him a diploma posthumously.

News of David's death, coming so close to graduation, has deeply affected his classmates, and the Review wishes to express sympathy to the family of our beloved classmate.



"Ave atque vale" . . . Here our Latin helps us . . . "Hail and Farewell" . . . This is our last appearance as Spotlite editor . . . So here we go . . . Coralie Mc'calfe is a splendid banjo player . . . My, what talents that girl has! . . . The girls of Latin are again going in for bicycle riding . . . I bet it is hard s irring for you amateurs . . . Warning: Do not shake hands with Al. Dentremonte; that boy has mitts of steel . . . Big John Boyle and Little John Hickey will again offer their services as caddies for the best families . . . Nothing but the best for those boys . . . Mildred Monahan of the freshmen class has been very helpful to the Spotlite column . . . She has given us many scoops . . . Lewis Chekega still thinks that Nick Lutz is the greatest wrestler in the country . . . Ursula O'Connor is a top notcher in the Economics class . . . you can always depend on her for an answer . . . Scotty McCann is an ardent baseball fan . . . Scotty can be seen at Russell Field rooting for Latin . . . Is Dot DeBye thinking seriously of becoming a Shakesperian actress? . . . You can always find work on the W.P.A. Drama Project, Dot . . . Ruthie Fennel has gone in for hiking . . . She hikes to Belmont on many occasions . . . But that's funny for she rides to school which is only a short distance . . . Tommy Ahern has given up stamp collecting so he can devote his time to tennis playing . . . Charlie Terry, Louis Rodiques and James Morrisey are headed for C. M. T. C. in Rhode Island . . . Charles Holishian's fudge went over so big in the English class that Charlie has decided to open a candy shop . . . Dot Hurley's secret ambition is to be an interior decorator . . . We were literally up to our necks in milk when Eddy Reilly spilt a case of milk in the lunch room . . . Did Fred Tansey go to the G. A. A. dance wearing stripe stockings . . . Jimmy Connelly's secret ambition is to have his own orchestra . . . Jimmy claims that he has a new style of swing music . . . Arthur Lavoie made a mistake . . . When he received the proof of his graduation pictures it showed a bump on his forehead . . . He went back to Purdy's (this will kill you); he told the girl to cut his head off instead of the bump . . . I told you it was going to be good . . . Henry Janal is called the father of Room 76 . . . He takes care of all the small details . . . George Cohan, although not a rela'ive of George M. Cohan, the actor and playwright, is somewhat of a drama writer himself . . . Forto Fillios has been dress designing on the side . . . Where oh, where, is Room 97? . . . It's like looking for a penny in a New York subway at five o'clock in the evening . . . Saul Zang is a hard working fellow . . . He is a newsie at Park Square . . . The Macks have it in Room 7 . . . The smallest Mack is McSweeney . . . The four mad musicians in the Hall the fourth period can certainly play . . . Freshmen no es have been contributed by John McIntyre and Frank McTiernan . . . Malcolm Crowley is noted for his fancy diving and swimming at the Y. M. C. A. . . . James Boyle and Larry Mahoney both freshmen got berths on this year's football team . . . Rooms 7 and 23 have formed home-room baseball teams . . . Connie Sullivan may be seen hitting the old baseball at the Common every af ernoon . . . Some Prep schools have been dickering with Ray Chaisson to get him to go to their respective schools . . . Frances Brown can be seen swinging the baton in her back yard . . . Baton waving and twirling seems to have become a fad with some of our girls . . . The Beech S reet Bungalow is drawing the dancing crowd again . . . Gene Lovett is set on being a doctor . . . I don't think he will have the chance to become a doctor, the big leagues will grab him before he finishes high school . . . He is that good . . . You ought to see that boy hit the apple . . . Frank Sharka was very active in arranging for the Dillon Club dance . . . Tom Aherne thinks John Barrymore is O. K., too . . .

Helen Brownrigg likes bananas . . . especially without skins . . . Where did Dot Hillner spend her May vacation? . . . Charles Dickens is a favorite with Evariste Shea . . . Flora Harris can be seen a the "Y" dancing classes on Monday nights . . . Phyllis Benthale peddles away on a "bike" every Sunday afternoon . . . The Monroe Doctrine is Margaret Lynam's favorite subject . . . Marie Dillon's theme song is "Danny Boy" . . . Helen Alger loves roller coasters . . . Genevieve Doherty, president of the Dramatic Club, turns the chair over to sister Ri a, the next president . . . Betty Thorne never misses a baseball game . . . I wonder why! . . . Marie O'Leary will acquire a Harvard accent before long . . . Anthony DeLeo goes to classes with three or four pencils in his pocket . . . He must work hard! . . . The boy with the charming personality . . . Frank Gerry . . . Helen Callahan dislikes Chinese food . . . Charlie Cuneo sure can cook . . . Bill Sullivan is really a man of mystery because you can't tell whether he is asleep or awake . . . Room 76 is known as the bachelor's room . . . Phil Roseman disagrees with the dictionary so he writes his own . . . Gallagher and Stack are known for their famous song, "The Bald-Headed Twins"

Thanks a million for all who have read and enjoyed our page this year . . . and thanks, too, to all who have contributed . . . and again "Ave atque vale."

In this issue we have so many excellent magazines which we should mention, that we cannot write so thoroughly as we should like.

The Canary and Blue
Allen own High Schoo*l*
Allentown, Penn.

This is clearly one of our most outstanding exchanges. Its striking cover, and its well balanced columns, combine to give this magazine a high rating among high school publications.

The Echo
Hume Fogg High School
Nashville, Tenn.

Always an outstanding magazine, the May issue of the Echo is up to the high standard. Your articles on different world affairs are excellent.

The Crimson and Gray
Mary E. Wells High School
Southbridge, Mass.

With a new cover this magazine brings forth its Spring issue. The many stories on hobbies treating different sides of the subject are good. "A Summer at Rockport" is very good.

This report concludes our work as Exchange Editor for this year. We are grateful for the many excellent papers which have come to our desk, and we hope that our friends have enjoyed our magazine.

DON REGAN, '36.



The musty light, now seeping through drawn shades
And slowly weakening as the sunshine fades.
The little childish sampler, now grown pale
And, outside, the harsh sign "This house for Sale."

L. M. O., '37.



NOTES

Barber: Was your tie red when you came in here?
John Tenny: No, it wasn't.
Barber: Gosh, I must have cut your throat.

Alice McAuliffe: Betty sure spoke her mind last period, didn't she?
Margaret Lynam: Yeah—her voice did sound cracked.

Teacher: Why is, "I have went" wrong?
Cora Gray: Cause you ain't went yet.

Joseph Reardon: Should someone be punished for something he didn't do?
Teacher: No, why?
Joseph: Well, I didn't do my homework.

Frank Bennett: I think Peggy will make an ideal wife. Every time I go to her home I find her darning her father's socks.
John Madden: That caught me, too — until I noticed it was always the same sock.

Fond Mother: You must hear my boy play the violin. Now listen to him! Isn't he marvelous?
Roy Davis: Yes, marvelous. Reminds me of Mozart.
Fond Mother: Oh, but Mozart did not play the violin!
Roy: Precisely!

Jeannette: He cleaned up a fortune in crooked dough.
Florence: Counterfeiters?
Jeannette: No, pretzel manufacturer.

Jean Crowley: I came near selling my shoes today.
Mary Quinn: How's that?
Jean: I had them half-soled.

Brogan: Would you advise a young man to go into any business where he saw an opening?
Betinas: Yes, if he was sure the opening wouldn't get him into a hole.

Mary Crowley: Where is your chivalry?
Bob Reagan: I turned it in for a Buick.

Teacher (to freshman entering class late): When were you born?
John Ryan: On April 2.
Teacher: Being a little late must be a habit with you.

Natalie Pierce: Don't you enjoy listening to the honk of the wild goose?
Nick Helburn: Not when he's driving an automobile.

Ambitious: I'm going to be an aviator. I've been air-minded for years.
Rambunctious: I guess I'll be a garage man. I've been tow-headed all my life.

Paul Moylan: This is a very small steak you gave me.
Waiter: Yes, sir; but it will take you a long time to eat it.

Torchy Minot: Telephones are great time savers, aren't they?
Evelyn Hovey: Well, that depends upon who calls you up.

Teacher: How can you tell the approach of winter?
Bob Tynan: It begins to get later earlier.

Genevieve Doherty: Aren't those chimes melodiously beautiful? Such harmony! So inspiring!
Peter Myers: You'll have to speak louder. Those confounded bells are making such a racket I can't hear you.

Mary Hayes: What part of the body is the fray?
Alice Haley: Fray? What are you talking about?
Mary: This book says that Ivanhoe was injured in the fray.

George (nervously): I'd like best in the world to marry you, but I don't know how to propose.

Kitty: That's all right, George. You've finished with me; now go to father.

Dennis Peter Myers: Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

Waiter: Let him freeze and teach him a lesson. The little rascal was in the soup last night.

Alice Peppard: Are you troubled with dyspepsia?

Jean Fassett: Only when I try to spell it.

Evelyn Grace: Your new overcoat is rather loud.

Paul Moylan: It's all right when I put on a muffler.

MUSIC YOUR CAREER

In these past few uncertain years, the question of choosing the institution of higher learning which shall best enable the student o continue those lines of study in which, during his high school career, he has displayed most aptitude, has, more than ever before, become a question of very great moment. With the changing of conditions, students have been forced to consider practical conditions as well as higher education in its more cultural aspects.

For those of you who feel that your natural endowments peculiarly fit you to train yourselves in any one of the myriad branches of music, it is a vital necessity that you should enroll for serious study in a musical institution of proved standing — in the front ranks of which must be numbered the New England Conservatory of Music, about to enter upon its seven ieth year. To be attuned to his time the music student must make provision to develop his ability with two important goals always in mind — music as one of the greatest of the arts, and music as one of today's leading and most honored professions. It cannot be denied that in the past decade the prospect of a young musician about to launch himself on a career has brightened. While, as always, those who achieve fame as great performers remain a handful, the amazing growth of music in public and private schools and colleges has opened many new opportunities for teachers; and made training in school music and musical pedagogy greatly increased in prestige and scope. The growth of permanent symphony orchestras in many cities of the country has increased the importance of obtaining thorough instrumental training.

To be of most value to the student who is to make music a career and an occupation the school he chooses must offer a complete curriculum of subjects both in applied and theoretical music; and since, (particularly when he seeks a teaching position later) he may be required to possess a degree, it is well to choose an institution where either diplomas or degrees are granted for a systematic course of study. In training one's self as a musician, one must not forget aspects of culture other than music. A requisite amount of academic study very definitely has its place in such a broad view of musical education.

In anticipation of a professional career a student should have experience in appearing as a performer or participant before audiences. If he is an instrumental performer training in orchestral routine and literature is definitely a prerequisite.

Many students, too, who continue their education at non-musical institutions find it a recreation and a cultural avocation to study music in their spare time.

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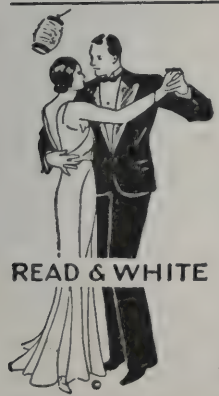
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